THE

Chriſtian Pattern

PARAPHRAS'D:

OR,

The BOOK of

The Imitation of CHRIST.

Commonly aſcrib'd to

THOMAS à KEMPIS.

Made Engliſh by LUKE MILBOURN,
A Presbyter of the Church of *England.*

A Verſe may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice. *Herb. Perhirrant.*
——Ἑκὰς, ἑκὰς, ὄγις ἀλιτρός. Callim.
Hymno in Apoll.

LONDON,
Printed for *Roger Clavel*, at the *Peacock* againſt
St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet.* 1696.

TO THE
PRINCESS.

Madam!

WHEN *Religion* appears in *a declining State*, only the *greateſt Hands* can revive the *expiring Virgin*, make *ſoft Bluſhes* ruſh out again into her *faded Cheeks*, and *ſtubborn* and *unnurtur'd Souls* ſubmit to the ſacred Violence of her *prevailing Beauties*.

Almighty God is the *Great Phyſician* who alone can make this happy Change in *Her*, who, as deſcended from *Himſelf*, depends upon his Smiles, and lives and conquers only *to* and *for Him*; but He makes *Princes Nurſing Fathers*, and *Princeſſes Nurſing Mothers* to that heavenly Charmer. He made a *Royal Unbeliever* the Patroneſs of his Friend, *the Founder of Judaiſm*, expos'd to the uncertain Fluxes of the *Nile*; and has appointed *Your Royal Highneſs*, *the greateſt Princeſs of the Chriſtian Name*, the bleſt Protectreſs of that *Divine Religion*, profeſſin that *Church which he has here founded in his own moſt precious Blood.*

I have endeavour'd to reduce *a wandring Hagar*, perverted *Poetry*, to the *Service* of her ſacred *Miſtreſs*; I have taught her to ſing *the Songs of Sion* in a degenerate Age; I have filled her Mouth with holy *Prayers*, humble *Praiſes*, and devout *Ejaculations*; have taught her to look up again to that Heaven from whence ſhe came at firſt; and that ſhe may hereafter take the *Nobler Flights*, I lay her an humble Petitioner at the Feet of *Your Royal Highneſs*.

However I have manag'd the Cauſe, I'm ſure I have taken *Sanctuary* under the *beſt Protection*: And if *THE CHRISTIAN PATTERN*, hugg'd ſo oft in pious Boſoms when in her *ruſtick Habit*, can now in a more *refin'd State* and *cheereful Garb* give any *Delight* to *Your Royal Highneſs's retir'd Hours*; or, under the Shadow of ſo *Auguſt a Name*, make Religion and *Piety* more valued among *reputed Chriſtians*, I ſhall think my ſelf invidiouſly happy, and all thoſe Minutes well employ'd, which gave mean Opportunity to aſſume the Title of *God's* and *Your Royal Highneſs's*

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Faithfull, and

Devoted Servant,

LUKE MILBOURNE.

THE PREFACE.

POETRY *in elder days was the* Servant *of* Religion; *by* that *our Anceſtors tranſmitted* Divine Truths *to their Poſterity*; *and* Prophets and Prieſts *convey'd the* Precepts of Morality *and the* Myſteries of Faith *down to their Diſciples: and perhaps Holy Scripture it ſelf affords us nothing more Antient, than* the Iſraelites Song *after the drowning of* Pharaoh *and his Egyptian Army in the Red Sea, and* the Hiſtory *of* Job, *which with the* Songs *of* Moſes, Deborah, Habakkuk, and the Canticles, *are the moſt exalted Pieces of Poeſy in the World.*

But as Religion her ſelf, *the greateſt Beauty of the rational Soul, has been abus'd to cover the* Extravagances *of the* worſt of Villains; *ſo* Poetry, *the Gift of Heaven, has, by the Activity of* Hell *and* wicked Men, *been perverted to affront its* Giver, *to explode* Religion, *to vitiate* Manners, *and to countenance and encourage whatſoever might provoke* God, *and ſcandalize* conſidering Men.

Soft Words, harmonious Numbers, lofty Fancy, daring Figures, and noble Expreſſions, have been the Leaf-Gold *to diſguiſe* infectious Pills. *Our moſt* celebrated Poets *of late have led the Way to Vice, and the reſt of the* crawling Vermine *have ſometimes* croak'd *even in the* Royal Chambers; Wit *has been meaſur'd by its*

Lewdneſs, *and he has been eſteem'd the* beſt Poet *who has made the moſt numerous* Proſelytes to the Devil.

This Reflection made ſome of my Reverend Brethren *invite me to aſſert the* Antient Rights *of* Poetry. *They thought it worthy the Study of a Divine, to make* her *talk in her* Original Language; *promote the* Honour of God, *and the* Intereſts of Religion; *convince the World that heavenly things were capable of all the Embelliſhments with which a Poetical Genius could accoutre them; and that without the* ridiculous Garniture *of a* Fantaſtick Beau, *Religion might appear in publick with the charming* Modeſty *of a Virgin, the* Majeſty *of a Queen, the* Purity *of an Angel, and the* Awfulneſs *of a God.*

When I was perſwaded to try my Talent that way, the Bookſeller, *whoſe* Intereſt *was like to be concern'd, pitch'd upon the CHRISTIAN PATTERN, as meriting a better Dreſs than at preſent it appear'd in. The* Original *is extreamly* plain *and very* pious, *much bought up by* well-inclin'd Chriſtians, *and very likely to advance* Devotion. *Verſe may render it yet more* pleaſant *to the Reader, more* impreſſive *on the Memory; the very* mode of Expreſſion *may add ſomething to the* Excellency of the Matter, *and both together raiſe the* Soul *to a nobler pitch in queſt of Divine Vertues, and never-ending Felicity.*

The preſent Book then is the Product of ſome, unmiſs'd for, leiſure Hours. *Who was the firſt* Author *of it, is as impertinent a Diſquiſition, as that after the* true Author *of the* Epiſtles *aſcrib'd to* Phalaris, *or the* Writer of Æſop's Fables. *Yet* Monſieur Launoy *has diſcharg'd* Thomas à Kempis, *and aſcribes it to* John de Canabaco, *or* Gerſen, *or* Gelſen, *Abbat, as I think, of* Vercelles, *and contemporary with St.* Francis: *The*

Book

Book has a ſufficient Tincture *of the Age it was written in; a* ſour kind of Leaven *run through it, which I have endeavour'd ſo far to purge out, that it might be at once a* pleaſant *and* wholeſome *Refection for a* Pious Contemplative Chriſtian.

The Work is a Paraphraſe, *ſometimes* cloſe *to the Text, ſometimes more* Libertine, *as the matter would allow. Sometimes I have only kept my Author* in view *at a diſtance, making his* Religious *my* Chriſtian Prieſt, *expunging his whole 17th* Chap. *of* Book I. *for I perſwade my ſelf, that* nothing but Perſecution ſhould drive Chriſtians into a continued Solitude; *and that* Monaſteries *and* Convents, *thoſe* Academies *of* Superſtition *and* refin'd Lewdneſs, *were none of the Inſtitutions of the Goſpel.*

In the 4th *Book, treating wholly of the* Euchariſt, *I have trodden with all the tenderneſs I could between the Extreams of* Popiſh Superſtition, *and* Phanatic Indecency and Slovenlineſs. *I love no* empty Signs, *nor am I ambitious to* devour my Maker. *A* Socinian *would ſcarce tempt me to eſteem the Lord's Supper* an Inſtitution of no weight, an unholy thing; *nor could all the Sophiſtry of* a Hind let looſe, and giving goodly Words, *perſwade me to adore the* Conſecrated Elements, *as if they were* tranſubſtantiated into God.

The Matter *of the Book is* ſerious and grave, *but full of* Breaks *and* Repetitions, *which were not always to be avoided, and made it the harder to find out* Lemma's *to every Chapter, which might be pertinent: the* Stile *is very* mean, *and therefore leſs capable of* Ornament; To dreſs our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount with *Virgil*'s Flights, or *Ovid*'s Fancy, would be, not to beautify, but profane it. *Sacred* Truth *may* evaporate *with the Violence*

Violence of a hot Brain; *and too much* Light *may ſtrike a Man quite* blind; *yet humble as the Original is I have ſometimes adventur'd to* ſoar *a little, but never out of Sight. To compenſate for the meanneſs of the Stile, I have dreſt it out in the* greater Variety of Numbers, *and have* tuned *them to the* Judicious Ear, *ſo as nothing in them may ſound harſh or ungratefull; and inſtead of the* Original Chapters, *I have put a* Text of Scripture, *generally pretty appoſite, in the* head *of every* Diviſion *It may now perhaps ſuperſede the Common* Engliſh Proſe Tranſlation; *but I'm not for diſcarding even* Sternhold *and* Hopkins *for a* worſe Verſion *of* David's Pſalms, *nor* that Proſe *for tedious and* ill-ſounding Rhimes. *The* 3d *Book, being all Dialogue, I have given all fitting* Variety *to, without reſolving it into* Stanza's. *In ſhort, by the* Smoothneſs of the Verſe, *the general* Correctneſs of the Engliſh, *and that* pious Air *which runs thro' the whole, ſome I hope may be drawn to admire* Divine Poetry, *and to court a* native Lovelineſs *more than a* flaunting adulterated Beauty.

The Employ *was a happy* Diverſion *of thoſe* Melancholic Thoughts *which elſe might have affected* one *too much, who had met with no* extraordinary good Uſage *from the World. In it I endeavour'd as much as poſſible to make the* Author's Sentiments, *ſo far as juſtifiable,* my own; *and the Peruſer may read* my Heart *and the* Original Compoſer's *together. And indeed* whoever would Tranſlate or Paraphraſe an Author well, muſt try to work up himſelf to the ſame temper he was in when he wrote the Original. A narrow Soul *can't exhibit the* Excellencies *of* Homer *or* Virgil *in* another Language; *nor will* David's Harp *ſound well in any* Hand, *but where the ſame* Spirit, *who influenced*

that

that ſweet *S*inger of Iſrael, *has in ſome meaſure* poſſeſt *the Heart, and* harmoniz'd *the Life and Converſation.*

I expect the Criticks *ſhould ſpend their* Verdicts *upon the Performance. As for the* Subject *it's too much out of the road of the Witty Tribe; they'l let it alone for the ſame reaſon, for which* Aretine ſpoke no evil of God. *But they'l* carp *at an Epithet, or* nibble *at a Phraſe; and look upon it as very* Affrontive *that a little* Theologue *ſhould pretend* acquaintance *with the* Muſes, *that he ſhould preſume to* cenſure *the* Brethren of Parnaſſus, *or divert* Poetry *from the* Service of lewd Miſtreſſes, *from* Burleſquing the moſt Divine Truths, *from* profane Rants, *and* blaſphemous Flights, *from the Slavery of an* obſcene Stage, *and gratifying a* corrupted Populace. *To all this He muſt plead Guilty. He owns he loves and reverences that Holy Religion which they ſcoff at, and ridicule; and here, as a late Author expreſſes it,* Is a Field of Satyr open'd to Him: *But he had rather ſpend his Time in compoſing* Hymns *to the* Glory of his Maker, *than* Satyrs *upon an* Atheiſtical Crew; *not that he fears their* Returns, *but* he thinks every Minute miſpent which is laid out upon them.

I pretend not yet that I have made a compleat Poem of the Chriſtian Pattern; *perhaps even the great* Corneille *fail'd in that, tho ſome ſay his Paraphraſe on our Author was his Maſterpiece. I dream not of having* honour'd my Country, exalted my Mother Tongue, *that* I have wrong'd my Author leſs than others have done, *that my* Faults *are neither* groſs *nor* frequent, *and all that.* Thoſe who are us'd to admire themſelves, can't forbear it when they have one Foot in the Grave; *but the* old Hound *deſerves the* Cudgel *who thinks he can* pinch as cloſe *when his* Teeth

are

are out, *as he could in his more* vigorous Years. *If a* good Chriſtian, *as well as a* good Critick, *ſhews me my Error, I'll correct it*; Criticiſm ſhould aim only at mending what's amiſs. *The* true Critick *diſtinguiſhes of the* Stiles *of* Authors, *gives us an* Authentick Text, *and the* true Import *of* Words *in* particular Writers; *ſhews the difference between* ſpurious and genuine Pieces, *that Relation there is between* Mens Writings, *and the* Laws *and* Uſages *of the* Countries or Places *they write* in *or* about: *He tries to fix the* Æra's of great Revolutions, *and of* particular, *if conſiderable*, Events, *and endeavours to ſhew the* Cryptick Senſe *of the moſt* learned *or* obſcure *Authors. The* Critick *who employs himſelf* thus, *deſerves not the Character of* ill Nature, *he only helps* to ſet things in their true Light; *where he ſhews any Man his* Miſtakes, *he gives* him *an opportunity of* rectifying 'um, *that he may look out into the World with the Eulogies of ſome* reaſonable Creature *beſide himſelf, He lets the World ſee how much they are oft impos'd on by* Names *and* Noiſe, *and how juſtly they may complain*,

Grandia ſæpe quibus mandavimus Hordea ſulcis,
Infelix Lolium & ſteriles naſcuntur avenæ.

Which, notwithſtanding the New Verſion *of that great Poet, I'd render thus*,

Oft where with faireſt Grain we ſow'd the Fields,
Darnel and barren Oats the luckleſs Harveſt yeilds.

Some Gentlemen perhaps, who, by the Religion they profeſs, *claim kindred with* Heathens, Jews, and Mahometans

hometans (*for it's good to be of the ſtrongeſt ſide*) *may think I have* gone out of my way (*that's the Word*) *under the* laſt Head *to meet with* them. *I muſt confeſs I have ſome* Obligations *to them, which in due time, God willing, I ſhall very* faithfully diſcharge. *I can't wonder that thoſe who have call'd* my Mother Whore, *ſhould fix a* malicious Character *upon* Me. *They are* a Generation *formidable, not for their* reaſoning Faculty, *but for their* Jeſuitiſm and Impudence. *They deal with the* Defenders of Truth *as Æthiopian* Apes *with their Enemy the* Lion; *they fling all the* Sand *and* Duſt *they can rake together into his* Mouth *and* Eyes, *and then run away* grinning, *and hope to eſcape in a* Cloud of their own Raiſing. *They ſhelter their Sawcineſs under the Pretence of a* fine new Diſcovery; *they have found (doubtleſs after much* Faſting and Prayer, *as* Father Lælius *of old) that there are* Nominal *and* Real *Trinitarians (and who would regard them who are ſo divided among themſelves?) as if thoſe who aſſert the* Father, Son *and* Holy Ghoſt *to be* real diſtinct Perſons *or* Subſiſtences in the ſame Divine Nature, *and thoſe who aſſert*, That every particular Perſon has his own peculiar Mode of Subſiſtence in that Divine Nature, *did not both believe a* real Trinity. *Or, as if* They *were not to be credited in their* moſt ſolemn Aſſeverations, *when theſe* Night-Birds, *declareing their Agreement with the Church of* England (*that* ſuperannuated Beldam, *that* Empire of King Oberon, *as they ſometimes very reſpectfully call Her) expect to be believed*; *tho to believe them a Man muſt crack more* Flaſhoods *and notorious* Contradictions *than all* thoſe Myſteries *amount to, which they have pretended to* break their Teeth *upon. Indeed if they'd*

own

own once that the Father in and by Himſelf *is infinite, Eternal, Incomprehenſible,* &c. *that the* Son *is* in and by Himſelf, *Infinite, Eternal, Incomprehenſible,* &c. *and that the* Holy Ghoſt *is* in and by Himſelf, *Infinite, Eternal, Incomprehenſible,* &c. *they will agree in that Point with the Church of* England; *and the* Argument *deducible from thoſe* Conceſſions, *to prove that* the Father is God, the Son God, and the Holy Ghoſt God; *and yet* that there is and can be but one God, *will amount to a* Demonſtration.

They tell us indeed that their Writings *look like* fair well-furniſh'd Houſes, *where every thing is* plain and regular; *but they may remember the famous* Manchegan Hero, *who was as eminent for Chivalry as they are for Divinity, took the* beggarly Vent *for a* ſtately Caſtle, *bare* Walls and Sluttiſhneſs *for* noble Furniture, *and a* pair of Stroling Drabs *for* beautiful Damſels *and* Illuſtrious Princeſſes. *Again, they find nothing but* dark *and* obſcure *in the* cleareſt Vindications *of Eternal Truth, but it's becauſe they are always* blind at Home, *and* their Eyes are in the ends of the Earth. *Indeed if* Religion *wanted* Buffoons *or* Merry Andrews, *the* Gentlemen *might be of ſome* uſe *to Her: For, for a* rude *or Impertinent* Jeſt, *a* modiſh Droll, *a* blaſphemous Flirt, *or a* long Declamation *in praiſe of their own* Elixirs, Orvietans, *or* Pouders of Pimperlimpimp, *they'd outdo moſt of our* riding Quacks, *or* German Jugglers; *but for* ſound Reaſon, *Chryſippus* his Dog *outveyed'um*; *and* Balaam's Aſs *might much better than* They, *have ſuperſeded the neceſſity of* Divine Revelation. *Anſwers to them are to the leſs purpoſe, becauſe they murder us ſo with their repeated* Crambe's, *their wretched* Quelq; Choſe *ſhall be ſet again a hundred*

dred times upon the ſame Table, *only made a little* poinant *with the* Sauce *of a* new Scoff, *or the* Haut-goût *of a* Jeer; *and* Nothing, *not the* Eternal Deity himſelf, *can eſcape the* ridicule, *when theſe* Saints of a new Stamp *take Pen in hand, to aſſert the* Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity, *to* examine Scripture accurately, *to* explode Myſtery, *and* to blaſpheme the Holy and Undivided Trinity.

It's hard to think they *can have any* Reverence *for* true Religion, *who write only for the* Diverſion *of* thoſe who have none. *And we know what* great Deſigns *their late* celebrated Champion *had*; Scripture *appear'd to him* a meer Heap of Contradictions: *and to be reveng'd on thoſe who would not ſwallow* Chriſtianity *without* Myſteries, *he piouſly reſolv'd to ſet up* Mahumetiſm *in* oppoſition *to it*; *and doubtleſs he knew very well, that* neither Scripture, nor the Churches antient Confeſſions of Faith, contain'd half ſo many Arguments for the Unitarian Divinity as the Alcoran. *Myſteries in* Religion *are very offenſive to ſome* weak Eyes. *Men of* no Religion *may perhaps be thought fitteſt to write* the Hiſtory of it, *they muſt needs be* impartial *becauſe they have no* Intereſt *in the* Subject they treat of: *but for Men of* looſe Lives *to decry what they call* Prieſt-craft, *for Men of* very ordinary Intellectuals *to explode* Myſteries, *and for thoſe of* no Principles *to take upon 'um to* refine and vindicate Chriſtianity, *is a* Demonſtration *that* Chriſtianity is the beſt Religion, Myſteries truly uſeful *in it, and the* Chriſtian Prieſthood the nobleſt, *tho, the moſt invidious*, Employment in the World. Prieſt-craft *is grown a* Cant-word, *us'd by* thoughtleſs Animals, *who ſeldom know* their own meaning *in't. Some-*

thing

thing they'r angry at: They cant ſleep quietly in their Vices; *they can't* live peaceably like Heathens in a Chriſtian Country; *they can't* devour the Patrimony of the Church without oppoſition, *nor* ſet up Atheiſm without the danger of a Reprimand *from ſome* ill-bred Blackcoat. *In ſhort*, Religion's againſt them, *and* therefore they are reſolv'd to be againſt it. *This ſhould render* it *the* more valuable *to* ſober Men; *it ſhould make them ſtudy by* Practical Holineſs, *as well as* weighty Arguments, *to cruſh the* Heads *of* Atheiſm *and* Hereſy; *to embrace kindly whatever* promotes that Holineſs, *and* even *to hug THE CHRISTIAN PATTERN, how meanly ſoever Paraphras'd, while it ſtrives in the* ſofteſt way, *to* impreſs the ſacred Image of our bleſſed Maſter *on the Hearts of the* greateſt Prieſts *or* Biſhops, *or of* the humbleſt private Chriſtians.

ERRATA.

PAg. 12. l. 14. r. *fluttering*. p. 13. l. 6. r. *nightly*. p. 47. l. 17. for *this*, r. *they*. p. 60. l. 23. r. *preſumptous*. p. 69. l. 1. r. *diſeaſe*. p. 57. l. 18. r. *ſhalt*. p. 69. l. 8. r. *ſhalt*. p. 83. l. 17. r. *by thy*. p. 86. after l. 11. a blank line is wanting. p. 89. l. 1. after *yet* put, p. 110. l. 8. r. *Secrets*. p. 120. l. 15. r. *ſtrange*; *for*. p. 155. l. 3. r. *Live*. p. 186. l. 23. for *while* r. *which*. p. 187. l. 18. after *live*, make! p. 206. l. 20. after *can I* make, p. 223. l. 12. after *ineffectually* put! p. 239. l. 17. r. *God*. p. 245. l. 22. r. *my Soul*. p. 260. l. 11. after *eat* put;

The Chriſtian Pattern

PARAPHRAS'D.

The Firſt Book.

I.

Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.

WHO er'e to follow me his Steps applies,
Or'e his bleſt Head no gloomy Clouds ſhall riſe,
But Life's pure Light ſhall fill his Heart, and ſparkle in his Eyes.

Thus ſpoke our Holy Jeſus, and can we
Er'e dream of Light and Immortality, (clear,
That Truth's pure Beams ſhould our dark Fancies
Unleſs, like his, our Lives reform'd appear?
O let our Thoughts then on his Actions dwell
Whoſe Doctrines Man's divineſt Rules excel!
If his enlightning Spirit guide the Mind,
'Twill treaſur'd there the ſecret Manna find,

Truth, ſweet and taſteful as that Angels Food,
Not loath'd, but always welcom'd by the Good.
If he withdraw, tho with the Goſpel bleſt,
Our Souls are ſtill with lazy Dreams oppreſt;
But when enflam'd by him, we try to live
By thoſe great Rules his heavenly Actions give,
All clear and plain his ſacred Words appear,
And, to the Heart reveal'd, are grateful to the Ear.

What tho I could with ſtrange Acuteneſs pry
Into the *ſtill Myſterious* Trinity?
Only more Woes would me at laſt ſurprize,
Should my proud Soul from thence that dreadful God deſpiſe.
Not lofty Thoughts, nor Words which ſmoothly roll,
But Purity, to God endears the Soul.
Let others curious Definitions ſpin,
O let me feel true Grief for Guilt within, (Sin.
And Floods of unſeen Tears purge out my Stains of

What tho thy apprehenſive Mind compriz'd
What er'e thoſe old Philoſophers devis'd?
What tho thy faithful Mem'ry could recite,
What er'e in Scriptures Holy Penmen write?
Vain were thy Reach, and vain thy Memory,
Unleſs God's Grace and Love were lodg'd in thee.

All's

All's Vanity, and more than vainly vain,
But God's pure Love, and our dear Saviour's Chain;
We're wiſe indeed, if we the World deſpiſe,
And graſp at Thrones and Crowns above the Skies.

It's vain to covet or to truſt in Gold,
It's vain to be to Honours height extoll'd;
Vain are our carnal Luſts and fond Deſires,
Whoſe Woes but preface Hell's Eternal Fires.
Vain is the longeſt Life when vainly ſpent,
Life's vain unleſs on future Glories bent.
It's vain to love what like a Tempeſt flies,
And leave that long'd-for Bliſs which never never dies.

Think then on what the wiſeſt Man reply'd,
The Eyes and Ears are never ſatisfi'd.
What er'e the longing Appetite receives,
Only a ſickly Wiſh, and tedious Longings leaves.
Turn then thy Soul from wretched Earth below,
And all thy Thoughts on heavenly Joys beſtow;
So ſhall a ſpotleſs Conſcience warm thy Breaſt,
And thou ſecurely on thy Saviour's Boſom reſt.

II.

Know thy Self.

WOuldſt thou know much, my Soul? and wouldſt (thou be
From thy great Maſter's Service free?
Wouldſt thou by curious Rules of Art deſcry
The various Motions of the Sky?
Fond Wretch! the Clown, who but *himſelf* can read,
By that ſhort Leſſon will thy ſoaring Art exceed.

Know but *thy Self*, *thy Self* thou'lt ſoon deſpiſe,
Nor to the World's Applauſes riſe;
Thy Works, not Arts, ſhall be ſeverely ſcann'd,
When all the World in Judgment ſtand;
Ceaſe then thy Pains, and never court thy Woes,
Deceit and Madneſs ſtill with mighty Learning goes.

Men pufft with Learning love the pointing Hand,
And much on ſwelling Titles ſtand,
And ſpend their careleſs Hours in empty Toys
Which ne're advance their ſober Joys.
But ſure He's mad who wondrous Knowledg gains,
Yet never knows the means to ſcape infernal Pains!

Great

Great *Words* can never fill thy Appetite,
Great *Actions* only bring Delight,
Purge but thy ſelf, then boldly lift thy Face
To the bright Throne of heavenly Grace.
Great Senſe and Knowledg, where the Practice fails,
Only the heavier Woes on wretched Souls entails.

Fear then thy flowing Parts, thy matchleſs Senſe,
And all thy vaſt Intelligence:
Know what thou wilt, thou'lt but the ſooner find
A thouſand things have ſlipt thy Mind;
A thouſand Men whoſe Names are ſcarcely known,
Beyond thy Learning far, and utmoſt Reach have gone.

Study *thy Self!* with all exactneſs know
How all Affairs within thee go!
Examin all thy Ways, and ſoon to thee
Thy *Self* the nobleſt Theme ſhall be:
If others thou before thy ſelf prefer,
Such humble Thoughts expreſs true Wiſdom's Character.

Thou mayſt, perhaps, another's Failures ſee,
His Crimes may lie expos'd to thee,
Yet ſcorn him not, nor think thy ſelf ſecure,
Our Steps on Earth are rarely ſure.
Thou ſtandſt! conſider, leſt thy ſelf ſhould fall,
All Men are frail indeed, but thou more frail than all.

III.

TRUTH.

HAppy the Man whom Truth ſecurely guides
By ſecret Ways and powerful Influence!
Happy the Man in whoſe weak Head reſides
No falſe Opinion from deceitful Senſe!
But Ignorance would rather chuſe,
Than Time in vain Deſigns abuſe.

We're mad in Arts obſcure to ſpend our Days,
To ſhun the Light, and Intricacies chaſe:
Where God's Eternal *Word* the *Truth* diſplays,
We all at once may know, and all embrace;
Where that once ſpeaks, we ſafely reſt,
With Peace and Faith unfading bleſt.

O thou eſſential Truth, my Soul unite
To thee by all the Bonds of ſacred Love!
O thou my Saviour, O my Soul's Delight!
To whom alone my Paſſions fiercely move!
Let Earthly Teachers ſilent be,
But ſpeak, O ſpeak dear Lord to me!

The more within our ſelves our Thoughts deſcend,
The more we ſee by God's ſuperiour Light:
Pure Souls to Holy Works more ſtrongly bend,
To raiſe God's Honour, and his Acts recite.
Only our Luſts unconquer'd curb
Our Motions, and our Thoughts diſturb.

The pious Soul thoſe inward Luſts reſtrains,
Nor bows to them, but them to Reaſon bows;
The brighteſt Crown the great Self-conqueror gains,
And by his Conqueſt daily ſtronger grows.
All other Skill's an empty Show,
And all's imperfect here below.

Wouldſt thou then go to God? not glaring Parts,
But humble Thoughts can reach his glorious Seat:
Arts made by God are good; but vertuous Hearts,
Pure Lives, and lowly Thoughts more truly great:

And all in fruitleſs Error die,
Who more to know than practiſe try.

O would a fooliſh World at laſt improve
As much in Goodneſs as in vain Diſputes!
But thro what Gloom that ſubtle Head muſt move,
Whoſe Practice all his godly Talk refutes?
Who falls, and leaves no Name behind;
But, out of Sight, is out of Mind.

He's truly great, who's great in Charity:
He's great, who's humble, and can Greatneſs ſcorn:
He's wiſe, who Worth in none but Chriſt can ſee:
He's learn'd, who's to Divine Obedience born.
Tho all inferior Glories fly,
His balmy Name ſhall never die.

IV.

PRUDENCE.

WHAT e're we read, what e're we hear,
Let Holy Care with Patience weigh,
For Truth, alas! we weakly bear,
But Falſhood gains a mighty Sway.

The

The Wiſe Man knows our faulty State
To looſe Diſcourſe and Guilt inclin'd;
And always meaſures things by Weight,
To no uncertain Tales reſign'd:
He'll ne're run headlong on, nor will he be
Stiff in his own Conceit, and ſenſleſs Bigotry.

Receive not then each idle Tale,
Nor all thou hear'ſt to all relate;
But let a wiſe Man's Words prevail,
Above thy own *his* Counſels rate:
A Holy Life, a Life refin'd,
The Owners Godlike Wiſdom proves,
And with Experience fills the Mind,
And with Divine Contentment moves.
Where God a lowly Heart a Subject gains,
There only Prudence thrives, and inward Calmneſs reigns.

V.

Search the Scriptures.

SEE! Read theſe Sacred Volumes o're,
This wondrous Book ſurvey!
Truth in its antient Springs explore,
Thy Studies on the mighty Subject ſtay;

Perhaps

Perhaps no modiſh Stuff, no milky Phraſe
Thy ſickly Senſe may gratify,
Yet there bleſt Truth her Beams diſplays,
And all her Treaſures lie.

See, read again! to clear thy Mind,
The Spirit's Help implore,
That God's, who firſt the Book deſign'd,
Whoſe Badg the well inſtructed Penmen wore.
Inſtructive Truth in common Language lies,
In plain and eaſy Words expreſt;
But Falſhood off like Vapour flies,
Tho ne're ſo gayly dreſt.

Shouldſt thou myſterious Language love,
Or lofty Flights admire,
Thou'lt meet with Raptures here, above
What e're thy own preſuming Thoughts inſpire.
Don't yet Devotions humble Stile deſpiſe,
But read with calm Attention there:
That Brook the thirſty Lamb ſupplies,
Whoſe Streams are ſoft and clear.

Perhaps

Perhaps thou'lt find a *Shepherd* write,
A *Herdſman* propheſy;
But, if the Spirit all indite,
Where can the Prejudice againſt them lie?
Authority and Learning only *He*
On all that Holy Tribe beſtows;
And all thy Studies *there* ſhould be
Where Truth ſincerely flows.

If Truth in every Sentence ſhine,
And give thee certain Light,
Thou know'ſt Truth's Words are all Divine,
Tho meaneſt Men her ſacred Dictates write.
The mortal Penmen ſoon are paſt, and gone
To Duſt, from whence at firſt they came;
Truth claims Eternity alone,
And ſtill remains the ſame.

Thy Wit, thy Learning, and thy Parts
Perhaps are more than mine;
But God, who reads our inmoſt Hearts,
May on my Soul with greater Favours ſhine.
Be thou impartial too, with careful Eyes
Examine all the Sacred Roll,
Th' ineſtimable Treaſure prize,
As thy immortal Soul.

Wouldſt

Wouldst thou in Holy Sense improve?
Then lay thy self aside,
All vain and curious Thoughts remove,
And Self-Conceit, and unbelieving Pride!
Ask oft, and with submissive Silence weigh
What Holy Men declar'd of old;
Thy Judgments on their Dictates stay,
And their Directions hold.

VI.

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

THE Man whose wretched Thoughts are fixt below,
Has lost his Peace;
On him eternal crowding Mischiefs flow,
And, like rough Tides, his swelling Cares increase;
The flattering Fool looks down with scornful Pride
On others, but with strange Disturbance sees
How all the wiser World his Plumes deride:
So *Haman*, mad and restless, sate
In all his Pomp and Courtly State,
While bended Knees
To *Haman*'s Insolence the pious Jew deni'd.

If

If griping Avarice the Soul invade,
His Quiet's loſt.
Himſelf a Slave in Golden Fetters made,
And all his mighty Expectations croſt:
A Storm, which on his Windows breaks, confounds
His mighty Slumbers with diſtracting Dreams;
A Band of Cheats and Thieves his Bed ſurrounds,
Nor can a thouſand Bolts and Bars
E're ſilence his inteſtine Wars,
But diſmal Gleams
Of flaſhing Ruins pierce him with a 1000 Wounds.

Only the humble Soul, the Soul reſign'd,
Is truly bleſt;
In him no anxious Fears a Seat can find,
No Worldly Cares diſtract his peaceful Breaſt.
While groveling Souls ſtrive, but in vain, to be
Diſmiſt from Helliſh Force, from Earthy Chains,
He calmly lives from all Diſorders free.
He, happy Soul! enflam'd with Love,
Pants all, and groans for Joys above;
He only gains,
Inſtead of Cares and Fears, a calm Eternity.

VII.

VII.

Worldly Confidence is vain.

VAin is the Man who puts his Truſt
In worldly Joys, or mouldring Duſt:
Who hates the Mean, or ſcorns the Poor,
But ſtands upon himſelf ſecure.
But God, the Hope of all the Wiſe,
Their Weakneſs and their Wants ſupplies.
Don't then on Craft but God depend;
He'll cruſh the Proud, the Poor defend.
Boaſt not of Wealth, nor mighty Friends;
What's good from God alone deſcends.
Vaunt not thy ſelf, tho ſtrong or fair,
One ſhort Diſeaſe may both impair.
Boaſt not of Senſe, or various Arts,
Not thou, but God that Senſe imparts.
Others above thy ſelf ſuppoſe,
For *He* thy Faults and Frailty knows.
Boaſt not of Works with lofty Eyes,
God may, what Man approves, deſpiſe.
If any Vertue lodg in thee,
Adorn it with Humility.
From haughty Hearts and ſcornful Eyes
Envy and hateful Malice riſe;

Only

Only in humble private Cells
Unchanging Peace and Safety dwells.

VIII.

Too much Familiarity breeds Contempt.

NE're to the *Volge* unvail thy Heart,
But to the wiſe good Man thy Thoughts impart.
From green young Heads and unknown Strangers fly;
Fawn not on Wealth, nor near the Palace ply.
The humble, meek, devout, obliging Man (can.
Will more inſtruct thy Soul than ſuch Acquaintance

Court not a ſingle Beauty's Love,
But in thy Prayers commend 'um all above;
Thy Soul to holy Meditations give,
And with thy God in cloſe Communion live.
Thy Charity to all the World extend, (Friend.
But Worlds can ſcarce afford one faithful uſeful

Sometimes we Men unknown admire,
And their Acquaintance by report deſire,
But when we ſee 'um once, our partial Eyes
Their Garb, their Mien, their downcaſt Looks deſpiſe:

So

So when wee'd others with our Freedoms charm,
Our private Faults diſplay'd, their ſcornful Thoughts
alarm.

IX.

It's better to obey than command.

HE's happier far
Who, in Life's doubtful War,
His Teacher's juſt Commands obeys,
Than he who others, tho with Prudence, ſways.
A 1000 Dangers on the Teacher wait,
A 1000 Griefs attend his State,
While the Obedient reſt
With Safety bleſt.

Thy Thoughts may be
Wiſe in a *juſt* Degree,
But others *wiſer* far may prove,
And Prudence by the *wiſeſt* Rules will move.
It's ſafer much to take Advice than give,
And free from Pride he'll ſafely live,
Who in his faithful Guides
Alone confides.

X.

In the Multitude of Words there is Sin.

LAnguage, the Birth of thoughtful Souls,
If wiſely us'd, the angry World controuls:
Language a thouſand Truths reveals,
And thrô the Ears *Mæanders* gently ſteals
Down to the dark Receſſes of the Heart,
And feels and tunes the cheerful Strings
Of equal Souls; and when it ſweetly ſings,
The Sympathetick Spirits in Conſort move,
And each to other mutual Joys impart,
And taſte the ſofteſt Notes of all commanding Love.

But as we feel a jarring Sound,
When artleſs Fingers all the Strings confound,
And flat and ſharp, and high and low,
All jumbled in eternal Diſcords flow:
So ill us'd Language breaks the ſweet Concent
Of Thoughts all tun'd to Peace before;
And the vain Wretch may then, too late, deplore
The working Miſchiefs of his careleſs Tongue,
As Pigmies would with wondrous Toils prevent
The mighty Ruins, rending Mountains roll along.

My Wits perhaps I highly prize,
And ſtraight at Heaven my laviſh Language flies;
I all that's *good* or *great* abuſe,
And all the Checks of ſober Senſe refuſe,
Or with vaſt Floods of native Eloquence,
Words like a never-failing Tide (ſlide:
Off my ſmooth Tongue with powerful Swiftneſs
Yet while I think to rule the captive World,
And hurry headlong on, depriv'd of Senſe,
I'm all at once beneath eternal Tortures hurl'd.

What tho I call my Tongue *my own?*
Yet Prudence is by well-weigh'd Language known;
But when my Words at random fly,
Expos'd I to a thouſand Dangers ly:
So gentle Floods in Seaſon fertilize
The gaping Meads and thirſty Plains;
But conſtant Storms and everlaſting Rains
The rotting Seeds of uſeful Plants confound;
While thro the Glebe rank Flags or Ruſhes riſe,
Or ſquallid Ooze extends a barren Paleneſs round.

Think then on God, my Soul, 'tis He
Who can alone thy Tongue's Director be;

Talk

Talk of thy mighty Maker's Praiſe,
And Trophies to his boundleſs Goodneſs raiſe;
Thy own and others Good with Care advance!
Treaſons from careleſs Tongues may flow,
And Murders on the Roots of Treaſon grow:
Speak well then, or in humble ſilence reſt;
Words are exempted from the Strokes of Chance,
When ſtifled at their Birth within the thoughtful
Breaſt.

XI.

Peace I leave with you.

PEace has a charming Name, but ſtill declines,
The Heart with foreign Cares beſet,
Her God an unintangled Soul aſſigns
For her Imperial laſting Seat.
Bleſt are the Poor, for they ſhall Peace obtain!
But how can Peace a ſafe Retreat
In wandring Fancies gain?

What made the Saints of old contemplative,
And only heavenly Thoughts purſue?
What made them with themſelves ſeverely ſtrive,
And always to their God be true?

Strictly they ſearch'd and try'd their Ways at home,
And would their *Inward Luſts* purſue,
But never farther rome.

But what are We? poor, cold, unactive things,
Unus'd to Wars or Victory:
Baffled by Sin's imperious Menacings,
And Slaves to each Infirmity.
Would we throw off our Chains, and nobly riſe,
Our ſerious Thoughts engag'd might be
On Bliſs above the Skies.

It's Kinglike ſure, uncurb'd at home to reign,
With inward Peace and Freedom bleſt:
But where's the Man who dares his Luſts reſtrain,
Or purge his own polluted Breaſt?
Where's he who dares force through the pinching (Gate?
Or who's with ſtrong Reſolves poſſeſt
The Saints to imitate?

If but a ſudden Storm againſt me riſe,
My Hopes, alas! are faint and dead;
Could I to God but lift my faithful Eyes,
His Wings he'd ſtraight around me ſpread.
God loves to be the warring Chriſtians Aid,

To

To place the Garland on his Head
By ſtarry Glories made.

What tho I Hear, Receive, and Faſt and Pray,
In Sackcloth or in Aſhes lie?
Or on my Fleſh ſome Penance roughly lay,
And counterfeit Humility?
Such empty outward *Shews* are only vain,
Unleſs the Ax the Root may try,
And Peace within me reign.

When I at firſt believ'd, my eager Zeal
With holy Fervours flaſh'd and glow'd;
But I alas! my former Acts repeal,
My Pains to conquer Sin beſtow'd.
Had I my Virgin Love, or Year by Year
Could I one ſingle Sin unload,
My Heart might once be clear.

It's hard to leave a long accuſtom'd way;
It's hard to break a ſtubborn Will:
Sin gets more Strength by our too long Delay;
And rooted Weeds are hard to kill.
Rouſe then my Soul! reſiſt thy Foes betime:
Then Joys thy Thoughts enlarg'd ſhall fill,
And thou to Glories climbe.

XII.

It's good for me that I have been afflicted.

HOW vain, how fooliſh ſhould we prove,
Should our Proſperity,
Our Wealth and worldly Eaſe improve,
And everlaſting be!
But when we meet with ruffling Storms,
And Tempeſts here below,
The Danger our wild Thoughts reforms,
And we the wiſer grow.

If tho we walk by Vertue's Rules,
Our Thoughts ſincere and true,
We're perſecuted, counted Fools,
And Death our Steps purſue.
We'll never fix on fading Earth,
Nor ſwell with empty Pride;
So humble Thoughts will take their Birth,
From Paſſions mortifi'd.

That Man alone is wiſe, whoſe Reſt
Is in his God ſecure;
Who, when with worldly Woes oppreſt,
Has him a Shelter ſure:

He'll

He'll little value Comforts here,
But will with Faintings groan,
Till he exalted high appear
Before his glorious Throne.

He ſcorns a fading Life, and longs
To be from Earth unbound,
To join with Angels grateful Songs
In Hallelujahs round.

XIII.

Reſiſt the Devil, and he'll fly from you.

WHile to this wretched Spot of Earth confin'd,
Temptations, Woes, aſſault my thoughtful Mind,
The Prince of Darkneſs walks his conſtant Rounds,
And careleſs Souls with various Arts confounds;
I'll quickly then in watchful Prayers engage
To break his black Deſigns, & check his reſtleſs Rage.

Imperfect I, imperfect all below,
A thouſand Fears, a thouſand Sorrows know;
Old Saints their Heaven through Tribulation found,
And, after Trials, were with Glories crown'd;
They'r ſharp, but wholeſom Phyſick for the Soul,
They teach us Good, and all our ſecret Luſts controul.

Think then my Soul on ſpotleſs Innocence,
Thy *Father's* Bleſſing and ſecure Defence,
It's loſt, it's gone, a thouſand Miſchiefs now
Within thy own deceitful Boſom grow;
With Heaps on Heaps the Mountain-Surges riſe,
And Sins vaſt Deep within the raging Tide ſupplies.

Hope not to 'ſcape by flight, the Traitor will
Go with thee, hang about thee, plague thee ſtill;
That *firſt*, with humble Patience, mortify,
Then to thy God for ſure Aſſiſtance fly;
Thy Strength, thy Courage, and thy Art is ſmall,
His Aid ſupports thee beſt, & breaks thy dreadful Fall.

Doſt thou beneath ſevere Temptations groan?
The Kindneſs then of prudent Counſels own;
Oft ask the Guides of Souls, and oft enquire
What Waters beſt may quench the raging Fire.
Are others tempted? with the tend'reſt Hands
O touch their bleeding Wounds, and looſe their pinching Bands!

Couldſt thou my Soul but to thy ſelf be true,
And the ſure Steps of ſteady Faith purſue,

Thoud'ſt

Thoud'ſt often live from ſharp Temptations free,
And calm thy Thoughts, and calm thy Sleeps might (be;
But Ships without their Pilots wildly reel,
And every changing Blaſt, and every Billow feel.

Only When by Temptations prov'd, thoul't ſhine
With brighter Faith, and Paſſions more divine,
Thy Truth ſhall make the gazing World admire,
And to the ſame Superiour Heat aſpire.
Temptations are thy Teſt; when bravely paſt,
Thoul't reach the peaceful Shore, the promis'd Land at laſt.

Watch then my Soul, betimes reſiſt thy Foe,
Nor let him paſt the fatal Entrance go!
Thoughts, Fancies, Pleaſure, Motions to, Conſent
Thou mayſt, by prudent Vigilance, prevent.
If to the Devil once thou quit the way,
He'll quickly enter whole, and like a Tyrant ſway.

God Men by ſecret Rules of Wiſdom tries, (plies,
And when they'r try'd with needful Strength ſup-
Preſerves from pointed Rocks of blind Deſpair,
And looks for Faith and Vows, and fervent Prayer;
For wondrous Good the laſt Events ordains,
And for his Servants ſakes Hell's fierceſt rage reſtrains.

Some-

Sometimes the Man, by *fierce Temptations* try'd,
By heavenly Grace has all their Powers defy'd;
Yet ſinks beneath a *ſmaller Force*, and ſhows
What Weakneſs on deſerted Nature grows;
To batter down our Pride, and make us be
Entire Dependants on a ſtronger Deity.

Down then my Soul! and God's Almighty Hand
Shall raiſe thee ſoon, and make thee firmer ſtand;
Tho Sorrows pierce thee thro, thy ſacred Light
Shall flaſh more lively, and ſhall ſhine more bright.
The Ship in Calms a *Novice* ſafely ſteers,
The *skilful Pilot's* Art in rougheſt Storms appears.

XIV.

Judg not.

INto thy ſelf O turn thy Eyes!
For, who himſelf ſeverely tries,
A mighty Task ſhall find,
Of Guilt a thouſand fertile Seeds,
Of Sins a thouſand fatal Breeds
Corrupt his careleſs Mind.

Purge

Purge then thy ſelf the firſt; for He
Who will on others curious be,
And in their Boſoms pry,
Thro' Prejudice muſt oft miſtake,
And oft the Rules of Truth forſake,
And caſt his Reaſon by.

He'll oft the nobleſt Acts purſue
With Cenſure, where Applauſe is due;
But, in a nearer Caſe,
He'll love himſelf too well, and hate
To ruffle his internal State,
And his own Failings trace.

Some wretched Inmate dwells within,
Some ſecret, flattring, darling Sin
Our partial Reaſon blinds:
Our Vices thence our Vertues ſeem,
And we our ſelves for Crimes eſteem,
In our diſtemper'd Minds.

It's hard to quit our antient Ways
Where Luſt its gaudy Wings diſplays:

And

And with the cleareſt Light,
When e're we walk abroad, we ſee;
But when within our ſelves we'd be,
We're loſt in gloomy Night.

XV.

Let all your Works be done with Charity.

O Never let inferiour Love
Thy Fancy move!
Nor worldly Intereſts bend thy Will
To practiſe ill!
Good Works may *better* Works excite,
But ne're ſhould be deſerted quite.

Crown'd all our outward Works muſt be
With Charity;
Tho ſmall, in Value then they'l riſe
Among the Wiſe:
The God above obſerves in you,
How *well*, and not how *much* you do.

His Actions will the greateſt prove
Who moſt can love;
His Actions ſhine above the reſt
Who acts the beſt:

He

He acts the beſt who prefers ſtill
The *publick* Good to *private* Will.

Some talk of Charity, but try
To thruſt it by,
Luſt, Will, Convenience or Reward
They moſt regard;
He whom true Charity inſpires,
God's Glory, not his own, deſires.

He envies none, nor would, by choice,
Alone rejoice;
And looks for *real Good* from none
But God alone:
Nor ſhall the World by him be nam'd,
When thus with heavenly Loves enflam'd.

XVI.

Bear ye one another's Burdens.

DOST thou a Blemiſh in thy ſelf deſcry?
Support it humbly; God reſolves to try
Thy Patience ſo;
Patience ſhines moſt when moſt ſeverely prov'd,
Yet mayſt thou pray to have thy Griefs remov'd,
Or that Grace may more largely to ſupport thee flow.

Doſt

Doſt thou anothers ſinful Failures view?
Twice, thrice adviſe him; if he ſtill purſue
His ſenſeleſs Ways,
Leave him to God; He'll all His Thoughts fulfil,
And make His Creatures proſecute His Will
And make their very Madneſs more advance his Praiſe.

That thou mayſt others Follies calmly bear,
Think what thy own, thy inward Failures are;
How great thy Sins!
Canſt thou not then *thy* Boſom-Luſts reſtrain,
And yet of *others* Stubborneſs complain?
He who would others mend, beſt at himſelf begins.

We'd have our Neighbours laſh'd, our Neighbours reign'd,
But hate to be our ſelves to Rules reſtrain'd,
So juſt are we,
So much our ſelves we more than others love;
Yet, ſhould the World around us perfect prove,
What would our Sufferings then for God or Goodneſs be!

But God with Wiſdom tempers all Affairs,
And makes us toil beneath our mutual Cares,

That

That while we find
None faultleſs, none without a Burden, none
To perfect Strength or perfect Wiſdom grown,
We'd be to Pity more, & more to Love inclin'd.

Comfort, Advice, Support, Inſtruction ſo
Should from our ſympathizing Friendſhip flow.
In darkeſt Night
Stars ſhine the brighteſt, and our Woes declare,
Only how frail our Conſtitutions are,
But not to Frailty more, or weak Deſigns invite.

XVII.

Be ye followers of me, as dear Children.

HOW mean, how trifling are our Lives, compar'd
With thoſe of glorious Heroes gone before!
Whoſe wondrous Works their wondrous Love declar'd,
And all the Badges of their Maſter wore;
Their Saviours Friends; for Life or Death prepar'd,
Who all th' Extreams of Thirſt & Hunger bore,
Who cold & bare, in watchful Faſtings ſpent,
On Prayers and holy Meditations bent,
Thro' all the cruel Scorns of barbarous Tyrants went.

What

What Tongue, tho tip'd with flowing Eloquence,
Could all thoſe mighty Woes and Pains unfold?
Which great Apoſtles in the Truths defence,
Martyrs and Confeſſors endur'd of old?
Thoſe Tortures laid on Virgin-Innocence,
Modeſt as Babes, as Men in Sufferings bold;
They'd all their dear Redeemer's Footſteps trace,
And in the *Furies* of their heavenly Race
Made *Earth* and *Life* it ſelf to *Love* reſign the place.

O how they liv'd, to Woods and Caves confin'd,
With tedious and ſevere Temptations preſt!
How when to Satan's Buffetings reſign'd,
Their fervent Prayers were to their Lord addreſt!
How was their Fleſh with rigid Faſtings pin'd,
Their Souls with growing Zeal and Ardour bleſt!
Fierce on their Sins, in their Intentions pure,
They'd Night and Day in Prayers and Praiſe endure;
Nor could their Foes their Minds from inward Prayers allure.

They

They all their Hours to vaſt Advantage ſpent,
And all too little for their Maker thought,
And, on ſublimer Contemplations bent,
They oft their very needful Food forgot:
Wealth, Honours, Places, Friends with free conſent
They quitted for the ſweet Celeſtial Draught;
They grudg'd their Minutes on themſelves beſtow'd,
And, diſincumbred from each earthly Load,
Their Wealth was Grace and Goodneſs, and a ſmiling God.

Strange to the World, and ſtrange to all below,
They grew the great Privadoes of the Skies;
Mean to themſelves, mean to the World they'd ſhow,
But dear and *priceful* in their Maſter's Eyes.
Humble, Obedient, Patient, Kind they'd grow,
And thence in Grace and Godlike Vertues riſe;
They great Examples to Believers ſtood,
And more ſhould move us to advance in Good
Than to ſink down in Sloth, the Lukewarm lazy Brood.

What holy Zeal our Prieſts adorn'd of old!
What warm Devotions, what prevailing Prayers!
How ſtrongly they'd the Race of Vertues hold!
What Diſcipline ſuppreſt the riſing Tares!
How had the *Shepherds* of the ſacred Fold,
In *Service* and *Reſpect* their conſtant Shares!
How Great, how Good they were, their Steps (could lie,
deſcry; Beneath their Feet the conquer'd World
And from their powerful Faith Hell's great Commander fly.

He's now a Saint who ſins but privately,
And who a while the Yoke of Chriſt can bear;
A Saint who won't with lewdeſt Sinners vie,
Or with the Murderer or Adulterer ſhare:
A Saint who *weekly* can the Church ſupply,
And for the *Fleece*, the Flock neglected, care,
Ah Sloth, Ah Negligence, Ah want of Heat!
O may I ne're my Self or Hearers cheat,
But all the nobleſt Cares of antient Saints repeat!

I'm

I'm ſure our publick Sins are greater far
Than thoſe amaſs'd from every Age before;
I'm ſure we're call'd to bear a fiercer War
Than that which all our great Fore-fathers bore;
I'm ſure our Zeal and earneſt Labours are
Too weak, and can't our ruin'd Faith reſtore.
But, O dear God, my Heart, my Lips unſeal;
So I thy Bread to all thy Flock ſhall deal,
And to a careleſs World thy dreadful Truths reveal!

XVIII.

The Prieſt.

I Took the Charge of Souls, and now muſt ſhine
As Flambeaus in a gloomy Night,
With clear and comfortable Light,
My inward Garb like that without divine.
God views my Actions o're, and he
Quite thro' my Reins, quite thro' my Heart can ſee;
I then muſt be as Angels pure,
If I'de that dreadful Teſt, thoſe piercing Eyes endure.

When firſt I took theſe Robes, dear Lord, I gave
My Self, my Life, my All to thee!
O may my Oaths repeated be,
And I my ſacred Maſter's faithful Slave!
My Labours paſt are Triflings all,
My Services, alas! my Toils are ſmall;
Help me my God, aſſiſt me now!
And I'll with utmoſt Zeal perform my ſacred Vow.

I now muſt Pray, Praiſe, Teach, invite the Gueſts,
(A wretched, faithleſs, hungry Crew)
From ſtarving and Damnation due,
Freely to feed at thy immortal Feaſts.
But, Lord, I droop, I ſink, I fail,
Sloth, Fear, Diſtruſt on all my Thoughts prevail,
My Strength is weak, my Wiſdom ſlow,
On me, dear God, thy Strength, thy guiding Grace beſtow!

If I a while my conſtant Duties leave
To viſit mourning Souls, or thoſe
Whom God on Beds of Sickneſs throws,
I ſtill the Meed of Charity receive.

But if, ungirt or lazy, I
From publick or from private Duties fly,
I, to oblige a Luſt, reſign
My ſelf to endleſs Flames, and quit Rewards divine.

That I may to the World a Light appear,
I'll ſearch my Conſcience throughly o're,
My Sins to God and Man explore,
And be each Day on all my Crimes ſevere.
I'll all Hell's ſubtle Arts withſtand,
My ſenſual Thoughts, my craving Luſts command,
Read, Write, Pray, Praiſe, or Meditate,
And ſtill with holy Works Hell's fiery Darts rebate.

In publick Duties I'll with fervent Care
To others an Example be,
But ſtill without Hypocriſy,
And with my Voice to God exalt my Prayer:
But when between my God and me
Alone, the *ſecret* Intercourſe ſhould be,
Noiſe my Devotions ſhan't betray,
But in my Cloſet I'll with ſecret Murmurs pray.

Some Holy Faſts, ſome Feaſts appointed ſtand
Deſign'd for holy Exerciſe,
For raptur'd Joys, or humble Cries,
And ſhould our Souls with ſolemn Aw command.

I'll in Devotion daily live,
And all my Life to pious Practice give;
But for *ſuch Times* I'll more prepare,
And on Religion then attend with warmer Care.

On theſe my God was Born, on theſe he Dy'd,
On theſe he Roſe, on theſe, in Flame,
On us the Spirit gently came,
On theſe their Lord his valiant Martyrs try'd.
Up then my Soul! awake! ariſe!
Reach tow'rd the Goal, graſp at thy kindred Skies!
I ſhall, found ſo employ'd, be bleſt,
And in a nobler Truſt and fuller Glories reſt.

XIX.

O that I had Wings like a Dove!

ENough, enough in this vain World I find
To diſengage my wandring Mind;
To wean me from the Joys below,
And Anchoret or Hermit grow.
A thouſand Follies here aſſault me round,
A thouſand noiſy Tales my Thoughts confound;
I want a little time for *me*
Of Silence and of Privacy,

Where

Where I my humble Heart might raiſe
To ſing my great Creator's lofty Praiſe,
And there, with undiſcover'd Tears, begin
To cleanſe my ſelf from hateful Sin.

Fain would I meditate on what's to come
A while before I'm ſummon'd home:
Fain would I exerciſe my Mind
A while on that *long Life* behind.
How ſhould I act? Bleſt Saints of old withdrew
To Woods, and Rocks, and Caves from human View;
There they enjoy'd themſelves, and there,
With humble Prayers, and Lives ſevere,
Had quiet Sleeps and peaceful Dreams,
And Vertues were their lively Fancies Themes;
There they converſt with God, and learnt to dwell
With him who was *Inviſible*.

But what are meaner Saints? My Saviour too
From noiſy Crouds to Mountains flew,
And there in loneſome Silence pray'd,
And thence his Heavenly Sermons made.
Would I with him to juſt Perfection riſe?
With *Truth forgot* the careleſs World ſurprize?
He who a while reſerv'd has been,
May be with greater Safety ſeen.

He safely speaks who Silence chose,
He *governs* best who best *Subjection* knows.
Obedience is by him most kindly nurst,
Who was himself obedient first.

When thro a lonesome, wild, or silent Grove,
Secur'd by Innocence, I rove,
There where no bloody Tyrants reign,
Nor cruel wrested Laws restrain,
Where I *sole King* my *self* at large command,
And only at my own Tribunal stand;
Yet my Creator's every where,
And he's my holy Guardian there;
He's still my Fear, my Master still,
And I his Laws with utmost Care fulfil.
No holy Hermit in his Cell can lie
More humble, more devout than I.

Yet tho I rest or wander where I please,
Temptations oft upon me seize;
Tho parted from the noisy Rout,
Hell's Gloomy Prince can find me out;
Nor could my Saviour from his Strokes be free
When in his solitary Privacy:
Yet when alone I spend my Time
In Extasies and Flights sublime,

And

And dream, Celeſtial Viſions roul
In glorious Order thro my raptur'd Soul;
Temptations may redeem my *languid* Senſe
From Pride and ſinful Confidence.

O could I quit the World, and worldly Toys,
Its vain Solicitudes and Joys,
How would my harmleſs Conſcience reſt
All quiet in my peaceful Breaſt!
But can I e're to ſuch Attainments riſe,
Till Grief for Sin break thro my mournful Eyes?
Till to my luſtful Follies I
At thouſand bleeding Wounds can die?
And in my humble private Cell
Long with my ſelf in ſilent Sorrows dwell?
So I indeed above the World below
May riſe, and better, ſtronger grow.

When from my Lord the baffled Fiend retir'd,
And all his cruel Hopes expir'd,
Convinc'd his deadly Enemy,
True God, not *Man alone* muſt be,
Straight at his Feet Angelick Armies kneel'd
With Hymns of Praiſe for that triumphant Field:
So when in private Silence I
My helliſh Tempters Arts defy,

And

And Scripture-Light, and conſtant Tears
Waſh out my Stains, and guide my fading Years:
My God will my endear'd Companion be,
And Angels always wait on me.

What can I gain below but empty Toys,
A wretched World and ſenſual Joys?
Where all to ruine and betray,
Black Luſts their horrid Charms diſplay;
Where ſhortliv'd Joys to tedious Woes ſucceed,
And Terrors on the wounded Conſcience feed.
Were all things mine, that *All* would be
But viſionary Vanity.
Look up my Soul then! Pardon crave!
And let vain Men their vainer Longings have;
Be Chriſt but thine, his Peace around thee dwell,
Thoul't love the darkeſt Cave, and hug the loneliеſt Cell.

XX.

A broken and a contrite Heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

WOuldſt thou improve, my Soul? with Fear
Before thy God's all-piercing Eyes appear!
Retrench thy Mirth, thy wandring Senſe reſtrain,
Eſteem a contrite Heart thy nobleſt Gain;

Contrition

Contrition that vaſt Treaſure ſhews,
Which vain Deſires and careleſs Manners looſe:
It's ſtrange that thoughtleſs Men can bear
Such Shews of Mirth when wretched Exiles here,
And ſuch dire Woes, ſuch mighty Dangers near.

Fools oft, with an undecent Grin,
Throw Aſhes o're thoſe glowing Coals within,
And fain would with an ill-tim'd Laughter hide
Thoſe cruel Pangs their tortur'd Souls divide.
Give me, when with true Mirth I'm bleſt,
A *peaceful* Conſcience in a *peaceful* Breaſt.
Happy's the Man who mourning goes,
Who off the Weight of guilty Conſcience throws,
And can his Soul to holy Grief compoſe!

Ne're for a Maſs of Buſineſs ſtrive,
Nor into great Mens dangerous Secrets dive;
Look firſt at home, firſt give thy Counſels there,
And ne're caſt down for worldly Frowns appear.
Grieve for thy Sins againſt thy God,
Or when awry thy wandring Steps have trod:
Croſſes on Earth are better far
Than all that Mirth our fooliſh Thoughts prepare,
When we build Caſtles in the fleeting Air.

For

For Joys, I'll ſow the fruitful Seed,
And with ſalt Tears the ſwelling Ocean feed,
Till riſing Tides with briny Floods ſhall kill
Thoſe noiſome Weeds which now my Fancy fill.
That happy Deſolation paſt,
Freſh ſpringing Joys ſhall crown my Soul at laſt:
Tears from the Senſe of Sin will riſe,
Contrition ſend the failing Springs ſupplies,
And draw ſweet Dews of Comfort from the Skies.

Think how thy Life like Lightning flies,
How every Hour thy languid Nature dies:
Think on thoſe dreadful Pains of Hell beneath,
Thoſe lingring Tortures, that immortal Death.
And wouldſt thou hug the Viper ſtill,
Whoſe deadly Sting will all thy Comforts kill?
Wipe off thy Sins at laſt for Shame,
In thy cold Breaſt blow up the ſacred Flame,
And thy *reforming Life* by *Deeds reform'd* proclaim.

XXI.

Man is born to Trouble as the Sparks fly upward.

WEll then! I've ſearch'd the wretched World (around,
I've ſearch'd it thro, and nothing elſe have found (Woes;
But conſtant Doubts and conſtant
I ſee how miſerable others are,
I feel my ſelf juſt loſt in black Deſpair,
While endleſs Doubts my tedious Years compoſe.
I've ſeen a mighty Prince enthron'd,
His Head with Gems embrac'd,
By ſuppliant crouding Vaſſals own'd,
And all th' Applauſes of the Vulgar grac'd;
Yet *Cares* ſate thicker on his clouded Brows
Than Diamonds, and rack'd his tortur'd Soul;
Dark Plots could all his midnight Slumbers rouſe,
And *Rebels* all his glaring Bliſs controul.
But he who to his Maker flies (riſe.
Above theſe earthly Fears, above the World can

Yet thoughtleſs Fools the pompous World adore,
And only covet its perplexing Store,

And

And raiſe, alas! their envious Eyes
To *dunghil Worms* with mighty Treaſures bleſt,
To *worthleſs Sots* with gaudy Glories dreſt,
Or who to Honours, or to Scepters riſe.
But he who's envi'd, ne're can find
That ſtrange Felicity,
But growing Cares diſtract his Mind,
And Beggars more enjoy themſelves than he.
My very Life's but one extended Woe,
My Meat, myDrink, my Sleep, my waking Hours,
My Reſt, my Labours all uneaſy grow,
And baffle all mySoul's ſuperiour Powers.
Could I Love's holy Flames attain,
Life would be vile to me, and Life's Corruptions vain.

Wo to the Wretch whoſe Dulneſs ne're could know
The Miſeries of fading Life below!
Wo to the Wretch, whoſe ſordid Soul,
For mean and tranſitory Joys, can ſlight
The bliſsful Regions of immortal Light,
And ſtill on Earth in common Ordure roll!
Ah mad, ah unbelieving Fools!
In carnal Wiſdom great;
In better things mere ſenſeleſs Tools;
Who drudg, but ne're can find the monſtrous Cheat.

But,

But, far more wiſe, thoſe holy Saints of old
Look'd on their ſinking Lives with nobler Scorn,
Their Expectations, as their Faith, grown bold,
To Heaven on Wings of bright Affection born;
Nor could the Toys which here they ſaw,
Their large aſpiring Souls from unſeen Glories draw.

Riſe then my Soul, no more thy Task delay,
Employ the preſent Light, the certain Day;
Up! riſe! put off the Day no more!
Now, now's the time to work, the time to fight,
The Time to ſet thy Thoughts and Actions right;
Delays can but increaſe the dreadful Score.
What tho fierce Flames and angry Seas
Oppoſe thy ſacred Reſt?
O let no darling Error ſeize,
Or tyrannize within thy captive Breaſt!
Shake off thy Sloth for ſhame! attack this Foe!
Throw off thy Sins, and Innocence purſue;
'Twas only Sin *diſeas'd* our Lives below,
And robb'd us of our Crowns and Garlands due.
O on thy Maker's Mercy wait,
Till he thy Living Death to Deathleſs Life tranſlate!

Think

Thinke o're thy State on Earth! how ſtrangely frail,
How ſoon Hell's Follies o're thy Thoughts prevail;
To day perhaps thy Lips confeſs
Thy mighty Sins with Floods of ſtreaming Tears,
To morrow Hell his ſanguine Trophies rears,
And Sins *again* thy weak Reſolves oppreſs:
O then with humble Meekneſs all
Thy yielding Weakneſs ſee,
How that in one ſhort Hour may *fall*,
Which might the *Work* of toiling Ages be!
Ah wretched I, if grown ſo quickly cold!
Ah wretched I, to drowſe in careleſs Reſt,
As if ſecure I could the Garland hold,
Tho not with one poor Grain of Goodneſs bleſt!
Up! try the mighty Work again,
If Hopes of bettering Life or ſtronger Grace remain!

XXII.

It is appointed for all Men once to die.

SEE where the naked Mormo ſtands!
See how his pointed Dart the World commands!
The meager Sceleton with diſmal Glare,
Shoots thro the peſtilential Air,

Lays

Lays Heaps on Heaps around, and I
Before to morrow's Sun may die.
Dull that I am! hard-hearted Wretch to dream
Of lasting Joys and Pleasures here!
Shine dearest God! and let one glorious Beam
Of heavenly Light my gloomy Conscience clear!
I so prepar'd for Death may be,
And from *my* Sins, and from *thy* Anger free.

To Day I'm *unprepar'd* I know,
But shall I *fit* for Death to Morrow grow?
To Morrow's but a wild uncertain thing,
And may as little Wisdom bring;
Nor can the longest Life be sure
It can repenting Thoughts procure.
I've been a Christian long, but still retain
An unreform'd unchristian Mind:
Death may be dreadful, and attending Pain,
But I more Woes in longer Life may find;
O may I now with daily Care,
And watchful Eyes, for Death foreseen prepare!

To day my youthful Neighbour di'd,
And for Death's Summons I'll *to day* provide:
I see *to day*, but can't be sure my Sight
Shall reach the next approaching Night:

I see the *Night*, but never may
Survive to meet the dawning *Day*.
O mayn't a sudden Death my Soul surprize
When it goes off its needful Guard!
Death with an unimagin'd Swiftness flies,
No Art can its impetuous Wings retard;
Then I an inward Change may see,
And Sloth, tho past, my greatest Grief may be.

I'm truly Wise and Blest, if I
Live but as well as I could wish to die.
If my great Soul could earthly Joys despise,
And to the Heights of Vertue rise;
If I to Discipline could bow,
And by my Works Repentance show;
Could I to God with swift Obedience fly,
And *my dear wretched Self* abjure;
Could I but for my blest Redeemer die,
And for his Love the Racks and Flames endure;
Much I, while blest with Health, may do,
But can't in Death those happy Works pursue.

Perhaps I think a Sickness might
Reform my Manners, and enlarge my Sight;
Make me review my self, and straight repent,
And be *at once* an Innocent:

Yet

Yet I in Sickneſs oft have pray'd,
A thouſand ſolemn Vows I've made:
But ſtill I live the ſame; no more improv'd
Than modiſh Travellers may come,
Who have long Years thro' many Countries rov'd,
And only brought their ſhameleſs Vices home.
Now, now's the time, the welcome Day,
O don't for better Seaſons vainly ſtay!

Rouze then my Soul! thy Thoughts engage
On what thy daily Weakneſſes preſage!
Fears for a time an Antidote may prove,
And thy *eternal Fears* remove;
Thy Fears of preſent Death prevent
Thy everlaſting Puniſhment.
Live now, that, when his Summons Death ſhall give,
We to unfading Joys may fly;
Die to the World, that we to Chriſt may live,
And thou unclog'd aſcend above the Sky:
Let's now the rebel *Fleſh* chaſtiſe,
That we may then with bleſt Aſſurance riſe.

What, canſt thou dream of lengthning Days,
When nothing here below unalter'd ſtays?
How many have thoſe fooliſh hopes deceiv'd,
Of Breath by ſudden Strokes bereav'd!

This Man by ſome ſwift Bullet dies,
That drown'd beneath the Ocean lies,
This daſh'd in pieces, that, juſt choakt, expires,
Another's in his Sports deſtroy'd;
Sword, Plagues, attempted Thefts, outragious Fires
Make all their Dreams and vaſt Intendments void:
So Life an empty Shadow flies,
And when Death ſummons, languid Nature dies.

Rouſe then at laſt! be active now,
Thy Neck to thy Celeſtial Labours bow!
When Death once parts us two, our Hopes are vain
New Overtures of Grace to gain;
And, if our own Endeavours fail,
The Prayers of others can't prevail.
Now, while Time laſts, graſp at Eternal Wealth,
Now, now encreaſe thy ſacred Store!
Secure betimes thy own Immortal Health,
Thy God, thy Saviour, and his Aids implore;
And when thou ſhalt thy Fetters leave,
They'l Thee to thy great Maſter's Joys receive.

Live then, but as a Stranger, here!
And unconcern'd with worldly things appear!
Be light, be free from Cares! above the Skies
O raiſe thy long-expecting Eyes!

That,

That, when thy Days on Earth are paſt,
Thy Manſions there may ever laſt.
With Prayers, with flowing Tears O ſeek the Place
Where Glories all their Beams diſplay;
With endleſs Groans O ſeek thy Saviour's Face,
And upward ſoar to reach that gladſome Day,
Where thou with Saints ſhalt reſt above,
Wrapt in th' Embraces of Eternal Love.

XXIII.

And after that the Judgment.

CAnſt thou, Ah wretched Sinner! canſt thou ſtill
Obey thy own diſtemper'd Will?
Canſt thou, who fear'ſt an angry Prince's Brow,
Thy ſelf in Sins againſt thy Lord allow?
Hark, the dreadful Trumpets ſound!
How they rend the trembling Ground!
Hark how pale Ghoſts & Fiends, with diſmal Shrieks & Cries,
From their Infernal Caverns riſe,
And look with Horror on the flaming Sky,
And to the rolling Rocks & tumbling Hills for Shelter fly!
See where obedient Angels raiſe the Bar

Where God his *great Assizes* holds,
Who sees and scans thy *private* Sins as far
As both the Poles in sunder are,
Where neither Bribes nor feign'd Excuse
Can blind the Judg, or Wisdom's Search abuse,
While his Impartial Doom thy monstrous Guilt unfolds.

What wouldst thou, helpless Creature, do?
What Methods would thy thoughtless Soul pursue?
Canst thou alone escape the dreadful Test?
Or in thy Sins, without disturbance, rest?
Or will some subtle Advocate appear,
And plead for, and acquit thee there?
Poor silly Hopes, and senseless Dreams!
On Earth thy humble Cries, thy speaking Tears
May reach thy mighty Maker's Ears;
Repentance, here begun betimes,
May cleanse thy ingrain'd Sins, thy foulest Crimes,
But Death for ever bars bright Mercy's smiling Beams.

Think'st thou the gloomy Flames of darksome Hell
Will only Purgatory prove?
And when thy Soul in *endless Chains* shall dwell,
Thy crying Guilt, thy *endless Chains* remove?

It's

It's true indeed, thy Sufferings there
Shall dark and hideous as thy Sins appear;
Insatiate Fiends there with their pointed Prongs,
And fiery Goads, and burning Tongues
Shall rouze thy tortur'd Soul:
Thy Glutton Appetite the Pangs shall feel
Of Thirst and Hunger; Whips of flaming Steel
Shall all thy barbarous Thoughts controul;
Black Streams of burning Pitch, and purple Flame
Shall there the Wanton Leacher tame;
The Envious Wretch, with many a painful Scowl
Thro the waste Shades of hellish Torments howl:
But still, O still shall thy distracted Soul
In never-wasting Flames and livid Sulphur roll.

But what are Flames and Sulphur to
Those long unutterable Pains
To damn'd Delinquents due?
Hot Streams may fail, and bluest Flames expire,
But Hell's Immortal Rack disdains
The Bounds of Time; nor canst thou dream
How inconceivably extream
The Torments are from Intellectual Fire.

Think, if thou canſt, O think what dreadful weight
Almighty Fury on a Ghoſt may fling!
Think with what Woes a *dark deſpairing* State
Muſt the diſtracted Conſcience ſting!
There Woes bring Woes, and Tortures Tortures breed,
And Pains and Anguiſh Pains and Anguiſh feed,
Plagues follow Plagues, Curſes on Curſes roar,
Rage blows up Fury, tho enflam'd the more;
Horrors on Horrors tumble, Hells on Hells;
And the ſad Soul, firſt-born of Light,
Once with internal Glories bright,
In heavy, thickning, endleſs Darkneſs dwells.

No ſhort-liv'd Beam can ever find the way
To tortur'd Souls from their Congenial Day;
No Glimpſe of Joy in Hell can find a room,
Or rend th' impenetrable Gloom;
No Reſt, no Reſpit, not *one ſingle Now*,
Can Vengeance for their Eaſe allow;
The damn'd Aſſociates can't one Thought engage
In Prayers or Wiſhes for an end of Woes;
No Plant of Hope in that waſte Region grows,
But Rage to Malice, Malice turns to Rage.

Could

Could Days, could Months, could rolling
Years
Could Time's *laſt* running Sands one Moment ſhow
From whence one Drop of Hope might flow,
The blackeſt Fiend might wipe his ſcalding Tears;
But, when a thouſand fatal Years are told,
Ten thouſand more are ſtill for Pains enroll'd,
Millions of Millions then enhance the Score,
And when they'r paſt, but clear the way for more,
For ever ſtill that diſmal Hell muſt be,
And *vaſt* as the wide Bounds of *vaſt* Eternity.

What tho Repentance now to thee
A tedious Work appears?
In Hell one Minute ſhall more dreadful be
Than all the Penance of a thouſand Years.
Repent, poor Sinner, then! no môre delay!
No more put off the neceſſary Day!
So thou among the Bleſt at laſt ſhall ſtand,
And like a Judg the trembling World command;
Tho mean on Earth, and deſpicably poor,
The *Great*, the *Proud* ſhall there *thy Doom* endure.
Then thoſe who ſcorn'd thy Vertues here,
Shall at the Bar confus'd appear,
Admire thy Wiſdom, and their own deſpiſe,
Which more a *Bubble* than a *Crown* could prize;

Thy

Thy Griefs ſhall then be acceptable found,
With Favours, as with Patience crown'd,
A Conſcience pure, obedient, innocent,
A Soul with humbleſt things content,
Devotion, holy Works ſhall ſerve thee more
Than worldly Wit, or all the Miſer's Store;
Thy Saviour gain'd, ſhall more of Bleſſings bring
Than all the Joys which here from mighty Conqueſts ſpring.

Shouldſt thou, poor Wretch, in Eaſe and Wealth (increaſe,
And all the Smiles of flattring Peace;
Should Sycophants beneath thy Footſtool bow,
And all their Service to thy Greatneſs vow,
What Bleſſing's *this* when thou ſhalt quit the Field,
And Life to Death's Approaches yield?
What's Wealth within the ſilent Grave?
Or who's the Dead-man's humble Slave?
Only thy Love to God the Teſt can bear,
All other Treaſures fly like empty Air;
That Love pulls out Death's mortal Sting,
Death can't to thee the Fears of Vengeance bring;
Thou canſt, unmov'd, the Bar and Pit behold
In thy Redeemer's Merits bold.
Approach thy Judg, and with a ſmiling Brow
Before his awful Glories bow

Till

Till by thy Saviour's tendereſt Loves embrac'd
With Robes of flowing Joys, and Crowns of Glory grac'd.

XXIV.

Ceaſe to do Evil, learn to do Well.

I To my Lord have now my ſelf reſign'd,
His Service has engag'd my thoughtful Mind:
I've broke the Charms of this deceitful World,
No more in common Storms or Tempeſts hurl'd;
Riſe then my Soul! O riſe to things above!
O ſerve thy Lord with watchful fervent Love!
Vain are thy Vows, thy beſt Reſolves are vain,
If thou thy old, thy groveling Thoughts retain:
On Zeal's bright Wings O to his Boſom fly,
With Angel-Bands in cheerful Service vie;
Let no Reſiſtance beat thy Courage down,
Take up the Croſs, and thou ſhalt gain the Crown.
Here thou may'ſt mourn, *there* Joys eternal flow;
Work *here*, *there* Peace and boundleſs Pleaſures grow.
Be thou, my Soul, to ſacred Practice true,
He'll more than pay the promis'd Glories due.
Rouſe, rouſe thy Hopes, if thou the Wreath wouldſt wear;
But thy Preſumption ſtill repreſs with humbleſt Fear.

Perhaps

Perhaps uncertain Doubts diſtract thee here
To know if thou in Good ſhalt perſevere,
That is, Thou'ldſt have ſome Oracle declare
How weak thy Thoughts, how vain thy Fancies are.
But, were thy Queſtion throughly ſatisfi'd,
How wouldſt thou then thy flowing time divide?
Wouldſt thou be careful? ſhould thy Induſtry
More active *then*, or more illuſtrious be?
Do *now* the ſame; ſweet Comforts then ſhall riſe,
And Strength *inform* thee from the ſmiling Skies:
Leave future things to God's ſuperiour Care,
And ſtrive to know what his Preſcriptions are:
Search through his Laws, and all thy Life ſhall be
Divine, and thou from Fears and torturing Paſſions free.

What tho the Work be hard, the Task ſevere,
And various Terrors round Heaven's Ways appear?
He's only brave who conquers powerful Foes,
And to a Throne thro mighty Dangers goes.
To curb thy ſelf, the nobleſt Conqueſt yields;
He who *himſelf* ſubdues, may win a thouſand Fields.

What tho thy Sins are few, thy Paſſions low?
O don't preſumptious thence or lazy grow!

Another

Another preſt with headſtrong Paſſions may
Fight brâvely thro, and gain a glorious Day,
While thy unhappy ſlothful Temper fails,
And Hell too ſoon on all thy Hopes prevails:
Theſe things may to thy Reformation tend,
If thou thy vicious Nature ſtrongly bend
To better Ways, or with a fervent Heat
Contendſt to be in rareſt Vertues great;
But chiefly from thoſe noted Vices fly,
Which, in another ſeen, offend thy tender Eye.

Look out my Soul for good! look all around,
And imitate the great Example found.
From others Sins with utmoſt Caution fly,
To mend thy own thy utmoſt Cares apply:
Remember others Eyes are ſharp as thine.
How ſweet's the Life when heav'nly Diſcipline
Chriſt's zealouſly devout Profeſſors guides,
And o're their Works and o're their Hearts preſides!
While Sorrows break the pious Heart to ſee
The vile and treacherous Arts of curs'd Hypocriſy.

Call o're thy Name, that Saviour's Acts reviſe
Who for thy Sins could fall a Sacrifice;
Read his dear ſpotleſs Life, and read with Shame
How ſhort thou fall'ſt of that Illuſtrious Name,

How

How *long a Christian*, but how *far from Christ*,
How soon by Hell to Hellish Crimes entic'd;
Read but his Life and Death devoutly o're,
'Twill soon appear how good, how vast thy Store;
The Holy Jesus all thy Works will bless,
Jesus thy Thoughts, thy Words, thy All possess:
O were that dear, that dying Saviour mine,
How brightly would my Will, my Sacred Learning shine!

The zealous Christian with Submission bears
That Weight wherein his Master's Hand appears;
While deep Afflictions on Afflictions roll
With mighty Woes around the lukewarm Soul;
No inward Comfort warms his gloomy Breast,
But with vast Loads of inward Guilt oppress,
He seeks for *holy Luxury* and Ease,
But can't his bleeding Wounds, his inward Pangs appease.

How liv'd those holy Saints renown'd of old,
In Sacred Fame's Eternal Sheets enroll'd?
In private all, with meanest Food content;
Their Days in Watchings and in Labours spent:
Rough Hair their tender Bodies mortifi'd,
Humble within, and free without from Pride,

Early

Early and late their Prayers attack'd the Skies,
Much was their Reading, much their Exerciſe,
Whole Nights they'd oft in Sacred Praiſes ſpend,
Whole Days with Holy Faſts their Lord attend.
And canſt thou all their great Examples find,
And be to Madneſs ſtill, or lazy Sloth enclin'd?

O were we free from all Incumbrance here,
Our God would in our Hearts and Lives appear!
From Sleep, from Thirſt, from griping Hunger free,
We'd conſecrate our ſelves, dear Lord, to thee.
'Twere far more happy ſo to ſpend our Days,
Than Trophies to our mouldring Fleſh to raiſe;
Too rarely now Divine Delights we taſte,
The Holy Banquet then ſhall ever, ever laſt.

When we can Creature-Comforts once deſpiſe,
God will be precious in our longing Eyes,
We ſoon ſhall ſmile at all Events below,
Our Pleaſures and our Griefs with Temper flow;
God will be All in All, ſupreamly bleſt,
Our conſtant Hope and our Eternal Reſt,
With whom there's nothing preſent, paſt, to come,
But one eternal *Now* compleats the boundleſs Sum.

Think

Think oft of Death; that Time *once past* no more
Returns; no Cares can flying Age restore:
If thou growst cold, my Soul, the Plague's begun,
Thy Joys are ruin'd, and thy Hopes undone;
But if thy Zeal grows hot, thou'lt purchase Peace,
Thy Loves shall flourish, and thy Grace encrease:
Zeal makes thee fit for all things, makes thee thrive,
And keeps thy Courage and thy Hopes alive.
More Honour he who rules his Passion gains
Than he who Scepters, or who Crowns obtains.
Small Sins indulg'd rise to a greater Height;
A Day well spent brings on a joyful Night.
Watch then my Soul! O rouse thy Self from Sin!
In all Advices with thy Self begin;
Rule thou thy self, let others stand or fall,
A Conquest o're *thy self* a real Conquest call.

The Chriſtian Pattern

PARAPHRAS'D.

The Second Book.

I.

That the Life alſo of Jeſus might be manifeſt in our Fleſh.

THE Mighty God in pious Hearts commands,
In ſuch his ſacred Empire ſtands;
Turn then to God; this wretched World de-
Thy Soul ſhall then in Safety reſt: (teſt;
Scorn *outward* Toys, but *inward* Vertues prize,
Then in thy Breaſt his Throne ſhall riſe;
Sweet Peace and Holy Joys, to Dogs deni'd,
Shall in thy happy Breaſt reſide.
Thy Lord to thee, if thou prepare the Room,
Shall with a thouſand Comforts come;

His glorious Beauties and his Charms Divine
More bright in Holy Bosoms shine,
Where with the Soul he oft and kindly talks,
And in amazing Friendship walks.
Rouse then, believing Soul! with humble Care,
Thy Lodgings for thy Spouse prepare!
His Word is pass'd; If any Soul improve
In Holy Truth and Heavenly Love,
I and my Father in his peaceful Breast
Will settle our Eternal Rest.
He comes! discard all other Inmates straight,
Set wide for him the Glorious Gate!
Christ will be Riches, Life, and All to thee,
Thy Husband and thy Guardian He.
No more shalt thou Inferiour Aids implore,
In Man repose thy Trust no more;
Men soon are chang'd and perish, only He
Lives thro immense Eternity.
Men are uncertain as the veering Wind,
To all delusive Arts inclin'd;
To day they'r loving, and to day they'r kind,
To morrow all to Spite resign'd:
Trust then in God; to him for Shelter fly,
With Love and Fear before him lie.
Thou'lt find no lasting City here below,
But wilt a wretched Stranger grow,

A wandring Pilgrim, and bereav'd of Reſt,
Till of thy Chriſt, thy King poſſeſt.
Earth's not an *eaſeful* Place: Above the Skies
O lift thy watry longing Eyes.
There let thy ſacred Converſation be,
Tho clog'd with vile Mortality.
Think on thy Mighty Lord: On Chriſt recline,
Be all thy Thoughts and Words Divine;
But, if his wondrous Throne appear too high,
O to his Croſs for Harbour fly!
Think on his gaping Wounds, how deep, how wide,
How they'll a trembling Sinner hide;
There thou a Flood of healing Balm ſhalt find,
More rich than *Gilead*'s nobleſt Kind.
Thence may'ſt thou look abroad with cheerful Eyes,
And Human Scorns and Frowns deſpiſe.
Thy deareſt Lord was helpleſs here and poor,
And could their bold Affronts endure:
A Man of Sorrows, and inur'd to Pain,
And can'ſt thou, wretched thing! complain?
Hated, beli'd was He; and would'ſt thou find
The World about thee Juſt and Kind?
How would thy Patience, if untry'd, be crown'd,
Thy Love be to thy Maſter found?
With him the Croſs on Earth *for him* ſuſtain,
If thou'ld'ſt with him triumphant reign.

Hadst thou thy Saviour's bleeding Bosom view'd,
Had Love thy tender Soul imbu'd,
Thou'dst ne're thy own Concern nor Ease regard,
But be with *Joy* for *Shame* prepar'd.
Where Heavenly Love in sacred Flames can rise,
A Man will soon *Himself* despise.
Jesus and Truth, in Souls from Passions free,
Implant a Godlike Liberty;
Mount then to Heaven with mighty Raptures blest,
Where They in sweet Fruition rest.
He who looks thro the masking World's Disguise,
Is taught by God, and truly Wise.
He by Heaven's inward Light directs his Ways,
No gaudy Show his Course delays:
Each where a Place, each Hour a Time can find
To exercise his soaring Mind.
Sweet Meditations are his whole Delight,
Nor can this World his Thoughts invite;
No foreign Cares or Business curb his Soul,
Or his superiour Sense controul.
Well-pois'd within he ne're regards nor fears
The Rage of headstrong Mutineers;
But knows distracting Madness only springs
From Trifling, Sordid, Worldly things.
Wer't thou well purg'd, from darling Vices free,
All things would turn to Good to thee;

But

But now a thouſand Cares thy Dreams *diſpleaſe*,
A thouſand Croſſes break thy Peace:
Thy Soul not yet enough from Earth retires,
Nor art thou Dead to vain Deſires.
The Love of Earth pollutes the pureſt Heart:
All Earthly things the Plague impart.
Mount then, and all Enjoyments here deſpiſe;
So thou to outward Joys and endleſs Bliſs ſhall riſe.

II.

He who humbleth himſelf ſhall be exalted.

NE're vex thy ſelf to think what powerful Friend
May thy loſt Cauſe defend;
Ne're vex thy ſelf, to think what powerful Foe
May work thy Overthrow.
Keep but thy Conſcience pure, thy God ſhall be
Thy Saviour, and a ſure Defence for thee.

Where God aſſiſts, the World in vain may frown,
And ſtrive to keep thee down.
He'll ſoon, if thou'lt with humble Patience wait,
Relieve thy ſinking State.
He knows *His* time; Thy Faults thy Neighbours know;
And humbleſt Thoughts from Errors known ſhould flow.

The Soul cast down for Sin soon reconciles
His angry Neighbour's Smiles:
In Woes God views his true Humility,
And saves and sets him free;
To him his Comforts and his Grace incline,
And make him after Sufferings brighter shine.

His Secrets God to humble Souls reveals,
And such with Sweetness heals
Tho scorn'd by Men he still secures their Peace,
Till Worldly Furies cease.
Don't then thy self for wondrous Gains esteem,
Till thou less to *thy self* than all around thee seem.

III.

The Fruit of Righteousness is sown in Peace of them that make Peace.

IF Peace and Love within thy Bosom reign,
Thou others mayst to Love and Peace allure.
The peaceful Man may greater Glory gain
Than Learning could, or mighty Parts procure.

The *Man of Spite* in all things Poiſon finds,
And all things *Ill* of all the World believes.
The peaceful Man their Goodneſs only minds,
And ne're to jealous Dreams reception gives.

The Male-content with jealous Furies torn,
To others Reſt, Reſt to himſelf denies:
His Senſe by Rage, and boundleſs Heats o'reborn;
But what's his Work with mad Contempt defies.

He nicely ſcans what *Others* Duties are,
But what's his *Own* as wiſely caſts aſide.
Judg thou thy ſelf firſt with impartial Care,
And to thy Neighbour then thy Thoughts divide.

Thou canſt a thouſand fine Excuſes make
For Crimes, but hat'ſt what others make to thee.
Thy Wiſdom Pleas for others Faults ſhould take,
And on it ſelf the ſharpeſt Cenſor be.

Elſe thou'rt to Charity a Stranger quite,
No humble Thoughts approach thy ſurly Breaſt:
But meek good Men in Anger can't delight,
Or think they *on themſelves* improve it beſt.

With kind sweet temper'd Friends in Peace to live,
Is Nature's Rule; for *Love Returns will claim:*
But Peace, with such as bold Disturbance give,
With rough hewn Boors, becomes a Christian's Name.

This happy Man enjoys an easy Mind,
And Peace with Others wisely still maintains.
That with Himself nor Others Peace can find;
Bad to Himself, to Others *worse* remains.

Yet all our Quiet in our State of Wo,
In humble Suffering, not Enjoyment, stands;
And he who best can thro Affliction go,
The calmest Thoughts, the surest Peace commands.

He all the World with patient Faith subdues,
And o're himself a mighty Conquest gains:
To him his Saviour endless Friendship shews,
And he a King at last in Heaven's bright Kingdom reigns.

IV.

Purity and Sincerity.

ON two fair Dove-like Wings the pious Saint (may riſe,
From Earthly Sorrows tow'rd the peaceful Skies.
A Heart ſincere, a ſpotleſs Mind,
In all that's Lov'd, and all Deſign'd:
This tow'rds its Maker haſtes,
That all his Goodneſs taſtes
How kind, how free
He'll always be.
Thy Thoughts ſhall all ſucceed,
From looſe Affections freed,
If thou Heaven's Will reſolve to do,
And all thy Neighbours Good purſue,
Then Nature's Frame the nobleſt Book ſhall be,
And every Plant preſent thy Mighty God to thee.

Purge but thy ſelf from Sin, thy Senſe enlarg'd ſhall go
Thro Heaven's vaſt Tracts, and Hell's dark Womb below.
All things to well-purg'd Souls are fair,
All vile to thoſe polluted are.

Pure

Pure Hearts perhaps may know
Some little Joys below:
But Horrour rolls
O're guilty Souls,
While bright as *Ætna* ſhows
When th' inward Sulphur glows;
So clear will real Converts ſhine,
With Heavenly Zeal and Love Divine.
The *Luke-warm Wretch* the ſmalleſt Labour fears:
The *firm good Man* unmov'd thro fierceſt Danger ſteers.

V.

CONSIDER.

HOw oft our Grace, and Senſe of Grace decays!
How weak's our inward Light, how faint its Blaze!
How oft extinguiſh'd quite while we remiſsly gaze!

Rarely we can our inward Darkneſs find;
Our Deeds are fooliſh, our Excuſes blind,
And a wild mad-brain'd Heat miſcall'd a zealous Mind.

We ſoon the Motes in *others* Eyes can ſpy,
But in *our own* can ſcarce the Beams deſcry;
Our Sins we ſlightly paſs, but Theirs ſeverely try.

We feel the Feather on our Shoulders laid,
But not how much that maſſive Mountain weigh'd,
To which our Neighbours were by our ill Arts betray'd.

That Man, who with impartial Eyes looks o're
His own great Sins, and their advancing Score,
Will find his Task at home, and gad abroad no more.

The wiſe Man firſt his Own Concerns purſues,
Condemns Himſelf, to Others Candour ſhews,
And oft ſevere Diſputes within Himſelf renews.

Doſt thou thy God with juſt Affections love?
No more will earthly things thy Fancy move,
But all thy Thoughts will dwell on endleſs Joys above.

If not at home, where lives thy wandring Mind?
What Good canſt thou, thy ſelf neglected, find?
True Peace and Reſt were all for *inward Cares* deſign'd.

How

How vast, how sweet will thy Advantage be,
When, from inferiour Cares and Tortures free,
Thoul't all the worthless Heap of Earthly Glories see?

There's nothing Great, or Good, or Just, or High,
With which weak Nature can thy Soul supply;
Such Treasures all in God's Eternal Bosom lie.

The pious Soul all for his God defies,
He Lives, Fills all things, is Immense and Wise;
From him all Pleasures spring, and solid Comforts rise.

VI.

And herein do I exercise my self, to have always a Conscience void of Offence.

A Conscience free, a Conscience clear
From inward Pangs of guilty Fear,
The happy Soul with peaceful Glory crowns;
Feeds him with Joys, tho croſt with Woes,
And bids him smile at angry Foes,
While Guilt still trembles at their angry Frowns.

Swee[illegible]

Sweet be his Peace, and calm his Reſt,
Who by no dark Reflection's preſt,
But all his Actions are refin'd and good.
No Peace the guilty Conſcience knows,
But *ſecret* Gripes and *ſwelling* Woes,
As conſtant Rains augment the rolling Flood.

What tho They talk of peaceful Days,
And high their vain Expectance raiſe,
And dream of happy Lives from Anguiſh free?
Mind not their haughty Looks or Lies,
Vengeance on all their Pride ſhall riſe,
And all their Embryo Thoughts abortive be.

Joy in ſevere Affliction proves,
No uncouth Task to him who loves;
His Saviour's Croſs is all his Boaſt and Pride,
While that ſhort Praiſe the World beſtows
A thouſand Griefs and Miſchiefs cloſe,
And humane Hearts with torturing Woes divide.

Sweet Innocence, not vulgar Air,
And God and heavenly Truth prepare,
Treaſures of laſting Joys for humble Minds:

Who

Who to eternal Crowns aſpires
No Temporary Bliſs deſires,
Nor on this wretched Earth Contentment finds.

Where tranſient Bliſs the Man deceives,
The Wretch a glorious Kingdom leaves,
And barters Orient Gems for crumbling Duſt:
He only gains a peaceful State
Who neither values Praiſe nor Hate,
But's ever to Himſelf and Vertue juſt.

Praiſe adds no Holineſs to Thee,
And He a ſpotleſs Saint may be
Who droops beneath the Weight of ſenſleſs Lies:
God only knows him thro', and where
The Hands are clean, the Heart ſincere:
The Man at eaſe the common Vogue defies.

He'll ne're in Creature-Comforts reſt,
God wholly fills his taintleſs Breaſt,
And to Eternity conſigns his Name:
All ſordid Paſſions then remove,
And walk with God in perfect Love,
And promis'd Crowns of Heavenly Glory claim.

VII.

VII.

We love him becauſe he firſt loved us.

HAppy, thrice Happy's He
Who can Himſelf deſpiſe,
And, from ignobler Paſſions free,
Up to the Guſt of Love Divine can riſe!
Once was I fond of Pleaſures here,
Toys could themſelves to trifling Thoughts endear.
But now I've caſt 'em off; *my Jeſus* now
Has my *cold* Heart with ſacred Flames poſſeſt,
I to his Scepter only bow
With Heavenly Raptures bleſt.

He's mine! He's mine! to him
My wing'd Affections fly,
To me my former Comforts ſeem
An empty Cheat, a dangerous Fallacy.
Jeſus alone my Saviour's true,
Daily his Aids, his charming Loves renew:
Who e're in this declining World confides,
Cruſh'd with it in eternal Ruines lies;
Only my Rock, *my Chriſt* abides,
And powerful Time defies.

I'll

I'll graſp my Lord, my Love,
And on his Breaſt recline;
Let Others Other Friendſhips prove,
My Life, my *Jeſus* ſhall alone be Mine.
Others the Soul in Dangers leave,
My Jeſus can't my longing Hopes deceive.
I muſt from all inferiour Pleaſures part,
Nor, if I would, could I the Cheats retain,
My Jeſus ever keeps my Heart,
And *I in Him* remain.

Come Life, come haſty Death,
I'll in my Jeſus truſt;
To him I'll gladly yield my Breath,
He'll only to my Faith and Love be juſt.
He can't endure another Gueſt
Should rival him in my divided Breaſt;
There He'll an Arbitrary Monarch reign,
His Throne, when freed from bold Uſurpers, hold,
And my dull Heart to entertain
His glorious Image mould.

Jesus, my Lord, alone
My Love with Loves requites;
But off those airy Hopes are blown,
Which transient Bliss, or faithless Earth invites.
No more, I'll look abroad no more,
My Jesus is my *All*, my boundless Store,
Should I e're seek my Self, my Self would prove
Worse than the World, and worse than Hell to me.
While I *my Jesus* only love
He's my Security.

VIII.

I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine.

JEsus! Dear, Holy, Charming Name!
My Joy! my Love! my Soul! my vital Flame!
How am I blest when thou art here!
How dead when thy sweet Beams no more appear!
Vain is all Solace drawn from things below,
Only from thy dear Life Eternal Comforts flow.

So when with ruddy swelling Eyes
Blest *Mary* offer'd Sorrow's Sacrifice,

To her dear Breathless Brother's Ghost,
Her broken Thoughts in strange Amusements lost,
Jesus the Master call'd; the welcome Sound
Wip'd off her flowing Tears, her Eyes in Pleasure drown'd.

What Rocks could keep their Quarry long
When call'd from thence by his harmonious Tongue?
How stupid would the Sinner prove
Whom his All-powerful Language fail'd to move?
I'm lost, undone should He rejected be;
That Loss is greater far than that of Worlds to me.

Without Him what's the flattering World
But one rude Heap, in wild Confusions hurl'd?
With Him Hell's darkest part would be
A Paradise, from all Temptation free.
Jesus alone's an inexhausted Mine
Of Consolations rich, and Treasures all Divine.

How shall I hold thee fast, my Love?
How with *my Jesus* all my Days improve?
O make me Humble, make me Kind!
So I shall his unalter'd Presence find;
My Jesus I by Sins may turn to flight,
But then must friendless live in Sorrow's gloom (Night
May

May I enjoy but thee my Dear,
I'll not a thouſand marſhal'd Armies fear;
No threatning Worlds ſhall daunt my Soul,
Nor Hell's confederate Bands my Joys controul.
Others I'll love for Thee, but Thee alone,
For thy Eſſential Worth, my Lord my Saviour own.

I'll lay my pining Envy by,
And or'e my Paſſions for a Conqueſt try,
Vile in my *ſelf*, yet lov'd by Grace,
To others I'll thy ſacred Footſteps trace;
No wretched Inmates ſhall my Heart divide,
I'm *all*, I'm *only* thine by all Engagements ty'd.

Waſh me my God, and make me pure,
My Soul from all enſnaring Arts ſecure!
O let me taſte, O let me ſee
What inexhauſted Sweetneſs flows from Thee!
Draw me, prevent me by powerful Grace,
And my purg'd Soul with thy endearing Arms em-(brace!

When of thy powerful Grace depriv'd,
My Wealth, my Hopes, my Joys are all ſhortliv'd;
When *that* returns, reviv'd again,
I vigorous Hopes and mighty Joys attain:

So Summer Winter, Day succeeds to Night,
And to a sullen Storm, a Sky serene and bright.

IX.

O that my Head were Waters!

IT's easy, very easy sure,
When Seas smile only with a gentle Gale,
To hold the Rudder, or to furl the Sail;
A young, a half-experienc'd Skipper may
The floating Hulk from Port to Port convey,
From lurking Rocks and Sands secure.
But when an Earth-born Tempest loudly roars,
And foaming Billows dash the sounding Shores;
When Mountain-Surges bounding high,
With curling Heads attempt the thundring Sky,
Each Flurry opens Nature's silent Womb,
And every Break displays a gaping Tomb;
A skilful Pilot only then can hold
The Helm, with long Experience bold,
Hoary with Toils, with great Successes crown'd,
And all his brawny Crew around
With Storms undaunted, and in Dangers old.

So when unfailing Comforts flow
From ſmiling Heaven to ſtay the ſtaggering Soul,
And all its Joys are undiſturb'd and whole,
A Novice Chriſtian, tho with Croſſes tri'd,
May bear his Head above the broken Tide,
And an unyielding Courage ſhow.
But if at once, when Hell and Earth conſpires
To work his Ruine, God himſelf retires;
If he behind a Cloud conceal
His *Lifeful* Smiles; and if a diſmal Peal
Of Cares and Fears, wild Doubts and dark Deſpair,
And Hell's ſwift Troops around the groaning Air,
Break on his wretched Head; if, rack'd with Woes,
And inward Griefs convulſive Throws,
Forlorn, deſerted, ſtill his Faith can riſe,
And ſtill can pierce the lowring Skies,
This Man alone Faith's conquering Virtue knows.

But Ah! how weak, dear Lord, am I!
How could I flutter in ſerener Days,
And ſport and bask beneath thy gentler Rays!
How bold when Dangers at a diſtance ſtood,
When all thy Ways were ſmooth, and all were Good,
And always thy Aſſiſtance by!

Nay I have bravely ſtem'd the threatning Tide
Of helliſh Malice and of humane Pride,
And thro afflictive Deſerts preſt,
When by thy Conduct and thy Favour bleſt.
But *'twas not I*, dear Lord! thy mighty Grace
And living Beams from thy Illuſtrious Face,
Enlarg'd my Courage, and confirm'd my Heart.
But O ſhould once thy Grace depart!
Shouldſt thou deſert my Soul! no Comforts bring,
When gathering Storms around me ſing,
How, Lord, could I ſupport the fatal Smart!
I know when my Redeemer dy'd,
When *my dear ſuffering Jeſus* conquer'd Hell,
His Fleſh beneath Extremes of Anguiſh fell;
Thy Saints beneath ſevere Deſertions groan'd,
By Men afflicted, and by Heaven diſown'd,
When in the ſcorching Furnace try'd;
Harſh were their Trials, but their Faith Divine
Did brighteſt in Affliction's Midnight ſhine.
They ſtood as Rocks unſhock'd, unmov'd,
When by Temptations hideous Tempeſt prov'd;
Nay tho they dy'd, they ſtill could truſt in Thee,
And chearful Hopes thro' diſmal Darkneſs ſee.
But what am I, alas! how weak, how vain,
If thou my God thy Smiles reſtrain?

I ſink, I drown, O ſave me, ſave me now!
Unbend thy dreadful threatning Brow,
E're I among the ſilent Tombs remain!

Lord I confeſs I'm all impure,
Like beggar'd Oar drawn from exhauſted Veins,
Which n'er rewards the Owners Coſt or Pains:
I know, if for Eternal Reſt deſign'd,
I muſt be oft, like pureſt Gold, refin'd,
And oft the fiery Teſt endure.
Try me, O try me! Scorch me! Burn me here!
Till I well purg'd from droſſy Earth appear;
But ſtill with Judgment laſh me Lord,
Not like an off-caſt Wretch, forlorn, abhorr'd!
Thy rougheſt Hand O give me Strength to bear!
Thro' Woes protect me by thy tendreſt Care!
If thou thy Face a while in Anger hide,
Or in prodigious Gloom reſide,
Shine quickly, *ſhine again* to me, and clear,
O Sun of Righteouſneſs appear
With all thy lovely Beams and Morning Pride.

When all Hell's Meſſengers on me
With angry Buffets vent their utmoſt Rage,
And ſpiteful Worlds againſt my Soul engage,
Be thou with me; and tho a thouſand Foes
Exert their Malice, and their Hate diſcloſe,
Thy Grace my ſure Defence will be.

Affliction makes me humble, makes me wiſe,
Affliction is Devotion's Exerciſe,
Hope's happy Teſt, Faith's Ordeal Fire,
The Death of ſenſual Luſt and vain Deſire.
But when I've bravely paſt the threatning Flood,
The Seas all bluſhing o're with Crimſon Blood,
Tho Hell's inveterate Armies ſtill purſue,
Dear Lord thy Captain-Flame renew,
Their ſhatter'd Wheels ſhall then but ſlowly move;
But *I* thy vigorous Comforts prove,
And from the wrecky Shore the promis'd *Canaan* view.

X.

Of his Fulneſs we all receive, and Grace for Grace.

HA! would I hope a lazy Reſt to find,
For Pains created, and for Toils deſign'd?
Would I ſupinely ſnort and ſtreak,
And only in a drouſy Language ſpeak?
No: I'll all worldly Eaſe deſpiſe,
And only Patience exerciſe,
And, while the World diſſolv'd in Pleaſure lies,
The Croſs I'll freely take,
The Croſs my Glory make,
My deareſt Prize.

Our

Poor thoughtleſs Creatures yet inferiour Toys
Would rather chuſe than theſe diviner Joys,
Theſe which their own excel as far
As Midday's Sun outſhines the Morning Star;
Thoſe only Shame and Leanneſs bring,
But theſe from Heaven and Vertue ſpring,
By God himſelf on humble Minds beſtow'd,
Tho off that pleaſing Tide
Sometimes in Ebbs muſt ſlide,
Which lately flow'd.

Unhappy Men for ſenſleſs Freedoms move,
Which but as Bars to Heavenly Pleaſures prove.
God freely will his Grace beſtow:
But Men ingrateful won't the *Donor* know.
We never could exhauſt the Spring,
Could we but fit Receivers bring.
On humble Hearts God pours abundant Grace:
But where aſſuming Pride
Can in the Soul reſide,
It quits the Place.

I hate thoſe Joys which drown my Senſe of Sin;
I hate thoſe Raptures which in Pride begin;
Not all that's *High* is *Holy* found,
Nor all that's ſweet with wholeſome Goodneſs crown'd.
Impu-

Impurities our Thoughts may ſeize,
Our very Dreams our God diſpleaſe.
By Grace and by the Rod reform'd, my Senſe
Obſerves I'm poor and bare,
And Mercies only are
My ſure Defence.

I'll humbly then before my Maker bow,
Nor Pride nor Folly in my ſelf allow.
The *pureſt* Saints are *humbleſt* ſtill,
No vain Conceits their modeſt Boſoms fill;
God was their Strength, on him they ſtay'd,
More lowly ſtill by Vertue made;
Each other's flattering Eulogies they ſcorn'd,
But ever lov'd to ſee
The gracious Deity
With Praiſe adorn'd.

Much have I got, but ſtill I hope for more,
If I my God with humble Vows implore,
Nor by my Own *His* Actions prize,
Whoſe Wiſdom dazzles my defective Eyes.
The Gift that's mean, the Work that's low,
Can't from unbounded Goodneſs flow.
His Rod in Me a thankful Heart ſhall find;
And let him *take* or *give*,
My humble Soul ſhall live
To him reſign'd.

XI.

Let him take up his Croſs.

LOOK out my Soul, ſee all the floating World
With Anchors drop't and Canvas furl'd,
As if in Heaven's capacious Road ſecure,
They'd make their Port, and ſeize Eternal Reſt;
Nor could their tedious Lives endure,
Till with Immortal Glories bleſt.
But lo! a Croſs of Blood! the thundring Sky
Flames with the dreadful Prodigy!
And lo! the Fleet in ſtrange Confuſion fly,
Their Cables cut, all Hands aloft! they cry,
To Windward ply, clap all their Canvas on,
And lo! how ſuddenly they'r gone!
In all the Offin not one Sail appears,
So terrible the Croſs, ſo ſwift their ſenſleſs Fears.

They'r bold in Calms, and love a gentle Gale,
But in a Storm their Tempers fail,
Cold are their Hearts, their Courage deadly cold;
They can't a rolling Eaſtern Billow bear,
But, to enſlaving Terrors ſold,
They ſink at once in deep Deſpair.

Fond

Fond Hypocrites who'd fain by fine Deceit
Their Maker's ſearching Wiſdom cheat!
Would *ſolid Bliſs* for *empty Service* gain,
And by Heaven's piercing Eyes unſeen remain;
They love a Heavenly and Eternal Feaſt,
But previous Abſtinence deteſt;
Themſelves, as other Men, *Themſelves* abuſe,
And for a weighty Croſs a weightier Crown refuſe.

How cloſe on Jeſus for the Loaves they wait!
But all the Thoughts of Sufferings hate;
Gladly his helpful Miracles admire,
To loud Applauſes and Hoſannas riſe;
But from the ſhameful Croſs retire,
With daunted Hearts and lowring Eyes.
They love him when with joyful Garlands crown'd,
And all his ſhining Armies round;
But when the Villain-Rout their Lord aſſail,
And Tyrants o're his Innocence prevail,
If He, our healing Sun, in Blood go down,
Or but obſcure a while, or frown,
They, like his Friends of old, deſert him all,
And to a baſe Diſtruſt and vile Reflections fall.

But thoſe, who for his own Dear ſake can love
Their Holy Jeſus, wiſer prove;

Conſcious

Conſcious of Sin, they look for Sin's Reward,
Sorrows, Afflictions, Anguiſh here below;
With Thanks their Maſter's Strokes regard,
And in his Rod his Kindneſs know.
Tho to a deep, a hopeleſs Gloom confin'd,
They'r grateful all, and all reſign'd.
O from that Love what mighty Wonders ſpring,
When private Intereſts no Diſtraction bring!
But Ah! what Mercenary Souls are they
Who only ſerve their Lord for pay!
Who in his deareſt Self no Charms could find
To touch the humble Heart, & eaſe the love-ſick Mind.

A Soul abſtracted quite from things below
We rarely, very rarely know;
Could I for ſuch a Temper freely give
This mighty Globe, alas! 'twere worthleſs all;
Should I a mournful Recluſe live,
How ſhort would Tears and Mourning fall!
Could I for it through Learning's Circle run,
The Purchaſe would be ſcarce begun.
Nay, had I Vertue and Devotion too,
And only Extaſy and Rapture knew,
Much would be wanting yet, my Teſt would be
If *I my Self* could conquer *Me*,

Could

Could I the Rivals of my Lord dethrone,
And yet *my Self* at last a *worthless Servant* own.

The best of Saints will no Deserts pretend,
No Actions of their own commend;
They know their inward Frailties all, and know
How short their Labours of Perfection are;
And still, as *better*, *humbler* grow,
And still against Themselves declare.
They know their Master never wants their Praise,
Their Service can't his Glories raise:
I'll tread their sacred Steps, and boldly try
To lay my self, my wild Presumptions by;
I shall when meanest to my Self I seem,
Be greatest in my God's Esteem,
Poor in my *self*, and despicably vile,
But rais'd to Strength and Wealth by his reviving Smile.

XII.

God forbid that I ſhould glory ſave in the Croſs of Chriſt.

IT's hard, extreamly hard to hear the Cry,
Make haſte! take up the Croſs! thy Self deny!
Make haſte! thy Maſter's Steps purſue!
But harder far to hear that diſmal Doom,
Depart damn'd Wretch to Hell's eternal Gloom,
To Flames and endleſs Torments due.

But thoſe who bore *their Croſs* of old, appear
All free from Horrors and from damning Fear;
And when the fatal Trumpets ſound,
In Heaven the Banner of the Croſs ſhall ſtand,
And all its Friends a bright Triumphant Band,
Their Standard and their Lord ſurround.

Why ſhould I fear *the Croſs* who claim *the Crown?*
That Croſs which brought my Life and Safety down,
And me from all my Foes defends?
The Thoughts of *That* ſuperiour Sweets diffuſe,
And *That* my inward Strength and Joy renews,
And to Divine Perfection tends.

From

From thence my Hope, my dear Salvation flows,
I'll bear it then, and with my Saviour close,
With him the Marriage-Chamber gain;
That I might for a suffering State provide,
He *bore the Cross*, and *on the Cross he dy'd*,
But Glory still rewards the Pain.

Try High and Low, all ways for *safety* try,
Safety at last beneath the Cross must lie,
In Lusts and Passions mortify'd.
Strive to avoid *it*; still thou'lt find a Cross,
Thou'lt find dark Grief, sharp Pains, Afflictions, Loss,
And sudden Woes thy Time divide.

Perhaps *my God* may in a Cloud retire,
Perhaps *my Neighbours* may my Fate conspire,
Or *I my Self my Self* torment:
Thus God would have me by Affliction try'd,
More bright, more clean, more throughly purify'd
By what I can't with Care prevent.

Could I all other Persecutors shun,
In vain *my Self* yet from *my Self* would run,

This

This *Self* would be a Croſs to me.
By Sufferings I my Saviour's Lot may know,
More patient thence and more ſubmiſſive grow,
And Peace and endleſs Glory ſee.

The Croſs, if with a chearful Heart I bear,
With *that* I'll to the peaceful Harbour ſteer,
Where Griefs and Pains ſhall reach no more.
If I reject *it*, I muſt bear *it* ſtill,
A ſecond muſt the ſame Deſign fulfil,
More weighty far than *that* before.

No Man, no Saint yet liv'd from Sufferings free;
Not one ſhort Moment could my Jeſus be
Without the bitter pondrous Load;
He Dy'd, he Roſe, and thence to Glory paſs'd,
And I may reach thoſe Seats of Bliſs at laſt
By that Imperial Purple Road.

Would I then dream of Pleaſures? dream of Reſt?
Fond Fool! I know this wretched Life's oppreſt
With endleſs Croſſes, endleſs Woes.
If I have Grace, my baniſh'd earthly State
Will Croſſes to my longing Soul create,
And quickly break my ſoft repoſe.

Beneath the Cross I Heavenly Comforts find,
My Flesh fatigu'd, but my Superiour Mind
By inward strengthning Grace renew'd.
While thus I follow Christ, my Joy shall rise,
My Faith he'll by my patient Sufferings prize,
Tho with his Strength alone endu'd.

Flesh hates the weighty Cross, the Rod, the Chain,
To fly from Honours, and Affronts sustain,
Nor can fond *Self Himself* despise.
Such Vertues only spring from Faith Divine,
And if the Cross on Faith's bright Armour shine,
Hell from the dreadful Vision flies.

Move then my Soul! thy Cross submissly bear,
And for a thousand Cares and Griefs prepare;
Drink what thy Saviour drank before.
Rejoice in Sufferings, little Bugbears all,
To that bright *Crown* which on *his* Brows may fall,
Who once his *Cross* with Patience bore.

If I in Sorrows once can Sweetness find,
My Soul to bear my Saviour's Cross resign'd,

I've

I've found a Paradiſe below;
But if I murmur at the Weight I bear,
And fly from Sufferings with a thoughtful Care,
I but from Chains to Tortures go.

Come Croſs, come Death then for my Saviour's ſake!
My Lot I'll with ſubmiſſive Gladneſs take,
And ſo Eternal Peace obtain.
For ſhould I mount with *Paul* above the Skies,
Affliction ſtill might be my Exerciſe,
When I to Earth return'd again.

Ah! were I worthy that Immortal Fame,
To ſuffer for my dear Redeemer's Name,
How would the Saints rejoice for me!
Patience the moſt impatient Slaves will praiſe,
And Trophies to the ſmiling Martyrs raiſe,
When from the Croſs themſelves are free.

O may I then, while living, daily die
To Sin, to Earth, and to my Self! that I
May fill my Heart with things above.
So may my God accept my happier Choice
To die with Chriſt, not with the World rejoice,
And thence approve my ſacred Love.

Chriſt taught me thus; and had His Wiſdom known
What ſafer Path could be to Glory ſhown,
To *that* He'd all his Friends invite.
I'll then to graſp at *Him*, *my Self* deny,
And thro' a thouſand Tribulations try
To reach the dazling Realms of Everlaſting Light.

The

A

The Christian Pattern

PARAPHRAS'D.

The Third Book.

I.

I will hear what the Lord will say unto me.

Believer.

LET's now, my Soul, attentive be
To what my God will speak to Me.
Blest Souls, which hear his charming Voice,
And in his sacred Words rejoice!
Blest Ears, which hear those Heavenly Sounds,
Which no inferiour Noise confounds!
Thro which my God, by various Ways,
To Me his powerful Truth conveys.
Blest Eyes on inward things intent,
Which foreign Objects can't prevent!
Blest Man, who thro Heaven's Secrets pries,
Improv'd by daily Exercise!
Who on his Master longs to wait,
And would Earth's mean Incumbrance *abdicate*.

Watch then, my Soul, and shut the Door,
Admit inferiour Toys no more;
But hear, O humbly hear what He
My God, my Lord will speak to Thee!
He's all thy Health, thy Life, thy Peace,
And makes thy Inward Jars to cease.
Cast off poor transitory things,
And search for Truth's Eternal Springs.
The World's a Cheat, the Creatures Cheats,
If once their mighty Lord retreats.
Throw off then all those Cheats below,
And Faith in thy Creator shew,
If thou'dst the utmost Sweets of Heavenly Blessings know.

II.

Speak, Lord, for thy Servant heareth.

Believer.

SPeak, Lord, O speak! thy Servant hears!
Unclose my Eyes, unlock my Ears!
To me thy Sacred Dictates shew!
O to thy Words my Heart encline!
O make it yield to Truths Divine
As Lillies bend with Morning Dew!

Thy

Thy awful Thunder's diſmal Roar
Made *Iſrael*'s frighted Tribes implore
Not *Thee*, but *Amram*'s Son to hear:
They *trembled* at *his* radiant Brow;
But when from burning Darkneſs Thou
Declar'dſt thy Name, they *dy'd* for Fear.

With all ſubmiſſive Boldneſs I
To Thee alone for Counſel fly:
Speak, Lord! O ſpeak, thy Servant hears!
No *Moſes* I, no Saint require,
But thy dear Words alone deſire;
O ſpeak to my attentive Ears!

Sweet may the Prophets Language ſound,
When they Myſterious Truths propound;
Plain are their Words, their Counſels plain.
Without they ſhow thy ſacred Way,
And Plant and Water all the Day,
And Cry, but Cry alas! in vain.

From Thee the Spirit only flows,
By Thee the Heart with Fervor glows;

Thy Aid the Myſtic Word explains.
Thou giv'ſt Perfection, Strength, and Light,
And mak'ſt the grateful Soil requite
With weighty Fruit the Workman's Pains.

Then let no *Moſes* ſpeak to me;
On Thee, Dear Lord, I wait on Thee
For Fruit, for Life, for endleſs Love.
O teach me what I *hear* to *do*,
And *Love* to what I *know* to ſhew;
And Faith by Holy Works to prove!

Speak then, O ſpeak! thy Servant hears,
With Thee the living Word appears:
Thy Words Eternal Life beſtow.
Speak Lord! O give thy Self to Me!
And then my Lips and Heart to Thee
Shall with Eternal Praiſes flow.

III.

Be not proud, for the Lord hath ſpoken.

Chriſt.

HEar then my Words, my Son, more ſweet than (thoſe
Which antient Philoſophic Sages choſe:
My Words are *Life and Spirit*, far above
That wretched Phraſe which Human Senſes love;

Not

Not fram'd for *itching* Ears, but *humble* Souls,
Where mighty Love the ſilent Thought controuls.
Happy the favour'd Chriſtian taught by Me, (free!
Who lives from common Fears and wild Deſtruction

I taught my Prophets and my Prieſts of old,
And ſtill to Men my ſaving Truths unfold:
Moſt lie, like ſenſleſs Adders, deaf, or They
The World more gladly than their Lord obey.
The World poor Trifles, tranſient Joy propounds,
Yet every Street with eager Slaves abounds.
I promiſe pure Delights and endleſs Love,
Yet can't the ſtupid Hearts of Mortals move:
Nay in my Holy Houſe the Plague prevails,
No little Prieſt for ſmall Preferment fails
To go, to run, to fly; but ſcarce can crawl,
When I to Holy Pains and ſharp Repentance call.

For paltry Sums, how oft the noiſy Bar
Maintains a tedious, and a coſtly War!
By Night, by Day with reſtleſs Care they'l ply,
If they ſome diſtant Glimpſe of Gain deſcry.
But ſenſleſs Fools! for never-changing Good,
For vaſt Rewards, and Honour's riſing Flood,
For Crowns of endleſs Bliſs they'l rarely try,
But at the very Thoughts of active Vertue die.

Bluſh

Bluſh then, poor whining, lazy Wretch, to ſee
How Slaves of Earth with more Activity
For Helliſh Deeps, and Chains of Darkneſs ſtrive,
Than Thou in thy Creator's Arms to live.
Thoſe Fools can more in dull Delights rejoice,
Than Thou to hear thy Saviour's warning Voice.
Yet oft they loſe their empty Hopes; but I
Ne'r broke my Promiſe, nor was known to Lie.
Rocks may be torn, and mighty Mountains fall,
One Word diſſolve the vaſt Terraqueous Ball;
But where I find a conſtant Love to Me,
My happy Friends a full Reward ſhall ſee,
More than their largeſt Thoughts their Souls ſhall find;
Their Boſoms always calm, their Maker ever kind.

Then on thy Heart my powerful Word engrave,
Peruſe it well, and my Aſſiſtance crave:
When Tempeſts gather in an angry Sky,
With Wiſdom they'll thy Head and Heart ſupply.
I oft my Friends with ſharp Temptations prove,
As oft revive them with returning Love:
This makes them proſecute their Sins with Hate,
This makes them cloſe at Vertue's Altars wait.

But he who ſlights my kind Inſtructions, ſhall
Beneath the dreadful Stroke of weighty Vengeance fall.

IV.

Lord, I come to do thy Will.

Believer.

MY God, my only Good, may I
To Thee one humble Word reply?
I, wretched Worm, more vile and low
Than Words can ſpeak, or Heart can know;
Wilt thou thy worthleſs Servant own?
May I approach thy awful Throne?
Pity, Dear Lord, thy Pity ſend
On him, who nothing can pretend;
No Grace, no Strength, no Light's in me,
But Weakneſs and Obſcurity:
But Thou art Holy, Juſt, and Kind,
Immenſe; and thy Almighty Mind
Runs thro the World, and fills it All,
But Souls which back from Vertue fall.
Thy Love, thy tender Mercy, Lord,
To Me a needy Slave afford!
Thy Goodneſs hates an empty Place;
O fill my Head and Heart with thy enlightning Grace!

How

How can I live a Stranger here,
Unless thy pitying Grace appear?
O let me Mercy, Mercy see,
And never turn thy Face from Me!
Forsake not, Lord, my Soul, lest I
Like drowthy Fields, or Deserts lie,
Unfruitful, Barren, Dismal, Wild,
With Dragons and with Serpents fill'd.
Teach me Obedience, Lord, to Thee,
And Prudence, and Humility:
Thy Wisdom reads my Soul, my Heart,
Thy Truth examines every Part;
And e're the World or I were made, (laid.
Before thy searching Eyes my unborn Thoughts were

V.

And they who worship Him, must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth.

Christ.

WAlk then with Me! Truth's Sacred Motions (trace,
And turn thy Heart to seek my glorious Face:
Truth will protect Thee from the Tempter's Rage,
And guard Thee from a vile seducing Age;
She'll set Thee truly free, and make Thee rise
Above those Errors, Men to break her Force devise.

Believer.

Believer.

True, Deareſt Lord! O may it be,
My God, as Thou declar'ſt to Me!
Let Truth inſtruct me, keep me ſure,
And my Eternal Bliſs procure;
From vile Affections Chains unbind,
And brutiſh Loves debauch'd and blind.
Then with a Heart ſincere and free,
I'll walk, my God, I'll ever walk with Thee.

Chriſt.

To Thee I'll all the Ways of Goodneſs ſhow,
And thou, my Son, ſhalt all my Pleaſure know:
Think on thy Sins, think with the ſharpeſt Senſe,
Nor dream of Merits, or of Innocence.
Thy Sins are many, and thy Paſſions wild,
Thou oft by Hell's deceitful Arts beguil'd:
Thy Pains are worthleſs, but thy Falls ſevere;
Chains, Grief and Ruins round thy Tents appear.
No Praiſe on thy Phantaſtic Vertue waits,
But every thing thy ſwelling Pride rebates.
Weak are thy beſt Deſigns, and weaker far
Than all thy humbleſt Apprehenſions are.
Don't then, my Son, thy little Actions prize,
Nor let great Shows delude thy wandring Eyes;

Let

Let not the World be ſweet or dear to thee,
Nor fix thy Love beneath Eternity.
Be *TRUTH* thy Darling, *TRUTH* thy Soul's (Delight,
Thy Innate Vileneſs all thy Tears excite,
Thy Fears, thy angry Talk, thy Scorn and Hate
Engag'd againſt thy inward ſinful State.
Some with a *careleſs Life*, but *Curious Eye*,
Would boldly thro my Myſtic Secret pry,
Neglect their own, and others Souls confound,
Till in a Sea of deep Temptations drown'd;
And for their mad Attempts and Godleſs Pride,
Down by revenging Strokes to endleſs Tortures ſlide.

Do Thou my Anger and my Judgments fear,
And don't too buſy on my Works appear:
Thy Sins examine well, thy Sins ſurvey,
Thy frequent Negligence, thy cold Delay:
Some on their Pray'r-Books, or on Form and Show,
All their Devout, deceitful Hours beſtow.
They'l Talk indeed, but never Think of Me;
But thoſe of Souls refin'd more clearly ſee,
And only pant and breath to reach Eternity.

Their Ears all Earthly Converſation hate;
Unwillingly on Nature's wants they wait.

They

They all the Smiles of flattering Worlds deſpiſe,
And higher ſtill in Heavenly Vertues riſe;
And ſpurn the Ball below, and graſp the lofty Skies.

V.

Love is ſtrong as Death.

Believer. TO Thee, Eternal Father, I
With earneſt Thanks and Praiſes fly:
Father! By kind Adoption Mine,
My Saviour's by his Birth Divine;
Thro whom, on wretched Me beſtow'd,
Thy ſtreaming Pity largely flow'd.
Bleſt, ever bleſt be thy Great Name,
From whom my former Comforts came!
Who pitied oft unworthy Me;
For Mercy only lives in Thee.
To Thee, to thy Eternal Son,
Thy ſacred Spirit, bleſt Three in One,
All humble Thanks, all hearty Praiſe
I'll thro Immortal Ages raiſe.
O Gracious God! when once my Breaſt
Is by thy ſacred Love poſſeſt,
All Rapture then and Extaſy,
My Heart and Soul ſhall wait on Thee:
O then my Hope, my Harbour be,
When Seas of Tribulation compaſs me!

Weak

Weak are my Vertues, weak my Love,
But O with Joys my Strength improve!
And with thy Heavenly Discipline
Oft visit, and my Soul refine!
My Passions, my Affections guide;
That heal'd and throughly purifi'd,
My Love with brighter Flames may shine,
And Patience make me all and only Thine.

O what's the Force of *Heavenly Love!*
How wondrous all its Motions prove!
It makes the Heavy Burden Light,
And always holds the Ballance right.
It can the Cross with Pleasure meet,
And make the Bitter truly Sweet.
Jesus! that Name belov'd can raise
The humblest Soul to grasp at Praise;
Make it to *mighty Works* incline,
And *greater* still and *more* design:
Love scorns the lower World, and flies
Like Flames to reach their kindred Skies.
Love hates Restraint, and hates its Chains,
And always of its Clogs complains.
Sweet Love the rougheſt Souls can hold;
Enflames the Wise, the Brave, the Bold;

Makes

Makes Heaven the Reſt of Saints above,
And God himſelf ſubſiſts in boundleſs Love.

The Lover ſmiles and ſprings and flies,
He's free, and every Bar defies;
Gives *All* to *All*, yet keeps it *All*,
For he *his God his own* can call
From whom the pureſt Bleſſings fall.
It's not the Gift, but Giver He
Above all other Joys would ſee.
Love knows no Mean, but burns and glows,
And ore its common Bounders flows:
Love never values Weight nor Pains,
Nor of *th' Impoſſible* complains;
But graſps at All, and All can do,
If he who loves can be but active too.

Love watches in the Lover's Eyes,
And ne're fatigu'd nor fainting lies.
Love, tho confin'd, abroad can rove,
Unfrighted by the noiſy Drove;
Love, like a Torch or Aſtral Fire,
Will always tow'rds the Poles aſpire.
If that bright Flame my Soul poſſeſs,
I ſoon to God ſhall find Acceſs.

My God, my Love, my Life is *mine*,
And I, Dear Lord, am All and only *Thine*.

O then with Love enlarge my Heart!
To me that Heavenly Gust impart;
That I those happy Sweets may prove,
And always Live, and always Love!
May Love possess me all, and raise
My Passions to a soaring Blaze!
Teach me to sing the Songs of Love,
And fly with Thee, dear Lord, above.
O fill me more and more, till I
A Phenix in those Flames may die!
More than my Self I'll love Thee, Lord,
If thou thy lightsome Beams afford;
And for thy sake I'll all embrace,
Who love thy Glories, and who seek thy Face.

Love, when sincere, is swift, and warms
With pleasant and delightful Charms;
It's Brave and Patient, Wise and True,
Long-suffering, Manly, ever New;
And never seeks *it self*, but *You*.
Love's Cautious, Humble, seeks the Right,
Not Soft, Effeminate or Light;

But Sober, Peaceful, Firm and Chaſt;
A Guard on all our Senſes plac't.
Love to its Guides Obedience gives,
And meanly of it ſelf believes:
Devout to God and grateful proves,
And ſtill by Hope's Preſcriptions moves,
Yea tho its God His Smiles remove,
Since Clouds ſometimes obſcure the Skies of Love.

Fit Me for Suffering, O my God;
O fit me for thy ſharpeſt Rod!
For if I dare not ſmart for Thee,
No Lover's Name belongs to Me.
All Hardſhip I for Thee can bear:
Thy Love can harſheſt things endear,
No Pains from Thee ſhall make me ſtart,
While Grace unvails my Eyes, and Love ſecures (my Heart.

VI.

Whom reſiſt ſtedfaſt in the Faith.

Chriſt.

YEt ſtill my Son thou'rt neither brave nor wiſe,
And Love's ſoft Name is but thy thin Diſguiſe.

Bel. Why Lord? *Chr.* Conſider how thy Soul recoils,
Deſpairs of Comfort, and deſponds with Toils.

The valiant Lover, like a Rock ſecure,
Can all Hell's furious Arts unmov'd endure:
He loves me when he *thrives*, and lives in *Peace*;
Nor can *his Sufferings* make *His* noble Ardours ceaſe.

The Prudent Lover may the *Gift* admire,
But to the *Giver* moſt his Thoughts aſpire:
The Worth but little to the Kindneſs ſeems,
The Giver He above the World eſteems:
I, not the Boon, his reſtleſs Heart engage;
Yet Doubts don't ſtraight a total Fall preſage;
Love's Sweet and Good, when fixt on Mine and Me;
Grace gave it Being, and the Fruits may be
The Foretaſte of a Bleſt Eternity.
Grace yet may vary, have its Ebbs and Flows,
And interrupt the careleſs Soul's Repoſe.
He's Brave indeed who fights the Battel thro,
And Courage, tho oppreſt with Odds, can ſhew;
He breaks Hell's utmoſt Force, and all his Loves are true.

Then let not fanci'd Beauties charm thy Sight,
Nor thy Sick Soul from righteous Ways invite.

Sometimes

Sometimes perhaps thy Joys are *Raptures* all,
And down ſtraight to their former *Weakneſs* fall.
If thou to get an equal Temper ſtrive,
That War may warm thy Soul, thy dying Hopes revive.

Know then, the Prince of Hell, thy antient Foe,
Would all thy Faith and envy'd Hopes o'rethrow,
Thy Soul's Devotions from thy Maker turn,
And would againſt thy Saviour's Paſſion ſpurn.
He'd fain divert thee from thy Senſe of Sin,
From Vertue's Progreſs, and thy Guard within;
Fills thee with impious Thoughts, perverts thy Mind,
When moſt to Prayers and moſt to Heaven enclin'd.
He hates Confeſſions, and to find Thee there,
Where Sacred Fleſh and Blood to *Faithful Souls* appear.

Truſt not, believe Him not; his Helliſh Snares
Are ſtrongeſt then, when He for Peace declares:
Say to Him, Hence! be gone, falſe Fiend, for ſhame!
No more thy Lies in pious Ears proclaim:
Hence vile Seducer! ne're expect a Part
In Me; *My Jeſus* now defends my Heart,
Too ſtrong for Helliſh Arms; nay Death would be
More welcome far than vile Conſent to Thee:

Hold thy deluding Tongue! I'll hear no more,
Should'ſt Thou a thouſand wheedling Arts explore;
The Lord's my Light, my Health, I ſcorn to fear,
Tho round my Soul Infernal Bands appear;
My God's my ready Help, my Kind Redeemer near.

Now like a valiant Souldier keep the Field;
And tho ſometimes thy native Frailties yield,
Reſume thy Courage, and reſiſt thy Foe,
My Grace ſhall freely to aſſiſt Thee flow.
But, when the Fiend ſhall from thy Sword retreat,
Beware of flattering Words, or vain Conceit:
By theſe ſurpris'd the gallant Hero fails,
And eaſeleſs Blindneſs o're the World prevails.
O ne'r, ſince warn'd, approach that rocky Shore,
Made rich with ſcatter'd Wrecks of thouſands loſt before.

VII.

He giveth more Grace unto the Humble.

Chriſt.

MY Son, has bright Devotion's Flame poſſeſt
With inward Sacred Heat thy Zealous Breaſt?
Then boaſt not of it, nor too loud proclaim
The wondrous Force of that Celeſtial Flame!

Fill

Fill not the Temple with an empty Noiſe,
Nor, to amuſe the Croud, exalt thy Voice.
Think 'twas a Grace on thy dull Soul beſtow'd,
To make thee groan beneath thy ſinful Load.
Think how the Prince of Hell may cheat Thee!
Thy Breaſt may with a falſe Devotion glow!
A Lip and Tongue-Devotion, where the Heart
In all the Buſineſs never bears a Part.
Think how a little time may quench the Fire,
The glaring Torch in nauſeous Fumes expire.
Or, if it were a Heavenly Gift indeed,
Think of thy Beggar'd State, thy pinching Need,
Till *lowly Thoughts* thoſe *Heavenly Flames* ſucceed.
Thou begg'ſt for Comforts, but mayſt riſe as High,
When Comforts at a greater Diſtance lie.
If with a lowly Heart, an eaſy Mind,
With Self-denial and with Thoughts reſign'd
Thou bear thy Wounds; if ſtill with ardent Vows,
With Prayers on God thy pondrous Cares repoſe;
If ſtill thy Heart to pious Works enclines,
With bold Endeavours and with Wiſe Deſigns,
Thy ſtruggling Arms above the Waters are,
Not yet by Woes oppreſt, nor ſunk by black Deſpair.

Some when they miſs Succeſs, impatient prove:
Man can't Himſelf, nor where He pleaſes move.

Man acts; on God the whole Success depends,
Who where he will his blest Assistance sends.
Some with imagin'd Heats themselves destroy,
Nor can Themselves in modest Bounds enjoy,
But swelling with Enthusiastic Rage,
Beyond the Bars of sober Sense engage;
And while they dream above the World they fly,
The flashy Meteors quickly faint and die.
So *low* they fall who would so wildly *soar*,
And don't the Refuge of my Wings implore:
So Men unskill'd in Ways of Vertue fail,
Unless to guide their Feet some Wiser Heads prevail.

If Man, who fondly in Himself confides,
From all the Paths of sober Goodness slides,
It can't be strange, if Madmen scorn the Rein,
And hate the Doctors who their Heats restrain.
Mean Sense with lowly Thoughts securer far,
Than mighty Parts with Pride exalted, are.
It's more unhappy to be Proud than Poor.
That Man's unwise, who in his Mirth secure
Forgets past Poverty, and never dreams
How soon a Cloud may vail Heavens kindest Beams;
And He's imprudent, who, when prest with Woes,
Off all his Hopes of Peace and Favour throws,
And on my Mercy can't with steady Faith repose.

Where

Where haughty Pride in peaceful Times prevails,
In Wars too oft the bloaty Courage fails.
Couldſt Thou thy modeſt Thoughts with Temper guide,
Between th' Extremes of Baſeneſs and of Pride,
Thou'dſt both in Straits and Storms ſecurely ride.
Be ſure, when warm'd within with Heavenly Light,
To meditate on long ſucceeding *Night*;
When *That* comes on, conclude again, the *Day*
May quickly dawn, and make a longer ſtay;
That for my Glory, and thy Good before,
I brought the *Night* ſo ſoon, and can the *Day* reſtore.

A Peace unſhock'd has greater Dangers far
Than all the Bickerings of a Ghoſtly War.
The Soul where Charity and Meekneſs reigns,
A nobler Character of Glory gains,
Than Thoſe who boaſt of *Viſions* and of *Light*,
And all their *Cant* in Scripture-Phraſe indite;
Or on *Preferment's Pinacle* can light.
Who ſeeks God's Honour, beſt ſecures his Own,
And He who meaneſt in Himſelf is grown,
Who ſhoots bright Honour from his vigorous Eyes,
When ſcornful Worlds his humble Fates deſpiſe,
Muſt to the nobleſt Heights in Heavenly Favour riſe.

VIII.

VIII.

I abhor my ſelf in Duſt and Aſhes.

Believer. DUST and Aſhes tho I be,
Let me ſpeak, dear Lord, to Thee!
Should I Lord to *Merit* fly,
On my own *vain Works* rely,
Thou becom'ſt my Enemy.
All my Sins againſt me riſe,
All my Sins my Heart ſurprize;
But if with a lowly Heart,
I from wretched *Self* can part;
If contemn'd, dejected I
In the Duſt before Thee lie,
Then again thy Light, thy Grace
Shall my ſinking Soul embrace;
All my Vanity and Pride
That ſubmiſſive Veil ſhall hide.
Lord, to Me *my Self* diſplay,
What *I was* and *am to Day*,
Whence I come, and where I go,
For, alas! I nothing know.
If *I* Lord am left to *Me*,
All I am's Infirmity;

But

But if Thou thy Favour ſhow,
O how ſtrong my Graces grow,
How my bubbling Joys o'reflow!
Strange, my God! how wondrous ſtrange
Is the ſudden bliſsful Change!
When my Soul with Guilt oppreſt
Is by thy Embraces bleſt!
From thy Springs of boundleſs Love,
My preventing Guardians move;
All my Wants to Thee are known,
Off thoſe mighty Dangers thrown,
Numberleſs and Nameleſs grown.
In what horrid Snares I fell
While I lov'd *my Self* too well!
When I lov'd and long'd for Thee,
I retriev'd *my God and Me.*
How Love's ſacred Sparks enflam'd me!
How my own Reflections ſham'd me,
When in Love's bright Mirror I
Saw my own Deformity!
Found, ſweet Jeſus! found how free
All thy Favours were to me!
When deſertleſs, hopeleſs grown,
Bright on Me thy Favours ſhone!
Sing my Soul, O ſing his Praiſe!
Hymns to our Redeemer raiſe!

Whoſe

Whose All-searching Eyelids found me,
Whose All-pitying Loves unbound me,
All my Sins and Follies past,
And with tendrest Arms embrac't.
Turn, O turn us Lord to Thee!
That, submiss and grateful, we
May in pleasing Sacrifice
Make our Songs as Incense rise!
And possest with Heavenly Flame,
Thee our Health and Strength proclaim!

IX.

And your Life is hid with Christ in God.

Christ.

IF thou, my Son, wouldst be with Glories blest,
Make Me thy chiefest Good, thy final Rest!
So thou, too much to meaner Joys inclin'd,
Shalt be from those inferiour Loves refin'd.
It's vain to fix thy Heart on things below,
Which only inward Heat and Thirst bestow.
Turn then to Me, for I thy Mercies give,
In Me th' Eternal Springs of Mercy live;
To Me their grateful Tribute all should pay,
As to their Parent-Seas kind Rivers find their way.

From

From me the Great, the Small, the Rich, the Poor,
As from a living Fountain, draw their Store;
And who *for Me* the World can freely leave,
Shall find his Hopes, and *Grace for Grace* receive.
But he who dares without his Maker boaſt,
And trades for Pleaſures from a foreign Coaſt,
Shall loſe his Joys, and *in Himſelf* ſhall find
Eternal Furies to diſtract his Mind.
No Goodneſs then to thy *vile Self* aſcribe,
No real Vertues to the Mortal Tribe.
But *all* to me from whom *all* Bleſſings flow,
Who *all* demand becauſe I *all* beſtow,
That ALL my Bounty might with grateful Praiſes (ſhow.

This Holy Truth puts *Self-conceit* to flight;
And, when the Soul's adorn'd with Heavenly Light,
And Heavenly Love, no pining Envy there,
No narrow Thoughts, no little Loves appear;
Ethereal Flames can ſoon thoſe Damps controul,
And with exalted Thoughts enlarge the Soul.
If then Thou'rt truly Wiſe, thy Joys will be
Thy Hopes, thy Confidence *in Me*; *to Me*
All Praiſe, all Honour's due thro vaſt Eternity.

X.

Thy Service is perfect Freedom.

Believer.

ONCE, Lord, again I'll Silence break,
Once more to my Redeemer ſpeak,
To thee my God, my King, my Love,
Who dwells Inviſible above!
With Thee what treaſur'd Sweets appear
For *all* the Sons of Heavenly Fear;
For *all* poſſeſt by powerful Love,
For *all* who faithful Servants prove;
Ineffable to that pure Mind
To meditate on Thee reſign'd.
How great's thy Goodneſs Lord to Me,
Which when *I was not*, made me *Be*,
Redue'd me when I us'd to rove,
And taught me Service, and enjoin'd me Love!

O Spring of boundleſs Love! to Thee
What ſhould my Humble Language be!
Can I forget Thee, Lord? When I
Was loſt in Woes, and left to die,
Thy Pity found and rais'd me more
Than my own ſwelling Thoughts before;

Was

Was wondrous Gracious, wondrous kind,
When Hell and Sin enſlav'd my Mind.
What ſhould my grateful Offering be
But to renounce the World for Thee?
To lay my ſelf beneath thy Feet,
And count thy hardeſt Service ſweet?
Is't much if I my Service pay
Where all the World around obey?
No: But it's Great, it's Glorious ſure
That I a Wretch, forlorn and Poor,
Should in *thy Houſe* Admiſſion gain,
And *Portions* with *thy happy Sons* obtain.

See Lord, how I, tho wholly *Thine*,
Yet *gain*, ſince *Thou* thy ſelf art *Mine*,
Seas, Earth and Heaven thy Word obey,
And all to Me their Tributes pay;
Nay thy Superiour Angels too
Weak *Me* with guarding Cares purſue:
Nay Thou thy Self, my God, my Lord,
Couldſt to *the Ruin'd* Aids afford,
A Man for *wretched Man* couldſt be,
And as a Ranſom give thy Self for Me.

What ſhall I then return to Thee,
Dear God, for all thy Loves to me?

O could I ſerve Thee all my Days!
O could I worthy Trophies raiſe
To thy Immortal Name, and prove
The utmoſt Force of grateful Love!
Thou art my Lord, thy Servant I,
To Thee I all my Toils apply,
To Thee unceaſing Praiſes ſing,
To Thee my Strength an Offering bring,
To Thee my longing Wiſhes fly,
O from thy Self, Dear Lord, my Wants ſupply.

Great is *his* Honour, great *his* Praiſe,
Who All beneath thy Footſtool lays,
And with a chearful Air can quit
The World, and to thy Yoke ſubmit;
When wean'd from Fugitive Delights,
And all thoſe Joys the World excites;
When from his *ſinful Self* reclaim'd,
And with ſuperior Loves enflam'd,
Thy Spirit ſweeter Joys ſhall give,
And always in his Boſom live;
Then, tho in narrow Paths He move,
And all the Straits of Vertue prove,
His Soul at Liberty ſhall fly,
And paſs the utmoſt Barriers of the Sky.

Dear

Dear Slavery! Delightful Chains!
Where Man his largeſt Raunge obtains;
Lives free from all the Weights of Sin,
And Holy, and at eaſe within.
O happy State! O charming ſweet,
Where Men with chearful Angels meet,
Where Man an Angel's Work may do,
And Man becomes an Angel too!
Dear happy State! God's pleaſing Sight!
Hell's Terror, and the Saints Delight!
Bleſt Chains to be with Smiles embrac't!
Bleſt Chains with Gems of Glory grac't,
Which bring Eternal Bleſſings down,
And all our inward Joys with endleſs Honours crown.

XI.

Watch and be ſober.

Chriſt.

YET, Son! there's yet a mighty Task behind,
And many Rules have ſlipt thy wandring Mind.
Bel. What, Lord, are They? *Chr.* That all thy fond Deſires
Should gladly bend to what my Will requires;

That Thou thy Self and selfish Love deny,
And to Obedience all thy Thoughts apply.
Ambitious Dreams rouze thy aspiring Soul,
Thy lazy Thoughts *ambitious Dreams* controul.
Yet think! Does thy *Ambition* only glow
With *Heavenly Love*, or *Love of Self* below?
If I inflame Thee, thy obsequious Mind
Will always be to my Decrees resign'd;
If vain *Self-Love*, the Plague prevails within,
And all thy Passions are enslav'd to damning Sin.

Then ne're be fond of *sudden Heats*, nor *those*
Too freely on thy yielding Heart impose:
Consult me first, lest Penitence, too late,
Thy Raptures should to dark Despair translate.
Ambitious Zeal may seem divinely rais'd,
But should, when well consider'd first, be prais'd.
Nor should those Ardours be rejected quite,
Since I sometimes those spreading Flames excite;
But still the Spirit to the Seer should yield,
And Extasy to Reason quit the Field,
Lest Madness should the fiery Soul surprize,
Or Scandals from ungovern'd Fervours rise,
Or Thou despair when All thy bold *Pretence* despise.

Yet ſometimes holy Violence may controul
The brutiſh Paſſions of the *Senſual Soul*;
Slight the *Remonſtrances* of Fleſh and Blood,
And only make its own *Dominion* good;
The *Rebel* to a juſt *Subjection* bring,
And make the Spirit reign a *Sovereign King*;
Chaſtiſe the ſtubborn Soul, till mortify'd
It lays its Vanity, and veils its Pride,
And in *a little* can *Contentment* find,
To all the ſharpeſt Pains of Heavenly Life reſign'd.

XII.

In your Patience poſſeſs ye your Souls.

Believer. AT laſt, my God! at laſt I ſee,
Since Happieſt Lives perplex'd may (be,
How needful Patience is for me.

For, tho I Peace alone purſue,
Rough Broils and Wars are all in view,
And all my Days diſturb'd and few.

Chriſt. True, Son! then never dream of Peace,
Where every Croſs and every Pain may ceaſe.
True Peace with Tribulation may reſide,
And ne'r be loſt, tho fiercely try'd.

Thou think'ſt it's hard to ſuffer here,
But canſt thou Hell's *Eternal* Tortures bear?
Wouldſt thou from Hell's *Eternal* Tortures fly?
Then learn to bear an angry Sky.

Among the ſofteſt Fools enquire,
They too on Earth have ſometimes felt the Fire,
(Perhaps with Pleaſures mixt;) ſo roll in Sin,
And never feel Remorſe within.

They'd ſatiate all their wild Deſires,
But Ah! how ſoon the fading Sweet expires!
As Clouds of Smoak in looſe Diſperſion fly,
So all the Sons of Pleaſure die.

No Mark of all their Joys remains,
Their Lives are rack'd with never-ceaſing Pains;
Thoſe Toys in which they fix ſupream Delight,
Thoſe very Toys their Pains excite.

So wiſely God's Decrees are laid, (made,
That where the World has wretched Captives
That very World ſhould have a poiſonous Sting,
And Sorrows and Confuſions bring.

Like

Like Ruſſian Bears for Honey, They
Their Souls in pawn for bitter Sweets can lay.
But Thou, my Son, thy native Luſts ſubdue,
And ſelf-denying Ways purſue.

Delight in God thy Lord, and He
Will give the Wiſhes of thy Heart to Thee.
Wouldſt Thou have Comfort? have ſincere De-
Lo I thy thirſty Soul invite. (light?

Give o're this paltry World, and all
Which here fond Men *their Sweets, their Comforts* call;
So Bleſſings ſhall thy Heart, thy Head ſurround,
With inexhauſted Favours crown'd.

The more Thou'rt wean'd from Earth be- (low,
The more, the ſweeter ſtill my Comforts flow:
But e're the Race be gain'd, the Battel won,
Thou'lt thro a thouſand Dangers run.

Ill Habits, Fleſh, the Prince of Hell
With utmoſt Force will ſtruggling Grace repel:
But Prayer and Zeal, and grounded Vertue may
The furious Oppoſition lay,
And lawful Induſtry obſtruct their fatal Sway.

XIII.

Let this Mind be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus.

Chriſt.

MY Son! who e're rejects my lightſom Yoke,
Who e're would his Obedience vow'd re-
Rejects my Grace, and real Good muſt loſe, (voke,
While He his own fantaſtic Dreams purſues.
Who e're unfreely to his Paſtor bends, (ſends,
That Guide whom God with Heaven's Commiſſion
He'll ſtill indulge his Luſts, and murmur ſtill,
And kick againſt his great Creator's Will.
Then ſwiftly to thy *lawful Teachers* yield,
If o're thy ſelf thou'dſt win the glorious Field:
For *Foreign Foes* to better Terms will come,
When *Rebels* once are throughly quell'd at *Home*.
Self is a deadly Foe, when *Self* preſumes,
And Rebel-Arms againſt the Mind aſſumes,
That *Self* then with a juſt Contempt deſpiſe,
If thou'dſt victorious o're the ſtubborn Inmate riſe.

Thou quak'ſt to hear of juſt Obedience; why?
Becauſe that *Self*, thy *darling Self* is by.
Is't then ſo much when Duſt and Nothing can
For God's dear ſake ſubmit to Godlike Man?

Yet I, the mighty God, the Lord of All (Ball,
Whoſe Word from Nothing ſpoke this pondrous
I ſtoop'd to Earth, aſſum'd inferiour Mould,
And for thy ſake my ſelf to Sufferings ſold;
That thou might'ſt humble thy advancing Pride,
I like a Slave abus'd, affronted, dy'd. (Clay!
Learn then vile Duſt! learn wretched mouldring
Thy Head beneath the meaneſt Foooſteps lay.
Learn, learn at laſt to break thy ſtubborn Will,
And of a Subject all the pious Parts fulfil.

Let Zeal againſt thy ſelf enflame Thee more
Than all thy furious Paſſions could before;
Bow to the meaneſt Slave; let Beggars be
Superiour in thy own Eſteem to Thee. (plain?
Wouldſt Thou, vain Duſt, of harſh Affronts com-
How oft haſt thou deſerv'd Eternal Pain?
How oft haſt thou affronted Him, whoſe Hand
Could Heaven and Hell to juſt Revenge command?
My Eye yet ſpar'd Thee, that thy ſelf might ſee
How dear thy Soul's Salvation was to Me.
That Thou my treaſur'd Love mightſt throughly know,
Thy grateful Heart and Lips with Praiſes flow;

That Thou mightst Favour in Obedience find,
Be always to the Hand of Heaven resign'd,
And to a *Self-contempt* reduce thy Humble Mind.

XIV.

How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!

Believer. ON me, blest God, thy Thunders break,
And Terror all thy Judgments speak;
My Soul the dreadful Cracks confound,
My trembling Bones the dismal Sound.
Astonish'd, Dearest Lord, I see
The Heavens themselves impure to Thee;
Since Angels Sins were punish'd there,
How foul must wretched I appear?
Those Stars from Heaven thy Vengeance threw,
And what can sinful Ashes do?
Those, once who made a glittering show
On Earth, now sink to Pains below;
And those who Angels Bread could eat,
Would now be glad of Husks for Meat.

All our pleasing Actions, we
All our Good receive from Thee.

If

If thy Hand the Veſſel ſteer
Wiſe our happy Cares appear;
If the Helm thy Mercy quit,
We to Seas and Storms ſubmit.
All our Courage, Lord, we own
From thy Hand deſcends alone;
Only then our Hearts are ſure,
When by thy Defence ſecure;
But our Guards in vain we keep,
If thy Eyelids cloſe to ſleep.
Left, alas! We ſink, we periſh;
But our Lives thy Favours cheriſh;
Cold, Unſtable, Wretched We
Are confirm'd and warm'd by Thee.

O then how mean and low
I to *my ſelf* ſhould ſhow!
What Good *in Me* may ſeem,
How little worth eſteem!
But O! what Gloom around
Thy Judgments, Lord, is found!
With what Submiſſions I
Before thy Feet ſhould lie!
Since to *my Self* I there
Poor *Nothing*, Lord, appear!
O Weight unmeaſurable!
O Deeps unnavigable!

Where

Where I can *Nothing* find
Of *Me* but Shade and Wind.
Where's then my ſecret Pride?
How can my Heart confide
In poor fantaſtick Dreams
Of Vertues native Beams,
Since all my Glories, toſt
On Judgment's Seas, are loſt?

Lord in thy Sight
What Toys are we?
How vain, how light,
Compar'd with Thee?
Shall Duſt invade
The Scorners Chair?
With Him who made
Himſelf compare?
He bears no part
With fancy'd *Wits*,
Whoſe humble Heart
To God ſubmits.
He'll all the Pride
Of Earth refuſe,
Whom Vertues guide,
And Truth ſubdues.

He

He can't Mens vain
Applauſe endure,
Whoſe Hopes remain
In God ſecure.
For *Thoſe* who praiſe
Are *Nothings* found,
And only raiſe
An empty Sound;
Their Words are blown
To Fairy Lands,
And Truth alone
Eternal ſtands.

XV.

Ye ought to ſay, If the Lord Will.

Chriſt.

THUS then, my Son, thy humble Thoughts declare;
Lord, if it pleaſe Thee, grant thy Servant's Prayer!
Lord, if my Action may thy Praiſe proclaim,
O bleſs it with thy own auſpicious Name!
Lord, if it uſeful, or expedient be,
O for thy Glory bleſs thy Works to Me!

But if They hurtful to my Soul may prove,
Or won't my happy future State improve,
From Me ſuch fond Deſires, Dear Lord, remove!
Tho right and good to me my Thoughts appear,
They mayn't the Spirit's ſacred Impreſs bear;
And if from *Spirits Good or Bad* they flow,
For Men it's hard, it's very hard to know.
Nay ſometimes Fleſh and Blood *their Dreams* may bring,
And eager Hopes from ſwelling Luſts may ſpring;
So oft deceiv'd we think thoſe Flames Divine,
Which only with a faint inferiour Luſtre ſhine.

If then ſome lovely Object ſtrike thy Soul,
With pious Cares and humble Fears controul
Thy eager Wiſhes, and thy All reſign
To th' firm Decrees of Providence Divine.
Say; *Lord, Thou knoweſt alone what's beſt for Me;*
May all my Works receive their Turn from Thee!
What, when, how much thou wilt, Dear Father, give,
While I beneath thy Wiſe Directions live!
O do thy Pleaſure with Me, make Me ſtill
Advance thy Glory, and obſerve thy Will!
O guide Me, fix Me by thy powerful Hand,
And Me at large in all Eſtates command!
Thy Hand now holds Me; lead Me, turn Me round;
But let Me ſtill in Holy Paths be found!

Lo

Lo I thy Servant here prepar'd and free,
Nor would I live, Lord, to my Self, but Thee.
O may my Heart and Tongue in Heavenly Praiſe agree.

The Prayer.

Believer. TO me, O tender Jeſus, give
Thy Grace within my Heart to live,
That it may all my Fears ſurvive!

Lord, guide my Wiſhes, guide my Will!
O make them ſeek thy pleaſure ſtill,
And gladly thy Commands fulfil!

O let *my* Pleaſure, Lord, be *thine*;
To follow Thee my Thoughts incline,
And to thy ſacred Laws confine!

What e're I wiſh, what e're refuſe,
Let Me thy ſacred Book peruſe,
And all by thy Directions chuſe!

Lord, make Me die to things below;
And thro' Neglect and Scorns to go
For what thy wondrous Loves beſtow.

In Thee let all my Wiſhes reſt!
Let happy Peace poſſeſs my Breaſt,
With thy ſupporting Favours bleſt!

On

On Thee my Dovelike Soul relies;
But when it out at random flies,
It only Floods and Storms deſcries.

In Thee, O only Good! in Thee
My eaſy fearleſs Thoughts ſhall be,
Bleſt with immenſe Security.

XVI.

He alone comforts Us in all our Tribulations.

Believer. LORD, while *Here*, my Expectations
Ne're pretend to Conſolations;
Endleſs Comforts, endleſs Bliſſes
Oft engage my purer Wiſhes:
But on Earth I ne're ſhall find them,
But on Earth I ne're deſign'd them.
All the Joys of Earth poſſeſſing,
I ſhould quickly loſe the Bleſſing;
Look, my Soul, then, look above Thee,
Let no common Pleaſures move Thee!
God alone has Conſolation;
He's the Poors, and thy Salvation.
Wait my Soul a while, expect it,
He who promis'd won't neglect it,

But

But abundant Bleſſings ſend Thee,
And with flowing Sweets attend Thee.
If thy ſickly craving Fancy
Would to Earthly Joys advance Thee,
They'l at laſt, alas! deceive Thee,
And Diviner Favours leave Thee.
Uſe the World, but uſe't in meaſure,
Graſping ſtill at endleſs Treaſure.
Slight the fawning Fairs Careſſes,
Since ordain'd for greater Bliſſes.
All created Pleaſures flowing,
And their ſofteſt Charms beſtowing
On Thee, ne're could ſatisfy Thee,
But ſuperiour Joys would fly Thee.
God alone, who made, can bleſs Thee,
And with true Delights poſſeſs Thee;
Not with thoſe the World admires,
Nor what Folly mov'd deſires,
But what faithful Souls delight in,
Pleaſures pure, and Sweets inviting;
Joys the cleaneſt Hearts attending,
While in Heavenly Flights aſcending.
Short and vain are worldly Pleaſures,
Fixt and ſure Celeſtial Treaſures.
Jeſus too attends the Motions
Of the pious Soul's Devotions,

And

And with Comforts round ſecures Him,
And of endleſs Life aſſures Him.

Jeſus, Deareſt Lord, defend Me,
And with guarding Flames attend Me!
And when Humane Comforts fail Me,
Let no dark Deſpair aſſail Me,
But thy boundleſs Goodneſs guide Me,
And reward Me when t' has try'd Me:
For thy Mercy fails us never,
And thy Anger burns not ever.

XVII.

Caſting all your Care upon Him, for he careth for You.

Chriſt.

MY Son, complain not, murmur not, if I
With Thee the Methods of my Wiſdom try,
I who alone thy utmoſt Wants deſcry.

Thou think'ſt as *Men* would think, as ſenſleſs Fools
Brought up in Reaſon's long Corrupted Schools,
Strangers to Faith, and Hell's uneaſy Tools.

Believer. Truth Lord! thy Cares are more for Me
Than Mine, tho for my Self, could be;
And

And He muſt ſtand but weakly ſure,
Whoſe Faith can't reſt in Thee ſecure.
Lord, make my Will ſubſcribe to Thee,
And act thy Pleaſure then with Me;
For all thy Management will prove
Th' Effect of Goodneſs and of Love.
If thou in Darkneſs chain me, Lord,
Thy Goodneſs I'll with Praiſe record:
If Thou with Light my Soul enflame,
I'll ſing to thy Illuſtrious Name:
If Thou my Heart with Comforts fill,
I'll ſtill adore and praiſe Thee ſtill:
If laid in gloomy Dungeons low,
My Lips ſhall ſtill with thy Immortal Praiſes (flow.

Chriſt. It's all thy Duty, Son! The pious Mind
Muſt always be to Providence reſign'd:
And Sufferings welcome there as Joys muſt be,
And Wealth no more admir'd than ſlighted Poverty.

Believ. For Thee, Dear Lord! I'll gladly bear
What e're thy Diſpenſations are.
Let Good or Bad, let Sharp or Sweet,
Let Joys or Griefs around Me meet;

The Dole thy Gracious Hand ſhall leave
For Me, I'll ſtill with Thanks receive.
From Sins, Dear Saviour, keep Me clear,
And I nor Death nor Hell can fear;
O don't *for ever Me* diſclaim,
Nor from *thy Book* deface *my Name*:
Then let a thouſand Sorrows fall
On Me, with Patience I'll ſupport them all.

XVIII.

Thro' many Tribulations ye muſt enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Chriſt.

MY Son, to ſave Thee when I left the Skies,
I could a mighty Maſs of Woes deſpiſe;
Freely I came from thoſe bleſt Seats above,
Unforc'd by Power, tho conſtrain'd by Love,
That Thou might'ſt with ſubmiſſive Patience go
Thro' all the Miſeries of Life below.
From my firſt Birth, till on the Croſs I dy'd,
I ſtill continued on the ſuffering ſide;
Great Wants and Curſes loud and great I bore,
The Sinner's Follies, and the Scorner's Store;
With baſe Ingratitude for Kindneſs I
Was paid, for Miracles with Blaſphemy:

I preach'd the *Truth*, but, Ah too rarely mov'd
The ſinful Soul, but was for ſacred *Truth* reprov'd.

Believ. Since Patience, Lord, thy Practice ſway'd,
And all thy Father's Rules obey'd,
How humbly, Lord, ſhould I fulfil,
A ſinful Wretch, thy gracious Will?
With what Submiſſions undergo
The Pains of eaſeleſs Life below?
Tho Life's unwieldy Load oppreſs,
Thy Grace, Lord, makes the Burden leſs;
And He who can thy Footſteps trace,
May with thy Saints obtain the Race.
What ſtrange Obſcurities of Old
Did thy peculiar Flock enfold,
When Jewiſh Bounds thy Church confin'd,
And few to Heavenly Joys enclin'd!
Yet then thy Blood their Bliſs procur'd,
Thy ſaving Death their Lives enſur'd,
Elſe on the Gloom of Sufferings toſt,
They'd been in Woes Eternal Mazes loſt.

To Thee what Praiſe then ſhould We pay,
Who ſhow'ſt the Good, the Perfect Way,
Whence I, and all thy faithful Seed
May to Eternal Joys proceed?

Thy bleſt Example ſhows the Way;
And He who follows Patience, may
With Thee, our Lord, our Head, appear,
And Crowns of endleſs Glories wear.
Thy teaching, thy preceding Light
Alone could backward Souls excite,
Who elſe a fatal Courſe had run,
By their own wandring Thoughts undone.
Thy Miracles, thy Words Divine
Could ſcarce our lazy Hearts incline;
But whither, whither had we gone,
Had not thy ſaving Beams before our Footſteps ſhone!

XIX.

He endur'd the Croſs, deſpiſing the Shame.

Chriſt.

GIVE o're Complaints, my Son; give o're
Thoſe deep-drawn Sighs, thoſe flowing Tears;
Think what for Thee thy dear Redeemer bore,
Think what the dying Martyr bears!
Think what a Flood
Of ſacred Blood,
Think what a Sea of Crimſon Gore
From Me, from all my dying Servants flow'd;

Yet

Yet Thine ſtill ſafely fills thy Purple Veins,
While We endur'd a thouſand Pains,
Strongly tempted, deeply wounded,
And with Heaps of Woes ſurrounded.
Weigh well theſe mighty Sufferings, then compare
Thy own with their prodigious Share;
Bluſh, if Impatience ſwell thy thoughtful Breaſt,
When with ſo ſmall a Burden preſt:
Nay look for more; that, if a Storm ſhould riſe,
No ſtubborn Murmurs may thy Heart ſurprize.
The more thy Soul to Heav'n reſigns,
The more thy ſacred Wiſdom ſhines.
By Uſe the Burden lighter proves;
Say not, *Had nobler Hands the Wounds beſtow'd,*
No mean diſgrace from nobler Hands had flow'd;
But all my Spleen and Anger moves,
To ſee a baſe ungrateful Slave
His Benefactor's Paſſions brave;
An unoblig'd, a great Man's Scorn
I had without Reluctance born,
But here I Pardon crave.
Fond ſenſleſs Thoughts! Where heavenly Patience grows,
It no ſuch *nice Diſtinction* knows;
Ne're values Men nor Injuries,
But lifts its humble Eyes
To Him whoſe glorious Hand beſtows the Victor's Prize.

Talk not of Patience, if thy Hand must choose
Thy Burden, or the Weight refuse;
Patience regards not *What* nor *Who*
An Injury may do,
But to the sacred Exercise submits,
And easy under every Trial sits.
It the Creator, not the Creature views,
And with *submissive Eyes* pursues
Its *Maker's Hand*, and can repose
On what its *Maker's Hand* bestows.
He knows, *small Sufferings* for his Master's Name
A *vast Reward* may claim,
Not to *Deserts* by *Justice* paid,
But by *free Goodness* down to *humble Hearts* convey'd.
Up then! for Wars prepare,
If Thou the Crown wouldst wear!
Patience, if unfading found,
Patience may at last be crown'd.
If thou manly Deeds pursue,
The *Promise* is to *Sufferers* due.
Rest by Labour is obtain'd,
And Victory by Fighting gain'd.

Believer.

Help then, O help Me, Lord, by *powerful Grace!*
Impossibilities deface!

Impos-

Impoſſibility's no more,
When Grace has fill'd the Heart before.
Thou know'ſt my Weakneſs, Lord, how ſoon
My Hope, my Strength, my Vigor's done.
Little, I little can perform
To ſtem the Tide, or face the Storm.
O touch my Soul with Heavenly Love!
Till ſoaring tow'rd thoſe Joys above,
Afflictions I with Scorn may view,
And ſtill a ſteady Courſe purſue.
To ſuffer, Lord, a while for Thee,
Muſt bring Salvation ſure and Happineſs to me.

XX.

Miſerable, and Poor, and Blind, and Naked.

Believ. LOrd, to Thee I'll now confeſs
All my own Unrighteouſneſs;
All my own Infirmity
I'll acknowledg, Lord, to Thee.
Oft I'm griev'd, and oft dejected,
When with ſmalleſt Pains affected:
Oft a brave Reſolve I take;
But the leaſt Temptations ſhake

All my Courage, and confound Me,
When those Common Straits surround Me.
Sometimes from the *meaneſt Cauſe*
Hell a *ſtrong Temptation* draws.
When a ſudden Blaſt o'rethrows Me,
And from all Aſſurance blows Me.
See my *Wretchedneſs*, and ſee,
Lord, what *Weakneſs* reigns in Me!
Save Me, ſnatch Me from the Deep,
Leſt I there for ever ſleep!
Moſt this grieves Me, moſt it wounds Me,
That my Luſt ſo ſoon confounds Me;
Tho my Soul be ne're conſenting,
Yet the Labours of preventing
Too *uneaſy* make my Life,
Wearied with the conſtant Strife.
Plainer ſtill my Frailties ſhow,
While corrupted Notions flow
Faſt upon my Mind, but prove
Tedious, grievous to remove.
Deareſt Lover, Lord! of Souls,
Whoſe Almighty Power controuls
All above and all below,
Pity on thy Slave beſtow!
All my Toils and Labours view,
And with aiding Grace purſue!

Fill

Fill Me with Celeſtial Strength,
Leſt rebellious Fleſh at length
O're my fainting Mind prevail,
And my inward Wiſdom fail.
Tedious Wars may fatal be,
And betray *my ſelf* to *Me.*
What a wretched *Life* is *This*,
Where we ne're can Sorrows miſs?
Where Perplexities and Woes,
Crafty Friends and mighty Foes
All my Steps around encloſe.
Some departing, more approaching,
And the Tempter more encroaching.
Sorrows ſtill on Sorrows ride
With a diſmal pompous Pride,
Like the *Higre* on the *Tide.*

O who can love a Life diſtracted ſo,
All whoſe Streams with Wormwood flow,
Fill'd with Trouble, bankt with Woe?
How's that *true Life* which Death and Plagues (creates?
Yet how great a Number rates
All thoſe Cares as Delicates!

They'l

They'l cry, *The World is falſe, the World is vain,*
And yet from *it* can't refrain;
Luſt will ſtill the Field maintain.
The World to Us our *fleſhly Luſt* commends,
That our *Pride of Life* pretends,
That our *greedy Eye* defends:
But when we think of Griefs, and think of Pains,
Griping Miſchiefs, weighty Chains,
Hatred then triumphant reigns.
A vitiated Taſt the Mind deceives,
And ſo falſe a Guſto leaves,
As for *Honey Gall* receives.
God then *the Mind* can neither taſte nor ſee,
Nor how Sweet or Gracious He,
Nor how pleaſant Truth may be.
But thoſe who throughly can the World deſpiſe,
To their Maker only Wiſe,
Love their Heavenly Exerciſe:
They know thoſe Sweets to well-purg'd Minds (enſur'd,
And of Inferiour Longings cur'd,
Live from the World's falſe Snares, and wheedling
Arts ſecur'd.

XXI.

XXI.

And now, Lord, what is my Hope? truly my Hope is even in Thee.

Believ. Life my Soul of Peace poſſeſt,
On thy Dear Redeemer's Breaſt,
He's the *Saints Eternal Reſt.*

Deareſt, Sweeteſt *Jeſus*, ſtore
Me with Love, to love thee more
Than I could the World before!

Make Me love Thee more than Feature,
More than all the Pride of Nature
In the faireſt, ſofteſt Creature!

More than Honour, more than Glory,
More than boundleſs Territory,
Or a Mighty Name in Story!

More than Subtilty or Parts,
More than Riches, or than Arts,
Or the Joys a World imparts!

Make

Make Me love Thee more than Fame,
Or the loudeſt ſounding Name,
Or than Comforts Heavenly Flame!

More than all thoſe treaſur'd Sweets
Hope in every Promiſe meets,
When it dawning Glory greets!

More than Merits or Deſire,
Or than thy Superiour Fire
Can with all its Beams inſpire!

More than Pleaſure, more than Gladneſs,
Or a Mind when purg'd from Sadneſs,
Extaſy'd to Holy Madneſs!

More than Captain Angels, more
Than thoſe Spirits which before
Thy All-glorious Throne adore!

More than I believe or ſee,
More than all on Earth can be,
Which, my God, which is not *Thee!*

Thou

Thou, my Lord, my God, art bleſt;
Goodneſs centers in thy Breaſt:
God moſt High, and moſt Puiſſant,
God moſt full and Allſufficient;
Sweeteſt, Kindeſt, Faireſt, Loving,
And thy Kindneſs ſtill improving;
All that's Good and Perfect, we
Can at once diſcern in *Thee.*
All thy nobleſt Gifts and Light
Move me not, nor e're excite
My faint Wiſhes, only *Thee,*
Lord, I pant and long to ſee.
O my Heart can never reſt
Satisfy'd within my Breaſt,
Till my Thoughts above can riſe,
All created Joys deſpiſe,
Far above all Bleſſings ſoar,
And with *Thee thy Self* adore.

Jeſus, O my Love, my Spouſe,
Lord of pureſt, chaſteſt Vows,
To Whom humble Nature bows.

O who'l give ſwift Wings to *Me,*
That I might, from Fetters free,
Fly to Heaven, and reſt with *Thee!*

When

When, O when, Lord, ſhall my Heart
Gain in Thee, my Love, a Part,
And diſcern how ſweet thou art!

When ſhall I from Sins at leiſure,
And poſſeſt with ſacred Pleaſure,
Long and *Love* beyond all Meaſure!

Oft I ſigh, and oft I groan,
Much my Suffering, loud my Moan
In this Vale of Tears alone.

Oft diſturb'd, diſtracted I,
Hindred, clouded, fetter'd ly,
And can't to thy Embraces fly.

Let my Sighs, my Groanings move Thee,
Tho diſtreſt on Earth, I love Thee;
Let my Sighs and Groanings move Thee!

Jeſus, O Eternal Light!
With Immortal Glories bright!
Comfort of the wandring Soul!

Tho my Language Silence be,
Silence can be heard by Thee,
While I thus my ſelf condole:
O how long, how long, Dear Lord,
When wilt thou one Smile afford
To thy poor neglected Slave!
Send thy Hand, O ſend thy Power,
Save me from the dreadful Hour!
From the gloomy diſmal Grave!
Fly, O fly, my God to me,
All my Joys are fixt in Thee;
But without Thee Days and Hours
Only hang their drooping Wings,
While my cheerful Table ſings,
Furniſh'd by thy kinder Powers.
Wretched, tangled, hopeleſs I
In a gloomy Priſon lie,
Till thy Beams of Light Divine
From this Bondage ſet me free,
And thy Countenance on Me
With reviving Honours ſhine.

Let others other Joys admire,
Thou, Lord, art all my Heart's Deſire;

Thou,

Thou, Lord, alone canſt pleaſe me here,
My God, my Hope, my Safety dear!
I'll ne're be ſilent, never ceaſe,
But to thy Throne my Prayers addreſs,
Till to my Soul Thou ſpeak'ſt theſe Words of Peace;

Chriſt.

(Lo here am I! Dear Soul, I come to Thee,
Since Thou haſt call'd ſo much, ſo long to Me;
Thy Contrite Humble Heart, thy Prayers and Tears
Broke thro the Clouds, and reach'd my Sacred Ears,
And to aſſiſt Thee, lo! thy God appears.)
And till reviving I
Can thus in Heart reply;

Believer.

Lord, I have call'd and long'd for Thee,
Prepar'd to quit the World below,
Since firſt thy Favours ſhin'd on Me,
And mov'd my Heart, before too ſlow.
I'll ſeek thee ſoon; O bleſt, O prais'd
For ever be my God, my Lord!
Who for his Slave Aſſiſtance rais'd,
And would his Mercy's Helps afford!

What

What more, Lord, can thy Servant ſay,
But humbly at thy Footſtool lay
Himſelf, His Miſery, and confeſs
His Sins and native Wretchedneſs!
For Nothing, Nothing like to Thee
Can all Created Nature ſee.
O Thou thy Father's Wiſdom! may
The World to Thee their *Praiſes* pay!
O may my Lips, my Soul, my All,
On Thee with conſtant Praiſes call;
While all the wide Creation vies
To raiſe thy Sacred Name above the lofty Skies!

XXII.

Lord, I remembred Thee upon my Bed, and thought on Thee when I was waking!

Believer.

LOrd, by *thy Laws* my Heart enlarge!
O teach Me by *thy Rules* to move;
By *thy Commands* my Senſe improve,
That I may know *their* weighty Charge!
That I with reverent Induſtry
May all thy gracious Acts recal,
Expreſs a grateful Heart for all
That nobleſt Sacrifice to Thee!

Yet when I've done my Beſt, I know
My Thanks thy Favours can't repay,
My Merits claim one ſmiling Ray,
Since Thou'rt ſo *high*, and I ſo *low*.
The Charming Face, the Prudent Mind,
Inward and outward Graces all
From thy extended Bounties fall,
And prove our mighty Maker *kind*.
Ten Talents ſome perhaps may gain,
Some only Two, and ſome but One;
But all Pretence to Pride is gone,
Since *All* to Thee for *All* retain.
Thoſe Odds, no Mines of native Grace,
But thy diſcerning Goodneſs made;
And Favours there are kindly laid,
Where Gratitude aſſumes the Place.
That Man, who can Himſelf deſpiſe,
And all his ſecret Frailties know,
And from his Knowledg humbler grow,
May ſtill to greater Favours riſe.
Nor ſhould the meaneſt gifted Mind
Diſorder'd or dejected mourn,
With Anger or with Envy burn;
But ground for grateful Praiſes find.

He'd

He'd thy impartial Hand adore,
Thy Goodneſs and thy Mercy free,
Since all at laſt deſcends from Thee,
Thou giv'ſt the *leaſt* and *largeſt* Store.
Not Man's, but God's great Wiſdom knows
What Seeds beſt ſute the fruitful Field,
What Soils the faireſt Crops can yield,
And thence proportion'd Gifts beſtows.
Bleſt be my God, whoſe careful Hand
Kept Me from empty Glories free,
Leſt Inſolence and Vanity
Should my too eaſy Soul command.
My meaneſt, pooreſt Fortunes I
Ungriev'd and undejected bear;
And with an eaſy chearful Air
Can to my truſty Guardian fly.
The Poor, the Wretched, Lord, and thoſe
Whom moſt the rugged World deſpiſe,
Are deareſt to thy gracious Eyes,
And thy *Domeſtick Train* compoſe.
Thy great Apoſtles, Lord, were *poor*,
When o're the Convert World they reign'd;
Yet ne're of Poverty complain'd,
In their Integrity ſecure.

Their Breasts no Guile nor Malice swell'd,
Nor Pride but when they suffer'd Shame,
Dear Jesus, for thy Sacred Name,
And Truth with firm Embraces held.
He then, who Loves Thee, Lord, who knows
How large thy *Benefactions* are,
Will for thy Smiles his Joys declare,
And for thy Love's Immortal Flows.
More blest in his despis'd Estate
Than those above the rest enthron'd;
And more at ease, when scarcely own'd,
Than those who grasp a Regal Fate:
More pleas'd to be despis'd and scorn'd,
Unseen, unknown, without a Name,
Than Flutterers on the Wings of Fame,
With Honour's gaudy Arms adorn'd.
To Him thy Loves more Glories bring
Than all Atchievements here below;
And thence more happy Comforts flow,
Than from the largest Gifts, or wondrous Acts
can spring.

XXIII.

The Fruits of Righteouſneſs are ſown in Peace.

Chriſt.

MY Son, I'll teach Thee now the peaceful Way,
Where Freedom will with Eaſe around Thee ſtay.

Believer.

Speak, Deareſt Lord, O ſpeak to Me!
Thy Rules muſt all delightful be.

Chriſt.

Not Others Counſels, but thy own refuſe:
A ſmall Eſtate before a greater chuſe.
Love to be ſubject, envy'd Places ſhun;
Pray that my Will in Thee may all be done.
Obey theſe Rules, and they'l thy Joys increaſe,
With perfect Pleaſure, and with perfect Peace.

Believer.

Few are thy Words, but perfect, Lord;
And Senſe and wondrous Fruits afford.
O could I keep them faithfully!
I ſhould from inward Broils be free.

And only *then* Diſturbance find,
When from thy ſacred Rules declin'd.
O Thou Almighty Lord, whoſe Love
Reſts where induſtrious Souls improve,
O grant Me greater Graces ſtill,
That I may all my Words fulfil;
And, *to be ſav'd at laſt*, obey thy ſacred Will!

A Prayer againſt Evil Thoughts.

O My God, I fly to Thee,
Go not, go not far from Me!
Help Me, Lord! My God, receive Me!
Don't to ſtrong Temptations leave Me!
Wild my Thoughts are, vaſt my Fears;
See the threatning Storm appears!
How, O how ſhall I ſubdue it,
Or unſhockt, unhurt go thro it!
Lord, thy Promiſe was of old;
I'll the Maſſive Gates unfold,
Trample or'e the Tempter's Powers,
Batter down the brazen Towers,
Set the groaning Priſoners free,
And reveal my Self to Thee.

Such

Such thy Promiſe was of Old,
Grant, O grant the Bliſs foretold!
Then ſhall all my Tempters flie,
Then my wicked Thoughts ſhall die.
All my Hope, my Conſolation
In the deepeſt Tribulation,
Is, *my God, to truſt in Thee*,
Is, *my Lord, to fly to Thee*,
Is, *my Life, to pray to Thee*,
And believe Thou'lt pity Me.

A Prayer for inward Illumination.

FILL, Holy Jeſus, fill my Soul
With *inward Light!* The Clouds controul,
Which now about my Judgment roll!

Keep me from Wandrings, ſet me free
From Tempters Force and Subtlety;
And Fight, my God, O Fight for Me!

Beat down my Brutiſh Luſts! ſubdue
Thoſe Fiends which now my Peace purſue;
That I may Praiſe on Praiſe renew!

That in *a Conſcience clear and ſound,*
A Palace may *for God* be found,
And all with Heavenly Hymns reſound.

Lord, quell the Storm, the Surges bind,
And huſh the rugged Northern Wind,
That I a *Halcyon Calm* may find!

Send out thy Light, thy Truth Divine,
That they around the World may ſhine,
And let, O let ſome Sparks be Mine!

My Soul's a barren Wild; O ſhew
Thy fertilizing Grace! Imbue
My Heart with thy Celeſtial Dew!

With pure Devotion's gentle Rain
Moiſten and warm the ſandy Plain,
Till all a fruitful Verdure gain!

Lord, raiſe my Soul with Sins oppreſt,
And O inſpire my panting Breaſt
With Sighs for *thy Eternal Reſt!*

Till

Till by that Prelude raviſh'd, I
On Wings of Rapture mount the Sky,
Lull'd with Immortal Harmony.

From Creature-Comforts ſet me free;
From all Created Vanity,
O Deareſt Saviour, reſcue Me!

My Doglike Appetite renews,
And Sorrow all my Steps purſues,
When I thoſe *little Comforts* uſe.

O bind me faſt with Bands of Love,
That I from Thee may ne're remove,
Till with thy Self, the Deareſt Object, fixt above.

XXIV.

Be not Wiſe overmuch.

Chriſt.

DOn't be too Curious, nor with empty Cares
Engage thy Thoughts in vexing Snares:
What's *This* or *That* to *Thee?*
Thy Buſineſs is to *follow Me:*

What's

What's Thy Concern if Men be *So* or *So*,
If thus they *Speak*, or thus they *Do*?
Thou no Account for *them* ſhalt give,
But for thy *Self*; And would'ſt thou wiſh to live
In Dark Perplexities?
All Things I know; and what the Sun can ſee
Is viſible and plain to Me:
I all Affairs anatomize:
I know Mens inmoſt Thoughts and private Wills,
And what their utmoſt Hopes fulfils.
Leave then ſuch Things to Me,
And let *Peace* inhabit Thee:
Of *That* let nothing *here* thy Soul bereave;
Let Others all their vain Deſigns purſue,
Their Words and Deeds ſhall all receive their Due,
Since None can Me deceive.
Hunt not the Shadow of a Mighty Name,
Nor boaſt of Freedoms, or of private Love;
In Thee ſuch Hopes too large a Share will claim,
Thy Heart with gloomy Fancies move.
To Thee I'd freely all my Will reveal,
From Thee no needful Truths conceal,
Would'ſt Thou but watch my Coming carefully,
And open all thy Gates to Me.
Be careful then, and watch to Prayer,
And let thy Modeſt Deeds thy Humble Thoughts declare.

XXV.

The Fruits of the Spirit are Joy, Peace, Goodneſs.

Chriſt.

THus I, my Son! declar'd of Old;
Lo! I leave my Peace with You;
Lo! I give my Peace to You,
Not as Worldly Men may do;
Peace indeed I give to You.
Thus I promis'd Mine of old.
Peace is the Common Wiſh, alas! But few
Thoſe ſacred Paths which lead to *Peace* purſue.
My Peace is Meek, and Humble Judgments guides,
And loves to live where Patience moſt reſides:
Hear Me, Obey Me, and thou ſoon ſhalt find
Her Balmy Dews relax thy labouring Mind.

Believer.

What ſhall I do then, Lord? *Chr.* Obſerve thy (Way,
Thy Words and Deeds with Curious Eyes ſurvey;
To pleaſe thy God alone in *All* deſign;
Nor to another Lord's Commands incline:
Ne're meddle, Son! with Other Mens Affairs;
With no Cenſorious Wit augment thy Cares.

Live

Live but at Home, and Peace ſhall live with Thee,
Thy Mind from griping Cares and wild Diſtractions free.

But to be wholly loos'd from Earth below,
Earth can't, but Heaven may at laſt beſtow.
But if thou'rt in a ſtupid ſenſleſs State,
Don't thence thy Peace and calm Enjoyments date.
Think not it's *Peace* when thou canſt ſee no Foe,
Nor *well* when all things to thy Wiſhes go,
Nor all thy Extaſies and Heats admire,
As if juſt kindled by Celeſtial Fire.
Man may his Caſe, in ſpite of Theſe miſtake,
And from *falſe Premiſes* a *falſe Concluſion* make.

Believer.

How, Lord, then may I throughly know my State!

Chriſt.

On Me let all thy Soul's Affections wait;
Seek not thy Self, but with an eaſy Mind
Some ground for Thanks in all Conditions find;
Weigh all Events; be Grateful, Patient, Bold,
Nor by each ſudden ſeeming Cloud controul'd.
In *Storms* thy Soul for *greater Storms* prepare,
And ſtill Submiſſion to thy Lord declare;

Own

Own *thy* Demerits, and *his* gentler Hand,
No more againſt his Heavenly Juſtice ſtand;
In every Change thy Maker vindicate;
Adore his Providence in every State;
Keep *Self* beneath, thy Maſter's Praiſes ſing,
True Peace, true Hopes and Joys from that bleſt
Source will ſpring.

XXVI.

And eſtabliſh me with thy free Spirit.

Believer.

NO more, if perfect, Lord! ſhould I
From Heavenly Contemplations turn my Eye,
But thro' a Wood of Thorny Care,
A Heart unheavy, undiſtemper'd bear;
Not out of dull Stupidity,
But from a Soul ſerene, and free
From all created Loves and worldly Vanity.

Save, Deareſt Lord! O ſave my Soul,
Leſt Cares of ſenſual Life my Thoughts controul,
Leſt outward Wants betray my Mind,
And I Delights in Earthy Chains ſhould find;
Leſt I, with Troubles broke, ſhould fail;
And Doubts and Fears above my Faith prevail!

Unclog

Unclog my Thoughts, enlarge my Mind,
Till I may ſoar, no more confin'd, (Wind.
High as Ethereal Flames, and looſe as Air or

O Thou, my God, my Life, my Dear,
In whom ineffable Delights appear,
Embitter all my Joys below,
That I no *Sweets* but in *thy Self* may know!
From Carnal Goods O turn my Heart,
Which but a *vitiated Guſt* impart!
Free Me, O free Me from the Snares,
Which *Fleſh and Blood* for *Fleſh and Blood* prepares!
Let not the World's poor ſhort-liv'd Pride,
Nor Hell's deſigning Prince my Thoughts divide!
Give Me but Strength, and I'll oppoſe
The buſy Malice of my active Foes!
Give Patience, that I all may bear,
And Conſtancy in Truth to perſevere!
For all thoſe Comforts here below,
On Me thy Spirit's Fragrant Oils beſtow!
All Earthly Paſſions, Lord, remove,
And thro' my Soul diffuſe thy own immortal Love!

Lo! Meats, and Drinks, and Clothes, and All
Thoſe Goods for which our craving Bodies call,

Are

Are but a Burden, Lord! to Me;
Teach Me to uſe them ſo, that all may ſee
How looſe I to the World can ſit,
And always to the Loſs of *All* ſubmit.
My Life's not *Mine* to loſe, but I
Muſt fainting Nature's daily Wants ſupply,
But won't luxurious Stores purſue,
Leſt ſo the Fleſh the Spirit ſhould ſubdue.
Lord, let thy Hand direct Me *here*,
That I no wild Extreams may fear, } ſteer.
But ſafe between the Rocks of Want and Plenty }

XXVII.

Take no care for the Fleſh *to fulfil the* Luſts *thereof.*

Chriſt.

WOuldſt Thou, my Son, Eternal Joys obtain?
Thy Self, thy All muſt firſt the Purchaſe clear;
Self-Love will more thy ſoaring Thoughts reſtrain,
Than all thoſe Charms which worldly things endear.
Self-Love attracts Temptations, and betrays
Man to the Malice of his Angry Foes.
The Love of Heaven treads all in perfect Ways,
No Bars can *there* its lofty Flights oppoſe.

Ne're

Ne're covet *that* which Thou canſt ne're procure,
Nor ſtrive to keep *what* would thy Thoughts enſlave.
Give *what Thou haſt* to Me, in Me ſecure,
And *all which thy immoderate Longings crave.*
Why ſhouldſt Thou pine with Woes, and waſte with Cares?
Wait but on *Me*, and Thou no harm ſhalt feel.
A *reſtleſs Thought* a *wicked Heart* declares,
And muſt in everlaſting Darkneſs reel.
For *All*, when gain'd, would *all defective* prove,
And *Ambuſcades* on every hand appear,
And Storms would ſtill the rolling Billows move,
The Mind be ruffled with diſtracting Fear.
A Mind from all Ambitious Fancies free
Is happier than with vaſt Abundance cloy'd;
Vain Wealth, Applauſe, and Honour's Pageantry,
Will be with this poor fleeting World deſtroy'd.
Height can't ſecure Thee, but a prudent Zeal;
A Peace ill-founded never long can laſt.
New Garments can't an ulcer'd Heart conceal,
Nor Thou be better, tho not what thou waſt.
In Me thy Strength alone, thy Safety ſtands;
I change the Heart, and I reform the Mind;
Who leaves Me, quickly feels Hell's weighty Bands,
And from *one Danger* ſnatch'd, will *greater Dangers* find.

A

A Prayer for Purity and Wiſdom.

SHEW Me, Lord, O ſhew thy Face!
O confirm my Heart with Grace!
Strengthen, Lord, my fainting Mind,
Now to worthleſs Cares inclin'd:
Waſh my Eyes from needleſs Tears!
Purge my Soul from Doubts and Fears!
Purge it from impure Deſires,
If it Gold or Dirt admires:
All alas! is Tranſitory;
All a Fiction, all a Story;
All a Blaſt, an empty Lie,
All vexatious Vanity!
Why ſhould I a Shade purſue?
I alas! am dying too.
Give Me *Wiſdom*, Lord, to ſee
All's but Dirt compar'd with Thee.
Heav'nly Wiſdom, *Jeſus!* ſend Me!
That, while common Sweets attend Me,
I may fix my Heart above,
And *Thee* more than *all things* love.

Teach Me, Lord, to know Thee more,
Shew Me all the wondrous Store

Of Myſterious Providence,
And enlarge my Soul and Senſe!

If Thou make Me truly Wiſe,
I'll the fawning World deſpiſe;
Bear with humble Patience thoſe
Who my Peaceful Courſe oppoſe.
Wiſdom always keeps the Field,
Won't to noiſy Language yield,
Scorns the Fool's prepoſt'rous choice,
Scorns the Sirens charming Voice;
Walks in Holy Paths ſecure,
Of Divine Protection ſure.
Send *it*, O my Saviour, ſend *it*,
I'll with humbleſt Vows attend it.

XXVIII.

Thou ſhalt be hid from the Scourge of the Tongue.

Chriſt.

MY Son, ne're murmur, tho the World accuſe
Thy *ſpotleſs Name*, thy *Innocence* abuſe.
When *that's* all paſt, thy modeſt Thoughts muſt own
Thy *Self ſtill worſe*, as to thy *Self beſt known*;
They

They charge Thee *deep*, but Thou canſt quickly find
Guilt *deeper* far diſturb thy conſcious Mind.
Try to be pure indeed; ſome Words have prov'd
Bleſt healing *Balms*, tho firſt by *Malice* mov'd.
Live huſh'd in Silence, tho thy Fate's ſevere,
And undiſturb'd their laviſh Language hear;
True Innocence will heavenly Beauties ſhow
Thro' all that noiſom *Dirt* the *villain World* can throw.

No *real Peace* their *kinder Words* could raiſe,
It's equal to Thee if they *Curſe or Praiſe*,
Thou'lt ſtill remain unalter'd, ſtill the ſame,
How e're they mangle thy advancing Fame.
In Me thy Peace, thy real Glory lies;
And He who can the common World deſpiſe,
Who neither fawns, nor fears a ſnarling Age,
May in thoſe Sweets of endleſs Peace engage;
From ſenſleſs Fears and Love's Diſtractions riſe,
The Soul well pois'd above the World's encumbrance flies.

XXIX.

Count it all Joy when ye fall into divers Temptations.

Bel. BLEST, Lord, O bleſt be thy great Name,
From whom my Sufferings gently came,
Who with a Father's tender hands,
Such Trials for his Son commands!
They come! They come! nor can I fly,
But open to their Laſhes lie;
Only in thy extended Arms
I hope to reſt ſecur'd from Harms.
Let, Lord, O let thy Rod to Me
Correction and Inſtruction be!
Lord, of my ſelf, with fretful Rage
I'd ſtill againſt thy Hand engage;
No Patience I, no humble Mind
Within my wretched Self can find.
What ſhall I ſay, dear Father, now?
Beneath thy weighty Strokes I bow;
O ſave me from the threatning Hour!
Or act me with thy ſaving Power;
Till humbler for my Follies grown,
I may thy wondrous Mercies own!
I'm *Poor*, I'm *Nothing*, but by *Thee*,
Save, Lord, O ſave and reſcue Me!

Patience

Patience, bleſt God! thy Patience give,
And I'll without repining live.
Be Thou my God, be Thou my Aid,
And, tho beneath vaſt Mountains laid,
That Weight I'll uncomplaining bear,
And ſhake off all the Terrors of inſulting Fear.

What ſhall I ſay my God to Thee,
But, *Do thy Pleaſure Lord with Me?*
I merit Wrath, and thence for Woes
And Sufferings would my Thoughts compoſe.
In them, O may I Patience ſhow,
Till off theſe rugged Tempeſts blow!
Thy mighty Hand alone can Me
From all *the Tempter's* Furies free,
Baffle his Rage, and break his Might,
And ſave Me from approaching Night.
Save Me, my God, as when of old
Thou couldſt my fainting Heart uphold!
I groan beneath thy weighty Chains,
ThyHand can heal myWounds, and eaſe my ſmarting (Pains.

XXX.

My Grace is ſufficient for Thee.

Chriſt.

LO! I'm that God, *my Son*, who comforts Thee,
Come then in Sufferings, only come to Me!

Comfort thou want'ſt, and Comforts ſoon would'ſt have,
Would'ſt Thou with greater Warmth my Comforts crave.
But Thou'dſt *firſt* to the *World's Aſſiſtance* fly,
I'm but a Refuge in Extremity;
But all thy hopes are vain, till thou canſt own
Me, *Me the Saviour of the Juſt alone.*
No Creature-Aids, or Arts, or Counſels can
Remove thoſe Sufferings which my Hands began.
Reſume thy Spirits then! the Skies grow clear,
And bright again my Mercy's Beams appear;
Once more I'll raiſe thy Head, thy State reſtore,
As *Job* ſeverely try'd, was happier than before.

What? is there any thing that's *hard to Me?*
When e're I promis'd, was I falſe to Thee?
Ah where's thy Faith! Thy ſacred Confidence!
Stand faſt for ſhame! Heroick Faith commence!
Be brave! be bold! The *Time of Comfort's* nigh,
I now on rapid Wings to help Thee fly.
Let Hell's black Tyrant rage, let Nature fear;
Thy Temper ſhake; lo! I at hand appear!
Why ſhould *Futurities* torment thy Mind?
Sorrows alone ſuch *dark Enquiries* find.

To

To *Day thou liv'ſt* indeed: and can't *To day*
Lay Cares enough in thy uncertain way?
Such buſy Thoughts are vain and uſeleſs all,
Wiſdom will ne'r be ſcar'd with what may ne'r befal.

But what can narrow Souls impriſon'd do?
Shamm'd off with *Air*, and *gull'd* with *empty ſhow?*
The gaudy Shadow draws their longing Eyes,
But ſwift as Dreams, the *gaudy Shadow* flies.
Hell would abuſe Thee, but ne're cares if Thou
To *Sin barefac'd* or *painted Vertues* bow.
If Love of *preſent things* diſtract thy Soul,
Or *future Hopes* thy *future Fears* controul,
Stand faſt! believe me! on my Mercy reſt!
Perhaps when Sorrows moſt aſſault thy Breaſt,
When Hopes all ruin'd, Joys all loſt appear,
I'm then *my Self* with vaſt Advantage near.
Tho things go croſs, they mayn't be deſperate quite,
A ſudden Proſpect may confound the ſight;
And He's *too weak*, who ſinks and drowns for fear,
When any Means untri'd to reach the Shores appear.

What tho I laſh thee now? or ſeem to hide
My cheerful Glories? or in Clouds reſide?
My Methods lead Thee tow'rd Eternal Light,
Thou'rt puniſh'd thus, but not deſerted quite;

My Saints more Bleſſings in Afflictions find,
Than when the World is to their Wills reſign'd.
I know thy ſecret unſhap'd Thoughts, and know
A ſhort Receſs, a little Cloud below
May humble Thee, the Price of Heaven enhance,
And thy Salvation's happy means advance.
I gave; I take the Gift I gave before,
And can, when e're I pleaſe, the welcom Gift reſtore.

I gave, but gave my *proper Gifts* alone;
I took, yet took not *Thine*, but took *my own*.
Each *truly Good*, each *perfect Gift* is *Mine*,
Its Nature uſeful, and its Source Divine.
Then at my Diſpenſations ne're repine,
Nor murmur, tho a ſharper Lot be Thine.
Faint not! Complain not! Night the Morning brings,
And *healing Joys* drop from my balmy Wings.
I ſoon can make the weighty Burden light,
And Patience with illuſtrious Crowns requite;
And when *I ſink* Thee, or thy Fortunes *raiſe*,
The World my Wiſdom will my awful Juſtice praiſe.

Could'ſt thou be wiſe, & Truth, tho deep, deſcry,
Thou'dſt ne're beneath my Rod dejected lie:
Affliction would thy happy Temper raiſe,
Thy Faith would flouriſh, & thy Lamp would blaze;
Snuff'd

Snuff'd by the ruffling Winds to ſhine more bright,
But not by rougheſt Storms extinguiſh'd quite.
Nay Thou'ldſt be Rapture all and Extaſy,
So *kindly*, tho ſo *ſharply* laſh'd by Me.
Thou'lt be *a Son* if thou endure *the Rod*,
A *Saint*, if *thankful* to a *frowning God.*
Thus to my Friends I oft diſcourſt of old,
When I their *Buſineſs and Rewards* foretold,
You, You my Brethren to my Heart are near,
As I'm to my immortal Father dear;
Yet them I ſent, not to deluding *Joys*,
But *bloody Fields*, and *Battel's* dreadful noiſe.
Not that the World ſhould at their Footſteps fall,
But to be trampled and be ſcorn'd by All;
Not to a lazy Life, but mighty Toils;
Not to a downy Sleep, but endleſs Broils;
That forth they might the Fruits of Patience bring,
And in the ſharpeſt Winter's Froſts maintain a conſtant Spring.

XXXI.

Have not my Hands made all theſe things?

Believer.

LORD, wouldſt thou have *Me* come to *Thee*,
Where Earth nor Hell ſhall trouble Me?
Then I'll greater Grace implore,
Give Me, Lord, O give me more! While

While thus clog'd I ne're can fly,
Ne're approach the peaceful Sky;
Yet I fain would ſoar; I long,
And as oft repeat the Song,
Who will wing me like the Dove?
Then I'd fly and reſt above.
What excels a ſingle Eye?
What enjoys a Liberty,
Like the Soul which longs for nothing,
Strip't of all inferiour Clothing?
O may I o're-paſs the Creature!
Scorn my own defective Nature!
Live in height of Extaſy!
And thy Excellencies ſee!
He who can't the World reſign,
Ne're can think of things Divine:
Hence *ſo few* for Contemplations,
Hence *ſo few* for Meditations;
Still the tranſient Creature holds them,
And in treacherous Arms enfolds them.

But O what wondrous Grace muſt make
The Soul thoſe noble Courſes take!
Yet the Soul, while captiv'd here,
Can the Creatures Fetters wear;
Not to God himſelf united,
Not with Holy Flames excited; *Lit-*

Little, can but *little* know,
While oppreſt with Weights below.
Long that poor polluted Soul
Muſt in common Ordure roll,
Which ne're looks above the Skies,
Where the Great, the Good, the Wiſe,
Our Almighty Lord alone
Holds his everlaſting Throne.
All which is not good nor laſting,
Pleaſures valu'd much, but waſting,
Quickly *all*, *which is not God*,
Should beneath our feet be trod.
O how high, how vaſt a diſtance
He who ſoars by Love's Aſſiſtance,
He whoſe wiſe and pure Devotions
Elevate his ſacred Notions,
Raptur'd and Contemplative,
O're the Common World muſt live.
High our Wits and Fancies may
Mount to reach the ſource of Day;
High our ſtudious Heads aſpire,
Much attain, and more deſire.
Nobler are thoſe Influences
Which the ſacred Dove diſpenſes;
Leſs *from all our ſtudious years*,
Than *from thence at once* appears.

Some

Some fain to Extaſy would riſe,
But hate the previous Exerciſe.
Paſſions mortify'd are grievous,
Nor can groveling Senſe relieve us.
Ah! what fooliſh Lights abuſe us!
Ah! what vain Deſigns amuſe us!
What ſtrange Spirits delude *Us* all,
Who *our ſelves Believers* call!
How we rob *our ſelves* of Pleaſures!
How we graſp at airy Treaſures!
Moil and Toil, *our ſelves* tormenting,
And a thouſand ways inventing
How we may *our ſelves* undo,
And eternal Flames purſue!
While our Souls are ne're reſpected,
But our Future State's neglected!

Ah wretched we who think a while,
But ſtraight looſe Dreams our Hearts beguile!
Our weak Thoughts no bounds can bear,
Nor the recollecting Care:
Neither weigh we Words or Actions,
But delight in vain Diſtractions,
Where our looſe Affections fly,
Tho our *All's* Impurity.
Cares nor *Griefs* can e're retard us,
Tho the *loweſt Hells* reward us.

Hu-

Humane Crimes the *former World*
All beneath a Deluge hurl'd;
And *our inward Parts* perverted,
Make our Actions, when exerted,
Fooliſh, ſenſleſs, filthy all,
Deep beneath *Damnation* fall.
Let the Heart be pure indeed,
Happy Fruits will thence proceed.

What has the Hero done? we cry,
But ne're examine *How* nor *Why*.
Thoſe who Valiant, Rich and Fair,
Thoſe who witty Writers are,
Thoſe who ſing with ſweeteſt Art,
Or can do the Workman's part;
Such are courted, ſuch admir'd,
But no real Good deſir'd.
Who'll the *Poor in Spirit* praiſe?
Who the Meek and Patient raiſe?
Where's the living Saint, whoſe Name
Flutters on the Wings of Fame?
None e're court 'um, none admire 'um,
Nor till dead and loſt deſire 'um:
Nature *outward Gifts* adores,
Grace the *inward Man* explores.
We're in Nature oft miſtaken,
But the Man was ne're forſaken

Who to God Himself appli'd,
And his Love and Mercies tri'd.

XXXII.

Except a Man forsake all, He cannot be my Disciple.

Christ.

WHat I, my Son, so oft declar'd before,
The more repeated, must affect thee more.
Deny thy Self, or never hope to be
Possest in full of perfect Liberty.
Those who their own sole Interests regard,
The self-fond, eager, curious, wandring Herd,
Who all for soft unstable things enquire,
But neither Christ nor Christian Rules desire,
Tho ne're so gaily trap'd, are Prisoners all,
And soon from their fictitious Glories fall.
What springs not out from God must quickly fade;
Let this then be thy Rule of Practice made,
Leave thou but All, and All thou soon shalt find;
Forsake thy Lusts, thou'lt get a peaceful Mind.
Remember this; and when thou mak'st it good,
All necessary Truths will soon be understood.

Bel. But, Lord, this Task one single Day
Can't end, nor is it Childish Play;

This

This one ſhort Rule, without conſtraint
Or Gloſs, would make a perfect Saint.

Chriſt. Droop not, my Son! nor faint to hear
What rugged Courſe the perfect Saint muſt ſteer,
But upward tow'rd the Skies thy Head ſublimely bear.
O couldſt thou once thy ſelf deny,
With mine and my great Father's Will comply,
Pure Joys and Love and Peace ſhould then around thee fly.
Thou ſtill muſt many Things forſake,
Nor canſt Thou of immortal Bliſs partake,
Till thou of all below a juſt Reſignment make.
Buy then Gold well refin'd of Me,
From worldly Wit and Self-indulgence free.
Graſp at Celeſtial Senſe, and bleſt Eternity!
Aim not at mighty things below,
On Heavenly Wiſdom all thy Thoughts beſtow,
How e'r deſpis'd on Earth the wondrous Larges grow.
That true Humility will prize,
That many preach, whoſe Life the Truth denies,
While it like ſome fair Gem loſt in the Quarry lies.

XXXIII.

My Son, give me thy Heart!

Christ.

NE're in thy roving Thoughts, my Son, confide,
They'l *fix* to Day, to Morrow *change* their
side;
While to a wretched load of Earth confin'd,
Thou'lt suffer always by a changing Mind;
Now sad, now pleasant, now serenely blest,
Straight with a thousand inborn Storms oppress;
Deep in Devotions now, but soon profane;
Now studious, quickly in a slothful strain;
Now wondrous grave, and soon as light & vain.
The Man of sense that various Humours scorns,
While sacred Art his happy Life adorns,
On God, his Polar Star, he'll fix his Eye,
Furl all his Sails, and not to Windward ply,
But through rough Tides with Oars his Passage
force,
And to his heavenly Port direct his constant Course.

Sometimes the wisest Christian Pilot may
Encroaching Sleep's Lethean Drops obey:

Some

Some humane Frailties Fleſh and Blood ſurround,
And ſelfiſh Dreams the ſteddy Soul confound.
They ſeek for Heav'n, but ſeek for Pleaſure too,
And *double Ways* with *double Hearts* purſue.
So when bleſt *Mary*'s Brother left the Grave,
And, to his Maſter, Death reſign'd his Slave,
To *Bethany* the Jews in Troops repair'd,
With curious Thoughts; but more alas! prepar'd
To gaze on *Lazarus* to Life reſtor'd,
Than to obey themſelves their Lord's reviving (Word.
Clear thy Intention firſt, direct it true,
And then with ſteddy ſteps thy Holy Courſe purſue.

XXXIV.

That God may be All in All.

Bel. MY God's *my All*, my Soul's deſire,
How can I greater Bliſs require?
Sweet Note, dear charming Name to Me,
Who hate inferiour Vanity.
My God, my deareſt Lord, my All!
I'd oft the pleaſing Sound recal,
How *all things* ſmile when Thou art here,
But dead, when Thou withdraw'ſt, appear.
Thou fill'ſt the peaceful Soul with Joy,
Thy Works thy chearful Saints employ,

Thy Name in every Work they praiſe,
And Trophies to thy Goodneſs raiſe.
Without Thee *nothing ſweet* we find,
But when thy Grace adorns the Mind,
Then *all things* ſavour well, and we
Thy Hand in all thy Works of Wonder ſee.

Bleſt with thy Love we reliſh All;
Without thee nothing taſte but Gall.
Here witty Worldlings groſly fail,
Where Vanity and Death prevail.
But *thoſe* who can the World ſubdue,
And *Fleſh and Blood* with Scorn purſue,
Such happy Men are wiſe indeed,
Such happy Men to Truth proceed
From Vanity; from Fleſh and Blood,
To all that's Holy, all that's Good.
The Creature's nobleſt Character
Theſe to its Maker's Praiſe refer,
And can a juſt Diſtinction find
Between the whole Created Kind,
And Him who made them; and between
What in our fleeting Years is ſeen,
And what includes Eternity;
Between that Light we daily ſee,
And that which centers in the Deity.

O Thou Eternal Light Divine,
With thy All-piercing Glories ſhine
Quite thro' this gloomy Heart of mine.

Purge, make me glad, illuminate,
New Life within my Soul create!
And raiſe Me to a raptur'd State!

O come! O come bleſt long'd for hour,
On me thy quickning Favours ſhower!
And let me feel thy nearer Power!

No Joys, Dear Lord, can perfect be
Till I *that happy Inſtant* ſee,
And *Thou art All in All* to Me.

Still *Adam*'s Luſts in Me reſide,
Not yet, not throughly crucify'd,
They've bled, but never truly dy'd.

The Fleſh againſt the Spirit arms,
My Soul with fiery Diſcord warms,
And with unceaſing Wounds alarms.

O Thou whoſe great Command the Sea,
The rugged Waves and Winds obey,
O help! O hear thy Servant pray!

With thy Almighty Arm ſurprize,
And cruſh my *inward Enemies*,
Who ſtill in Arms againſt me riſe!

O let me all thy Wonders view,
My Hopes, my Shelter, Lord, renew,
While I thy Smiles alone, my Lord! my God! purſue.

XXXV.

Bleſſed is the Man who endureth Temptation.

Chriſt.

THY Life, my Son! can ne'r of Health be ſure,
Unleſs *thy Heart* Celeſtial Arms ſecure:
While helliſh Foes *thy trembling Heart* ſurround,
The Shield of Patience muſt repel the Wound.
Fix then on Me, for Me reſolv'dly dare,
For *Me*, for *Sufferings*, and for Wounds prepare:
So may'ſt thou blow the Flames of ſacred Love,
And reach the Palms of glorious Saints above.
Thy Foes then with a Manly Force repel;
The Conqueror may be crown'd, while Daſtards ſink to Hell.

Would'ſt Thou on Earth with Peace and Eaſe be bleſt?
Then never dream of Heaven's Eternal Reſt;

Reſt

Reſt is a fooliſh Purchaſe here below,
For Patience all thy Studies here beſtow! (Earth;
True Peace ſprings out from Heav'n, and not from
God, not the Creature, gives that Bleſſing birth;
Pains, Sorrows, Tortures, Griefs, Temptations,
Woes,
Wrongs, Wants, Reproofs, Confuſions, Scandals,
Blows,
Theſe for the Love of God muſt all be born,
And Patience ſtill the Sufferer's Life adorn;
Theſe edg true Valour, theſe the Chriſtian Soul
Beneath the Standard of their Lord enroll;
Theſe Trials that unfading Crown compoſe,
Thoſe Honours which entwine the Brows of
thoſe,
Who to endure the worſt of Earthly Furies choſe.

Or can'ſt Thou dream to live at *Peace within*,
Unmov'd by Scruples, and unſhock'd by Sin?
Such Eaſe no pious Saints of old procur'd,
But Cares, Temptations, Doubts and Fears endur'd.
They in *their God*, and not *themſelves* would truſt,
True to their King, to their Engagements juſt.
They knew *theſe Woes* could no Proportion bear
To *thoſe bright Wreaths* triumphant Martyrs wear.

Or would'ſt *Thou*, Child! *with eaſe, at once*, obtain,
What *they* could ſcarce with Tears and Labours
gain? 2082
No: but on God with Manly Courage wait,
Take Comfort in him, nor diſtruſt thy fate;
And to his Honour with a chearful Note,
Thy Self, thy Body, and thy Soul devote:
I'll pay thee, and thy ſuffering State ſhall be
A boundleſs Treaſure of immortal Wealth to Thee.

XXXVI.

Be not afraid of them, neither fear their Words; tho Briars and Thorns be with Thee, and Thou dwell among Scorpions.

Chriſt.

ON Me O let thy Heart ſecurely reſt! 2089
A guiltleſs Conſcience in a guiltleſs Breaſt,
The Cenſures of a thoughtleſs World may ſcorn,
Above their ſpite on Wings of Honour born.
It's Godlike Great in all things to be good,
And yet by Malice falſly underſtood.
Tho Men are blind, God viſits Innocence,
And to his own will nobler Joys diſpenſe.

The

The Faithleſs World will things at random call,
Nor could an Angel hope to pleaſe them all.
Great *Paul* devoted to his Maſter's Name,
Firſt *pleas'd his God*; then *All to All became*;
Yet laſh'd by ſilly Tongues, their Senſe deſpis'd,
Scorn'd all their Cenſures, & by Heaven adviſ'd,
In *holy Freedom* ſtill his Conſcience exercis'd.

He all his Strength, his Zeal, his Wiſdom us'd,
And ſaving Light thro' gloomy Worlds diffus'd;
The real Price of Humane Souls enhanc'd,
And their Inſtruction and their Health advanc'd:
Yet could not he a fooliſh World reſtrain,
Unſcourg'd, unjudg'd, or undeſpis'd remain;
But when he found the World to Lies reſign'd,
Noiſy as Seas, and faithleſs as the Wind,
Weak and Miſtaken, but aſſuming more
Than ſuted with their Wit's exhauſted Store,
With humble Patience to his Maker He
Referr'd his Caſe, whoſe piercing Eye could ſee
His ſpotleſs Innocence and Integrity:
Leſt Scandal yet ſhould from his Silence riſe,
Or Fools ſhould think their laviſh Cenſures wiſe,
Sometimes He'd check their *Follies* with *ſevere Replies.*

Why then shouldst thou poor fading Mortals fear,
Who live to Day, to Morrow won't appear?
Fear God, but live above *their Pride and Scorn*,
Whose Flouts and Censures on themselves return.
Who wound themselves when at thy Head they fly,
And ne'r can put their Maker's Judgment by.
Look up to God, but ne'r with Fools contend,
Tho with their weight, Thou seem at first to bend.
Dash'd with their Impudence, and all confus'd,
And undeserv'dly by the Croud abus'd;
Fret not, nor with thy own impatient Air,
The Beauties of thy glorious Crown impair.
Wait thou on God, He'll quickly rescue Thee,
Set Thee from Wrongs and all Confusions free;
And as thy Suffering's great, thy kind Reward shall be.

XXXVII.

Casting all your Care upon him, for he careth for you.

Chr. TO find *Me*, O my Son! *thy Self* forsake!
When from *Self-fondness* throughly wean'd,
More great thy Gains will be.
Grace full Possession of thy Soul shall take,
When by resigning Vertue clean'd,
And from Relapses free.

Believer.

Believer.

How far, Lord! and in what muſt we
So freely leave our ſelves for Thee?

Chriſt.

My Rules in *all* both *Things and Times* obey,
There's no *Reſerve*; but, ſtript of All,
Thou more belov'd wilt be.
Thou of *thy Self* I'm ſure can'ſt ne'r convey
(While *Thee* the *Fleſh his own* can call)
A *Title good* to Me.
The ſooner thou can'ſt lay *Dear Self* aſide,
The ſtronger far, the more ſincere
Thy Thoughts to God ſhall move;
The ſooner I'll within thy Breaſt reſide,
Thy Soul more to thy Maker dear,
Thy Minutes kinder prove.
Some to their God *by halves* themſelves reſign,
And won't on Providence rely,
But for themſelves provide.
Some give up *All*, but tempted, ſoon decline,
And to ſecure *old Property*,
Throw *Truth* it ſelf aſide.

Thoſe

Thoſe who at uncorrupted Freedoms aim,
And Union and Fruition too
With Me their Lord above,
Muſt *daily* and *at once themſelves* diſclaim,
The Fleſh with ſerious Hate purſue,
And ſcorn inferiour Love.
Oft have I *ſaid* it, and *repeat* it now;
Give o're thy ſelf, thy ſelf *reſign*,
And inward Peace obtain.
Give All *for* All! *No blind Reſerves allow*,
On God with ſteddy Faith recline,
And God thy Soul ſhall gain.
No Darkneſs then, no Chains ſhall compaſs thee.
Sigh then and pray, and ſtrive to get
That *ſelf-reſigning Grace*;
Then *Naked* quite, from vain Pretences free,
Thou ſhalt, above thy Nature ſet,
A naked Chriſt embrace.
Die to thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt *live to Me*;
Vain Troubles then, vain Dreams and Cares
Away like ſmoke ſhall fly.
Then no immoderate Fears ſhall torture thee,
No ſenſual Loves ſhall ſpread their Snares
For thee, but ſink and die.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Commit thy Works to the Lord, and all thy Thoughts ſhall be eſtabliſh'd.

Chriſt.

MY Son, be watchful, and *thy Self* command;
No Slave, but Maſter o're *the Creature* ſtand;
Let God, no little Mercenary Tool,
No fawning *Thing* thy Thoughts or Actions rule.
An *Iſraelite indeed*, by Grace made free,
No *preſent Joys* but *future Hopes* can ſee,
Looks but askance on what beneath him lies,
But with an Eagle's ſharpneſs views the Skies.
Makes every Creature, as by God deſign'd,
His uſeful Slaves, as that Almighty Mind
All to Submiſſions firſt to Lordly Man confin'd.

Judg not of all Events by what appears;
Falſe Stories oft abuſe our Eyes and Ears,
God's Help, like *Amram's Son* of old, implore,
He'll guide thee better, and inſtruct Thee more
Than all thy little Teachers could before.
Moſes, in doubts, ſtraight to his Maker flew,
The Strength of Prayers *that Man of Wonders* knew;

No

No Dangers He, no noisy Tumults fear'd,
While God so quickly to his Prayers appear'd.
Fly Thou too to Him, and with Vows sincere
Approach thy God, and his Advices hear!
Then *Gibeon Jacob's careless Tribes* abus'd,
When they to ask his blest Advice refus'd,
And well forg'd Tales believ'd, and foreign
Dainties us'd.

XXXIX.

Lest your Hearts be overcharg'd with the Cares of this World.

Chr. MY Son, to me commit thy weighty Cares,
I'll manage, order, bless thy great Affairs.

Believ. I, Lord, my *All* submit to Thee;
For vain my little Cares would be,
Should I thro' *future Secrets* pry,
And not with thy *reveal'd Advice* comply.

Chr. My Son, Man *hotly* oft a *Toy pursues*,
But when He near at hand the Quarry views,
Laughs at his Purchase, gives himself the Lie,
And straight at large his random Fancies fly.
He's wise who can Himself in *little things* deny.

He's

He's moſt a Chriſtian who Himſelf denies,
He walks at large, and down in Safety lies.
Hell's Prince indeed no fatal Arts forbears,
But Day and Night he lays his deadly Snares,
Longs for a ſtraggling Soul, a thoughtleſs Prey;
Watch then, to me with ſtrict Devotions pray,
I'll guard thy Sleeps by Night, ſecure thy Joys by Day.

XL.

He who glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

Believer.

LORD what's poor Man, or Man's infected Race,
So pity'd yet, ſo kindly own'd by Thee?
How Lord can He deſerve thy Grace?
Or how, ſhould I deſerted be,
Can I murmur or complain,
If I can't my Prayers obtain!
This I'll acknowledg, *Nothing* Lord am I,
Can *Nothing* do; and *Nothing* good contain,
Defective too and uſeleſs lie,
Till I thy kind Aſſiſtance gain,
And both looſe and cold muſt be,
Till inſtructed Lord by Thee.

Thou art, and art the Same eternally,
Good, Holy, Juſt, and all thy Actions ſo;
But backward and unactive I,
And thro a thouſand Changes go;
And uncertain Vanity
Has its Center, Lord, in Me.
But when thy Helping Hand, ſufficient ſure
Without Man's Aids, ſupports my trembling Soul,
My State may mend, my Self endure
Unchang'd, and reach the glorious Goal;
And enjoy Security,
Truſting, reſting, Lord, in Thee.
Could I but caſt all *Worldly Comforts* by,
Forc't from without, or for Devotions ſake,
And to *thy ſelf* for *Shelter* fly,
When Man of Me no Care would take,
I might juſtly hope for Grace,
And again to ſee thy Face.
Prais'd be my God who grants Me all Succeſs:
So bleſt, can I vile Nothing! fondly boaſt?
It ſhould my *Self-Conceit* repreſs,
To think of Grace or Glory loſt.
He, who gapes for Praiſe or Pleaſures,
Loſes Vertue's ſureſt Treaſures.

In

In Thee to glory, to rejoice in Thee,
Is real Glory, and ſubſtantial Joy;
Prais'd be thy Name, thy Works by Me!
This Lord may all my Hopes imploy;
Tho I'm *all Infirmity*,
Always all my Joy's in Thee.
Let *Fools* ſeek Worldly Praiſe; I beg but Thine:
praiſe, Honour, Worldly Greatneſs, when compar'd
With endleſs Glories, dimly ſhine.
Bleſt Trinity, my God! my Guard!
Glory, Honour, Praiſe to Thee
Thro Eternal Ages be!

XLI.

I receive not Honour from Men.

Chriſt.

THO trampled o're when others thrive and riſe,
Fret not, my Son! but raiſe thy faithful Eyes
To Me; no worldly Scorns ſhall then thy Heart
ſurprize.

Believer.

I'm Blind, Lord, loſt in Vanity,
Elſe, O my God, I ſoon ſhould ſee,

No

No Creature e're had injur'd Me;
Nor could I now complain to Thee.
Since oft my Sins *thy Throne* alarm,
Againſt me all the World ſhould arm:
Shame and Confuſion's due to Me;
But Praiſe and Glory, Lord, to Thee.
And till I have my Heart ſubdu'd,
My haughty Heart, to bear the rude
Aſſaults of every Creature here,
And Nothing to my ſelf appear;
No inward Peace, no ſacred Light,
Can me to Reſt or Joys invite,
Or to Eternal God my wandring Soul unite.

XLII.

Not as the World giveth give I unto you.

Chriſt.

NE're with thy own vain Thoughts, my Son comply,
Nor on a *Man* for *Friendſhip* caſt thine Eye;
Unleſs thould'ſt live *involv'd*, *unſtable* die.

If Thou on living, laſting Truth rely,
Unmourn'd thy Friends may live, unmourn'd may die,
Be they *Love's Circle*, but the Center I.

The

The beſt of Men ſhould be belov'd *for Me*;
Friendſhip *without Me* muſt uncertain be;
I only bleſs it with Eternity.

Die, die, my Son! to all Affections here;
Thou'lt then no loneſom Rocks or Deſarts fear:
Who leaves Earth's Joys, may to his God be near.

Search but thy Boſom firſt, *thy ſelf* to know;
Thou daily to *thy ſelf* wilt *viler* grow,
And *higher* tow'rd *thy mighty Maker* go.

But He, who *Worth* within *Himſelf* can find,
Muſt to his *God's Superiour Grace* be blind;
His Spirit only loves the *lowly Mind.*

Wer't Thou from Love of *Self* and *Creatures* free,
My Grace ſhould flow in mighty Streams on Thee:
But few the *Maker* thro his *Works* can ſee.

Subdue *thy ſelf* for *Me!* thou'lt grow more light,
Thy Mind more towring, and thy Wiſdom bright;
But *ſmalleſt Toys* belov'd retard the *nobleſt Flight.*

XLIII.

The Kingdom of God is not in Word but in Power.

Christ.

DEſpiſe fine Words, my Son, and ſmart Replies;
God's Kingdom not in Words, but Practice lies.
My Words clear up the Mind, enflame the Heart,
Sorrows unfeign'd, and ſerious Joys impart:
Read 'um, but not with Critick Art or Wit.
To *mortify* thy ſecret *Luſts* ſubmit:
Mortification will more uſeful be,
Than all the ſubtle Quirks of empty Sophiſtry.

When Thou haſt made vaſt Learnings *Circle*, all
Muſt on one little Point, one *Center* fall.
I teach Men Knowledg, and a purer Senſe
To *Babes*, than *Men* can e're to *Men* diſpenſe.
Where I Inſtructions ſacred Light diſcloſe,
The Soul more large, more full the Wiſdom grows.
But Wo to *Thoſe* who Curious Arts explore,
And ſlightly paſs my happy Service o're!
Chriſt, the great Teachers Teacher, whoſe Command
Bright Angels own, will ſoon in Judgment ſtand.

Examine

Examine all his Followers throughly o're,
The *Conſcience* with impartial Eyes explore;
Search all his Churches, as with Torches, thro;
Expoſe *the works of Darkneſs* all to view;
And Men of *Learned Tongues* with Judgment's weight purſue.

I *in an inſtant* raiſe the Humble Soul,
And make it ſtretch to Truth's Eternal Goal;
And *in a moment* more of Senſe to uſe,
Than Schools can in a *Life's long Courſe* infuſe.
No noiſy Words, no Novel Schemes confus'd,
No titled Pride, no Arguments abus'd
Are heard with Me; I nobler Thoughts inſpire,
To ſcorn the World, and from its Joys retire;
To reliſh, and to ſeek Eternity;
To bear with Scandals, and from Praiſe to fly;
In Me to hope, my Smiles alone deſire,
And not to foreign Loves or Worldly Gains aſpire.

My Saints, for Love of Me, their Silence broke,
Knew Wonders, and Myſterious Wonders ſpoke.
More Knowledg too by *Leaving All* obtain'd,
Than they before by nice Diſtinctions gain'd.
Yet I to ſome but *Common things* diſcloſe;
To ſome my Grace *peculiar Notions* ſhows.

In Signs and Dreams ſome read my Sacred Will:
Some I with Myſtick Revelations fill.
Books ſpeak to all alike, but all alike
Can't on the Point of Holy Learning ſtrike.
I only teach them Inward Truths, and I (ſcry:
Search all their Hearts, and all their Thoughts de-
I give their Undertakings juſt Succeſs;
And, as I judg it beſt, with various Favours bleſs.

XLIV.

Neither make thy ſelf over wiſe.

Chriſt.

MY Son, ſometimes a *learned Ignorance*
Will more thy Intereſts advance, (mire.
Than all that Learning which vain Worlds ad-
To be quite Crucifi'd to Earth below,
An Ear quite deaf to *Sirens* Charms to ſhow,
More Pleaſures, more Delights will give,
Than high in Honour's Throne to live,
Thy Soul with *better Thoughts* of *endleſs Peace* inſpire.
Turn, O turn thy Eyes away
From thoſe *Offences* brutiſh Fools may lay
Before thee: Leave them to their vain Conceits.
He's happier, who from noiſy Jars retreats,

Than

Than He who hopes, alas in vain!
He may a barbarous Age reſtrain.
Stand well with God: If God but ſmile on Thee;
Then Fools, of Conqueſts proud, may ſee
They've only gain'd an Inauſpicious Victory.

Bleſt God, to what a paſs the World is come!
Men mourn for Croſſes,
And lament their Loſſes
By Sea, by Land, Abroad, at Home,
Spend tedious Days and Nights,
And renounce their Lives Delights,
To get a poor Subſiſtence here;
But of *their Souls* they never dream,
Their *Souls!* a melancholick trifling Theme!
For *them* they'd not an Angel's Warnings hear:
They hunt for *Shadows*, and for *Flies*,
And *the One neceſſary thing* deſpiſe;
Bent all on outward Follies, thoughtleſs all,
Unleſs a Gracious God their flying Senſe recal.

XLV.

The Simple believeth every Word.

Bel. SInce Human Health and Helps are vain,
Lord, let me thy Aſſiſtance gain!
Of *promis'd Aids* I oft have fail'd;

Where *none were promis'd*, oft prevail'd.
Men are eſſential Vanity;
But all our Health and Hope's in Thee.
Bleſt be my Lord, my God, in All
Which on his faithful Servants fall.
But loſt, infirm, unſtable We,
A Maſs of dull Miſtakes and Mutability!
What happy Man ſo wiſely keeps
His Soul; He neither nods nor ſleeps;
Rarely miſtakes, is ne're perplext,
Nor with Events ſurprizing vext?
He, who has fixt his Heart on Thee,
Alone can from thoſe *Rubs* be free:
He when in Sorrow's Chains involv'd,
By Thee ſhall have his Bonds diſſolv'd.
None e're was loſt, or caſt aſide,
Who on thy kind Supports rely'd:
Friends may deceive Us; Thou alone
Art always *Faithful*, always *One*.

O were it ſo but once with Me,
My Hopes ſecurely built on Thee!
My Heart no ſilly Fears would move,
And Words of Spite would idle prove.
Who can all future Ills foreſee?
Or who from ſudden Wounds be free?

I,

I, who to glorying Language yield,
Am hurt, becauſe without a Shield.
Men are but *frail*, alas! decay'd;
Tho by our Flatterers *Angels* made.
Whom ſhould I credit, Lord, but Thee,
Thou great Eternal Verity?
But Men are Liars, changing, weak,
And vainly act, and vainly ſpeak,
Falſly with neareſt Neighbours deal, (conceal.
And with their Oily Words their venom'd Hearts

That I ſhould of Mankind beware,
And of the Adverſary's Snare,
And thoſe who cry, *Lo here! Lo there*,
Thou oft haſt made thy Servant hear.
My Duty now I dearly know,
O may I better, wiſer grow,
Watch o're my Words, and ne'r confide
Another ſhould my Follies hide!
Leſt, when I think I'm ſafe, betray'd,
I ſhould a *common Jeſt* be made.
O grant me thy Protection, Lord,
From treacherous Brutes and Hands abhorr'd!
From Me deceitful Words remove,
My Lips with honeſt *Truth* improve;

It's *Truth* I would in others find,
O mayn't I be my Self to *Lies* inclin'd!

From Tatling and Credulity,
And Words which out unguarded fly,
He'll keep Himself, who'd Peace pursue,
And He'll reveal *Himself* to few.
To Thee, great Lord of Hearts, he flies,
No windy Words his Soul surprize,
But in his Thoughts and all his Deeds,
He by thy sacred Will proceeds.
That I may keep thy Grace Divine,
I shan't for fond Applause design,
Nor vulgar Air; but carefully
My Soul to Life reform'd, and purer Zeal apply.

Man, bloated up with empty Praise,
May like a *slimy Meteor* blaze,
But soon as *shooting Stars* appear,
And fall from his exalted Sphere.
But who in private spends his Days,
Not gaining but deserving Praise,
He thro' his Christian Course walks all in peaceful Ways.

XLVI.

Eſteeming the Reproaches of Chriſt greater Riches than the Treaſures of Egypt.

Chriſt.

ON Me, *My Son*, fix all thy Pains and Care,
For *empty Words* are only *empty Air*.
If Conſcience ſting, to mend thy Life prepare;
If not, think what thou for thy God could'ſt bear:
Frighted with Words, canſt *thou* contend with Blows?
Thy *ſelfiſh* Thoughts thy beſt Reſolves oppoſe.
Scar'd with Reproach, Fig-leaves thy Guilt would uſe,
And with a trifling Plea thy Coward Heart excuſe.

Look thro' thy Boſom then! O ſearch it well!
Cloſe there the World and vain Affections dwell;
Loth to be humbled, or to bluſh for Sin,
Thou ſhow'ſt that World ſtill lives and reigns within.
Hear Me! thou'lt all inferiour Scandal ſlight,
Tho Malice ſhould her utmoſt Force excite.
How ſhould they hurt thee, Son? deſpiſe them all!
They from thy Head can't make one ſingle Hair to fall.

God's

God's Fear and Wiſdom ſcorns the World's Diſ-
And ſober Faith will common Fears efface. (grace,
I, the great Judg, Mens common Practice know,
Who bears the Injury,& who gives the Blow.
I all the Thoughts of gloomy Hearts reveal,
Yet from themſelves the ſecret Teſt conceal,
While to my Sentence *Guilt* and *Innocence* appeal.

Mens Judgments fail, but mine unchang'd remain,
Obſcure to Fools, to Men of Wiſdom *plain*.
To *Mine* then, not *thy Own Deciſions* ſtand.
The Juſt unmov'd may Fate's laſt Force command,
Unvex'd with Malice, and unſhock'd with Lies;
Not Pride but Reaſon is his Exerciſe,
He knows I ſearch the Heart, and try the Reins,
No falſe Appearance e're my Doom reſtrains;
What Fools as Charity and Vertue prize,
Caſts but an ugly Shade in my ſeverer Eyes.

Bel. Juſt Mighty Judg! Dear patient Lord,
To me thy Faith and Strength afford;
Thou knowſt our frail Corruptions all,
How ſhort my Senſe and Wiſdom fall;
Thou knowſt what's to my Self unknown,
I then ſhould thy Chaſtiſements own.

Mercy

Mercy to Me, O Mercy ſhow,
And Pardon and thy Grace beſtow!
Thy Mercy's more indulgent far
Than all our vain Excuſes are.
Tho not *ſelf-conſcious*, I ſhould be
Unfit to plead my Cauſe with Thee;
Without that Mercy, *I* and *All*
Beneath the weighty Strokes of diſmal Vengeance (fall.

XLVII.

For when He is tried, He ſhall receive the Crown of Life.

Chriſt.

LET not, my Son, thoſe Sufferings born for Me,
Thoſe Sorrows thy tyrannic Conquerors be,
But let my Promiſe ſtrengthen, comfort Thee.

I can beyond the largeſt Thoughts repay;
Sorrows continue but for one ſhort Day;
Wait humbly, and they fly on Wings away.

The Time ſhall come when all that Pain and Noiſe
Shall ceaſe, which now thy inward Peace deſtroys;
That's *ſhort* which only *Time's ſhort Bounds* employs.

Up!

Up! riſe to work! with earneſt Toils regard
My Vineyard! then I'll be thy great Reward;
Write, Read, Sigh, Sing, Pray, Ceaſe, thy Paſſions guard!
Such Exerciſe with Manly Courage bear!
That glorious Crown which thou at laſt ſhalt wear,
More Dangers may, and ſharper Toils, endear.

I ſee, I ſee the bleſt approaching Day!
No Night ſhall its Eternal Beams allay,
But thee to Reſt and endleſs Peace convey.

Who'll from this Load of Death deliver Me!
How long ſhall I a mournful Pilgrim be!
Such Cries ſhall never more be heard from thee.

Death then ſhall yield, and *Life* for ever laſt,
Thy cheerful Days no Sorrow's Wormwood taſte,
With ſweet Society and Splendor grac'd.

O couldſt Thou ſee *the Saints* immortal Crown!
The Saints, whom ſenſleſs Worlds of old bore down,
Their preſent Honours, and their vaſt Renown,

Thou'dſt

Thou'dſt ſoon be humble; ſcorn the Joys beneath;
For God's dear ſake embrace approaching Death,
And, tho by Men deſpis'd, Celeſtial Honours breathe.

Knew'ſt Thou but *This*, could *this* thy Heart poſſeſs,
Thou'dſt ne'r complain, but think thy Sufferings leſs,
Compar'd with thy ſuperiour Happineſs.

Heav'n gain'd or loſt, is of a vaſt Concern;
Look up then! thro' the Clouds thy Lot diſcern!
Mine and my Saints advancing Glories learn.

We, who endur'd ſo many Wounds of old,
Peace now and Joys in full Poſſeſſion hold,
In my Eternal Father's Royal Liſts enroll'd.

XLVIII.

For the Things which are ſeen are Temporal, and the Things which are not ſeen are Eternal.

Believer.

O *Salem*, with Immortal Glories light!
O Day for ever ever bright!
Free from Clouds, and free from Night!

Where

Where Truth's the Sun, and ſheds his gladſom Rays,
Where he diffuſes cheerful Days,
And the ſame unchanging ſtays;
Sink wretched World! O Day Eternal ſhine,
That Saints may bask in Beams Divine!
And may their bleſt Lot be Mine.
Thoſe Days *the Saints at Reſt* with gladneſs know;
We find *theſe* bitter here below,
Full of Miſchief, full of Wo.
We're here defil'd with Sins, with Luſts enſnar'd,
With Bugbear-Dreams and Terrors har'd,
And with endleſs Dangers ſcar'd.
Wild with too curious Thoughts, and Fancies vain,
Oppreſt with Errors weighty Chain,
Rack'd with Wants, and torn with Pain,
Or broke with ſoft delights,& all the Tempter's train.

When ſhall theſe Ills be paſt? my Soul be free
From Sins extream Servility,
So to think, Dear Lord, on Thee?
When ſhall I bathe in Joys immortal Springs?
And free from wretched Worldly Things,
Mount on Freedom's airy Wings?
When ſhall my Peace be ſolid, full, ſecure,
And firm on every ſide endure,
And my Saviour's Smiles procure?

When,

When, Lord, ſhall I thy Kingdom's Glories ſee?
And make Thee *all in all* to Me,
And for ever reign with Thee?
Now I a poor, a baniſh'd Wretch appear,
And now a thouſand Sorrows bear,
While by Foes ſurrounded here.
Ah to an Exile, Lord, ſome Comfort give!
From Woes my wretched Heart retrieve!
For in Thee my Wiſhes live.

Earth's Comforts are uneaſy Weights to Me,
I long, Dear Lord, I pant for Thee,
Ah how ineffectually.
Dull Earth, wild Paſſions check my Towring Soul,
When I'd the lower World controul,
Luſt, alas! ſubdues Me whole.
Thus Civil Wars diſtract my tortur'd Breaſt,
My Mind, by Rebel Luſts oppreſt,
Loſes all its private Reſt.
How great's my Torment while my Mind aſpires
To Heav'n, but Carnal baſe Deſires
Quench the ſacred riſing Fires!
O don't in Wrath thy wretched Servant view!
But with thy pointed Shafts purſue,
And my ſtruggling Luſts ſubdue!

Give

Give Me but Wiſdom, I'll the World deny,
And thoſe Ideas vain which fly
In my crazy Brain defy.
Save Me, O endleſs Truth, from Vanity;
O come, ſweet Jeſus, come to Me!
All my Luſts will fly from Thee.
Pardon, O pardon, Lord, my wandring Mind,
Which, when for earneſt Prayers deſign'd,
Can ſuch fooliſh Objects find!
I love the World too well; and Thoughts will fly
Where e're the vain Affections lie;
And the Tempter's always nigh.
Oft with my Lips I pray, when, Lord, my Heart
Will from that holy Duty ſtart,
And from Thee, my God, depart.

Truth ſpoke the Word, *The Treaſure holds the Mind*,
The Good are all to Heaven inclin'd,
But I with worldly Glory blind.
I love the Fleſh, and fleſhly Things purſue,
But could the Spirit the Fleſh ſubdue,
To my God I ſhould be true.
Of *what I love* I love to *talk* and *hear*,
And home the fair Ideas bear,
And eſteem them always dear.

Bleſt,

Bleſt, Lord, is He who leaves the World for Thee,
And by a perfect Victory,
Lives from Nature's Furies free.
Calm is his Conſcience, and his Prayers are pure,
And He's of Angels Bliſs ſecure,
Nor can the Thoughts again of worthleſs Earth endure.

XLIX.

I have fought a good Fight—henceforth there remains for me a Crown of Righteouſneſs.

Chriſt.

MY Son,
Since from *above* thou feel'ſt a ſacred Flame,
(For from *above* thoſe holy Ardours came)
Long'ſt to be gone, and with a cloudleſs Eye
To ſee my Face, and graſp Eternity,
Enlarge thy Heart, and with a vaſt Deſire
Blow up thy Wiſhes, and advance thy Fire;
Thank, thank thy God, whoſe kind indulgent Love,
To viſit Thee, ſtoops from thoſe Realms above,
Enflames thy Soul, and with a powerful Hand
Supports thy Heart, and makes thee firmly ſtand.
This neither from *thy* Thought, nor Labour flows;
But wondrous Grace the wondrous Boon beſtows,

To make thy Valour ſhine more dreadful bright,
To humble Thee before the Ghoſtly Fight,
And Thee to Godlike Loves and holy Works excite.

The Fire may burn, but Smoke attends the Flame;
And holy Souls whoſe inward Fervours aim
At heavenly Bliſs, yet never hope to be
From fleſhly Luſts or dark Temptations free.
They love their God, but with ſevere Allays,
Nor can *thy Fire* without incumbrance blaze:
Fleſh has its own Convenience firſt in view,
And can't with perfect Love Eternal Joys purſue.

Ask not abundance, nor Delights for Thee,
But what accepted with thy God may be.
Think well! Thou'lt find my Orders wiſer far
Than all thy Wiſhes or Attainments are.
I know thy Wiſhes, and have heard thy Groans,
Thou long'ſt for Palaces and glittering Thrones
Shining with endleſs Joys, and fix'd on high,
Where God's bleſt Sons enjoy their Liberty.
But ſtay a while! To Day's a time for *Fight*,
For *Pains and Trials*; thou wouldſt glut thy ſight
With boundleſs Good, but muſt thy Heats rebate,
I only AM; for my approaching Kingdom wait.

Thou

Thou muſt be longer exercis'd and tri'd,
Have Comforts here, but not be ſatisfi'd:
Take Courage then; be ſtrong to *do*, to *bear*,
A Man quite new, a Man quite chang'd appear;
Renounce thy Will, and oft againſt it move;
Not *Thine* but other Mens Deſigns improve:
They ſhall be heard when all thy Prayers are loſt,
They ſhall but ask and have, thy Words and Hopes
be croſt.

They ſhall be talk'd of, Thou in Silence die;
They truſted, uſeleſs Thou and ſlighted lie.
Nature will flinch at *this*; but bravely born,
Victorious Silence will thy Life adorn.
God's Servant Thus, Thus muſt his Son be taught;
Thus to *deny and rule Himſelf* be brought.
It's to be mortifi'd indeed to ſee
And ſuffer what's *ſo hard*, my Son, *to Thee*;
And, tho ſubjected to a Power Divine,
It's hard rebellious Nature to confine,
And the reſiſting Will to God's Commands reſign.

Weigh then, my Son, the Fruits of all thy Pains,
Their ſwift Concluſion, and their mighty Gains.

Such Meditations will no Wounds procure,
But raise thy Courage, and thy Heart obdure.
Thy Will, *here* quitted, shall be gain'd *above*,
There thou'lt obtain thy Wishes and thy Love.
Good thou shalt have, and never fear to lose,
Thy Will, as Mine, no private Interest chuse;
None shall resist Thee there, nor stop thy Way,
But to thy utmost Hopes thy Soul convey.
I'll give thee Honours for Disgraces past,
For Sorrows Praises, and a Throne to last,
Tho when on Earth beneath the meanest cast.
Thus shall the Fruits of just Obedience shine,
And humblest Penitents obtain Rewards Divine.

O then to human *just* Commands submit,
Beneath their Laws with humble Patience sit,
Thy King's, thy Friends, thy Parents, Pastor's Will
Take well, and with sincere Address fulfil.
Let Brutes in various ways their Thoughts engage,
Enjoy the Praises of a flattering Age,
Brag of a thousand Honours, spread their Fames,
And to the Stars exalt their lofty Names:
Boast not of such Atchievements, but when Grace
Makes *Self* to *God* resign its darling place;
Come Life, come Death, let Love thy Heart enflame,
And in new Hymns of Praise thy gracious Lord proclaim.

L.

Turn Thee unto Me, and have Mercy on Me, for I am deſolate and afflicted.

Bel. MY God, dear holy Father! may
My Soul Eternal Bleſſings pay
To Thee, whoſe juſt Reſolves have ſtood,
Whoſe Deeds are always kind and good.
Let Me, bleſt Lord, rejoice in *Thee*,
But not in *other Men* nor *Me*.
Thou, Lord, canſt all my Hopes employ,
My Crown, my Glory, and my Joy.
Ah, to what can I pretend,
But what God himſelf muſt ſend!
All is thine, from thee it flow'd;
But my Age is, Lord, beſtow'd
All in Sorrows, all in Tears,
All in tedious Doubts and Fears,
While the Tyrant Luſt appears.

Lord, give thy Childrens Peace to Me,
Who feed in Comforts light with Thee!
Thy Peace, thy heavenly Gifts infuſe,
And I'll thy Holy Gifts produce,
And all to ſing thy Praiſes uſe.

But ſhouldſt Thou, dear Lord, withdraw,
I ſhould ſoon forget thy Law:
Such a Change would make me droop,
Make me tremble, make me ſtoop;
Not as when I felt the Streams
Of thy Mercies lively Beams,
And beneath thy Wings could be
From deſign'd Temptations free.

The Time, O righteous Father's, now
Which muſt thy faithful Servant prove,
This happy Moment, Lord, will ſhow
My ſuffering, patient, laſting Love.
That Time, Dear Father! known of old
To Thee, has laid its hands on Me,
When outward Woes my Life ſhould hold,
But ſtill my Heart ſhould live to Thee.
I, tho groſly ſlighted here,
I the weight of Paſſions bear,
Yet from thence ſhould quickly riſe,
And above the lofty Skies
Bask in thy refulgent Eyes.
Thus thy *Word of old* ordains it,
Thus my *preſent State* explains it.

Lord,

Lord, it's a Friendly Teſt of Love
When I repeated Sorrows prove;
From thy All-guiding Providence
The great Events on Earth commence.
I for my Good thy Scourge have known,
Now *better*, *wiſer*, *humbler* grown.
Tho Confuſion hides my Face
I implore thy ſaving Grace,
And thy Judgments deeps admire,
While the Good and Bad expire;
Since thy prudent Orders ſhew
Equity and Mercy too.

I, Lord, thy glorious Name adore,
Tho compaſs'd round with mighty Foes,
Since I thy heavy Laſhes bore,
And inward Pangs and outward Woes.
Great Phyſician, Lord, of Souls,
Thou whoſe Hand our Hearts controuls,
None above and none below
Can ſuch Wounds and Balms beſtow.
Thou to Hell canſt caſt me down,
Thou my Life with Health canſt crown;
All the Sufferings laid on Me,
All my Comforts flow from Thee.

In thy bleſt Hands, Dear Father, I
Beneath thy Rod's Correction lie;
Laſh, cut me deep! that I may be
In all ſubmiſſive, Lord, to Thee.
Make me Obedient, Humble, Meek,
That I thy Will alone may ſeek.
My Self I yield, *my All* to Thee,
Here, not hereafter, puniſh Me!
Thou knowſt my Conſcience throughly, Lord,
Each brooding Thought, each winged Word.
Paſt, Preſent, Future Matters lie
At once before thy piercing Eye.
Thou my Intereſt only knowſt,
What to purge my Ruſt it coſt.
Let me, Lord, thy Subject be;
Work thy Pleaſure, Lord, on Me!
Ne'r deſpiſe Me, ne'r neglect Me,
Nor for Nature's Taint reject me;
I thy Juriſdiction own,
I to Thee am throughly known.

Lord, teach Me what I ought to know,
And *Love* to *lovely things* to ſhow,

To praiſe what only pleaſes Thee,
True Worth in what *thou loveſt* to ſee,
While what *Thou* hat'ſt grows *vile* to Me.
Let me never judg by ſight,
Nor in empty Tales delight;
Wiſdom's Methods let me learn,
And ſuperiour Things diſcern
From thoſe little Toys below,
And thy Laws exactly know.

Mens Senſes oft in Judgment fail,
And Toys on Earthy Minds prevail,
Who only graſp at what they ſee,
And ſcorn Inviſibility;
Who, tho the Rabble lift them high,
May ſtill in common Ordure lie.
For when Cheats the Cheaters praiſe,
When the Vain their Fellows raiſe,
When the Blind conducts the Blind,
When the Weak's a Guide deſign'd,
All's Deceit from firſt to laſt,
All their Praiſe an empty Blaſt:
For a *Man's repute* ſhould be
Only as He's priz'd by Thee.

LI.

Who hath deſpis'd the Day of ſmall things?

Chriſt.

MY Son, (ſhine,
Tho now thy inward Flames ſupreamly
Thy Prayers are Raptures, and thy Flights Divine;
Yet Nature's Weakneſs oft will *Lure* thee down,
And Life's rough Cares thy ſoaring Fancies drown;
The Heart ſtill of its mortal Load complains,
And needs muſt groan beneath its ſlaviſh Chains,
Since cramp'd ſo oft when it attempts the Skies,
And would to heavenly things, and lofty Subjects riſe.

With humble Thoughts then Holy Works purſue,
Till coming I thy ſmother'd Flames renew,
With heavenly Dews refreſh the drowthy Plains,
Bleſs thee with Peace, & break thy weighty Chains.
ThyHeart enlarg'd thro Scripture-Vails ſhall rove,
And Thou to run my holy Ways ſhall love:
Till ſure, what e're thy *preſent Sufferings* are,
They can't with heavenly Bliſs, and *future Crowns* compare.

LII.

LII.

I have born Chaſtiſement, I will not offend any more.

Believer.

LORD, I'm unworthy of thy Comforts & thy Love,
And thou mayſt juſtly from my wreched Heart remove;
Vaſt Seas of flowing Tears could never make me pure,
My great, my crying Sins might all thy Plagues endure;
But boundleſs Goodneſs, Lord, and Mercy lives with Thee,
And thy ſupporting Hand thy fading Creatures ſee.
Thou mak'ſt my drooping Soul thy wondrous Comforts know,
And find how far they paſs our weak Attempts below.

What can I do, my God, to gain thy heavenly Grace,
So ſlow to Penitence, ſo ſwift in Satan's Race?
I nothing, Lord, can plead, if thou my Crimes ſurvey,
But Hell and helliſh Flames muſt all my Guilt repay.
I know I merit, Lord, thy utmoſt Hate & Scorn,
Nor can my Name among thy Holy Saints be born.

Harſh

Harſh tho the Reckoning prove, I muſt the Teſt endure,
If I'd thy Mercies Springs, thy Comforts Streams procure.

What ſhall I ſay when at thy dreadful Bar accus'd?
What can a Sinner plead, with inward Guilt confus'd?
I've ſinn'd great God, I've ſinn'd; O Mercy, Mercy ſhow!
O let my Eyes a while with unfeign'd Waters flow,
E're I to Death's black Shades, the Lands of Darkneſs go!
A contrite humble Heart thy Bar for Sin demands,
In true Repentance all our hope of Pardon ſtands,
That ſtills thoſe rugged Storms which o're the Conſcience roll,
Our dying Gifts repairs, & ſhields the trembling Soul
From Judgment's dreadful Flames, till delug'd round with Sweets,
The Soul its ſmiling God in Love's Embraces meets.

A contrite Heart to Thee's a nobler Sacrifice (riſe;
Than all thoſe Odours which from fuming Incenſe
Sweet as thoſe fragrant Oils which waſh'd thy ſacred Feet,
And as it's humble muſt thy conſtant Favours meet,
Thy Arms a Refuge ſure from Helliſh Rage appear,
And our Pollutions all thy flowing Mercies clear.

LIII.

Love not the World, neither the Things of the World.

Chriſt.

MY Smiles are pure, my Son, unmix'd with thoſe
Poor Comforts which inferiour Things diſcloſe;
Wouldſt thou obtain them? Caſt thy Clogs aſide.
Thy Self within thy private Chambers hide
There with thy God, not Men, Diſcourſes hold,
Thy Mind and Conſcience there with Sighs unfold.
Laugh at the World; that ſweet Receſs prefer
Before a King's invidious Character.
For Mine *and* worldly Loves thou ne'r canſt find
A Time of leiſure, or an eaſy Mind.
From fondeſt Friends, and Earth's Incumbrance free,
There thou mayſt dedicate thy ſelf to Me,
And like a Stranger and a Pilgrim move
Thro' waſtful Deſarts here to *Canaan*'s Reſt above.

With what ſtrange Joys that happy Man may die,
Whoſe Thoughts diſcharg'd from Earth's Engagements lie,
Words can't expreſs, nor curious Arts deſcry.

The

The real Saint the World's Concerns will leave,
And chiefly fears *Self* ſhould *Himſelf* deceive.
Subdue *thy Self*, thou'lt ſoon the World ſubdue,
That Conqueſt only is a Conqueſt true.
He who his ſenſual part by Reaſon guides,
Then with his Reaſon to his Lord ſubſides,
O're Earth, & o're himſelf a King triumphant rides.

Wouldſt thou reach this? Then like a Man begin,
And lay the Ax cloſe to the Roots of Sin.
He down *Self-love*, and every Thought inclin'd
To *vulgar Bliſſes*, or *the Creature-kind.*
Self-love alone the *Little World* confounds,
That maſter'd, Peace the quiet Heart ſurrounds.
How few compleatly to themſelves can die?
Their Bird-lim'd Wings no gallant Heights can fly,
But here in common Cares entangled lie.
But thoſe who would at large converſe with Me,
Muſt from deprav'd unruly Paſſions be,
And from their *darling ſelves* and *Creature-Comforts* free.

LIV.

LIV.

The natural Man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.

Chriſt.

MY Son!
Nature and Grace in all their Steps attend,
Soft is their Motion, and oppos'd their End;
Only by men of inward Light perceiv'd:
Moſt aim at Good, but are, alas! deceiv'd.
Sly Nature has a thouſand Arts and Snares,
And only for its own Delights prepares.
Grace is ſincere, and all that's ill declines, (ſigns:
Cheats none, but all for God and Godlike Works de-

Death, Sufferings, and Subjection Nature hates,
Grace ſtruggling Luſt with holy Art rebates;
Fain would be humble, and would fain obey,
And not at large in fleſhly Deſarts ſtray;
Love's Diſcipline, and on its Good would reſt,
And for his ſake *it ſelf* of *Self* diveſt.
Nature for *Pleaſure* ſeeks, and ſeeks for *Gain*;
Grace only would the *Publick Good* maintain.

Nature

Nature seeks Honour with exalted Eyes,
While Grace its Honours due to God alone applies.

Nature Confusion and Reproaches fears,
Grace Shame, with Pleasure, for its Saviour bears.
Nature loves Slothfulness and lazy Rest;
Grace thinks it self in constant Labours blest.
Nature must have the Gay, the Brisk, the Fair,
And will against the Poor, the Mean declare;
But Grace in honest humble Things delights,
And neither old nor homely Garments slights.
Nature loves present Things, and lawless Gains,
And of the smallest Loss or Wrong complains.
Grace loves eternal things; a Loss can bear,
And for a Scandal scorns to spend a Tear;
Has fix'd its Treasures high above the Skies,
And thither nobly rais'd, with eager swiftness flies.

Sharp Nature grasps at All, ne'r gives but takes,
And Private Interest its Idol makes.
Grace kind and free, no private Interest makes,
And pleas'd with little, rather gives than takes.
Nature at little Creature-Comfort flies,
Loves Wandrings, inborn Lusts, and Vanities.
Grace draws to God and Good, the World abjures,
The Blush for roving innate Lusts endures.

Nature

Nature for outward ſenſual Joys enquires,
Grace Comfort only from its Lord deſires,
And tow'rds a God unſeen, unſeen Delights aſpires.

Nature walks all in profitable ways,
Gives, as it Fancies, either Votes or Praiſe,
But all its Merits with exactneſs weighs.

Grace at its God, its ſole Rewarder, aims,
Nor more of temporary Pleaſure claims,
Than what may ſerve to feed pure Loves eternal Flames.

Nature, of Friends and great Relations proud,
Proclaims its Honours and its Birth aloud,
And fawns on Greatneſs when with Wealth endow'd.

Grace ſeeks no *worldly Friends*, but *loves its Foes*,
No worth in *Place or Birth*, but *Vertue* knows,
And with *poor faithful Innocence* will cloſe.

The Rich, the Mighty, the Deceitful Slights,
The Good to Godlike Excellence excites;
Nature with Want ſinks down, no Want pure Grace afrights.

Nature *it ſelf* regards, *it ſelf* defends:
Grace, by good ways, to God its Source aſcends;
Proudly on no *inherent Good* preſumes,
Nor high above the wiſer World aſſumes.
But all its vigorous apprehenſive Wit
Will to its God and Wiſdom's Teſt ſubmit.
Nature would *Secrets* know, and *News* would hear,
And much in ſtrange *Experiments* appear;
Loves Admiration much, and gapes for Praiſe.
Grace ſeeks no Novelties, nor curious Ways;
Grace knows the World corrupt & poor remains,
No new, no real laſting Good contains.
Grace ſhows us how we may our Luſts reſtrain,
Vain Compliments and pompous Words diſdain;
True inward Worth conceals with humble Eyes,
And to God's Honour all its Means applies;
Would have that God, and not it ſelf be prais'd,
Whoſe Goodneſs all its Force from leſs than *nothing* rais'd.

Grace is a Beam of God's ſuperiour Light,
Bright Emanation from a Fountain bright,
Election's Seal, Pledg of Eternal Reſt,
Parent of heavenly Loves which warm the Breaſt.

And

And when it Rebel-Nature's Force ſubdues,
God yet will more and greater Grace infuſe,
Till in the Man within his ſacred Form renews.

LV.

Ye were by Nature the Children of Wrath: But by Grace ye are ſaved.

Bel. THOU haſt, Dear God, created Me
Thy Image and *thy Son* to be;
Send Me, O ſend Me needful Grace,
And I'll thy ſaving Health embrace!
Then I'll Nature's Force ſubdue,
Which would Sin and Death purſue.
I find a carnal Law within
Which leads my Captive Soul to Sin,
Againſt my better Thoughts rebels,
Till Grace the ſtruggling Fury quells,
And the bright ſpreading Flame my inward
Gloom diſpels.

I want thy Grace, thy wondrous Grace,
To check malignant Nature's Race.
Nature in *Adam* fail'd of old,
From thence the dire Infection roll'd:

And what was Perfect once and Pure,
Muſt now Corruption's Chains endure.
Nature, to *its ſelf* reſign'd,
Is to all that's *ill* inclin'd;
And, with nobleſt Qualities,
Like a Spark in Aſhes lies.
This is our boaſted Senſe, around
Envelop'd with a *Gloom profound:*
Knows Good, and Ill, and Falſe, and True,
But can't its wiſer Thoughts purſue,
Since of Light from Faith deriv'd,
And of ſoundeſt Loves depriv'd.

Hence, Lord, thy Laws my Soul delight,
Thy Precepts, Holy, Juſt and Right.
Teach Me from every Sin to fly,
But, ah! my Body ſlaviſhly
To Sin's, not Reaſon's Rules, ſubmits;
And when e're in wiſer Fits
I ſome nobler End propoſe,
Wayward Nature backward goes;
All my Thoughts abortive prove,
And I loſe my Heart and Love.
Hence I Perfection's Way can ſee,
And what *my Works* and *End* ſhould be;
But, by Corruption's weight oppreſt,
Still in common Weakneſs reſt.

To Good inclin'd, for *Grace* I call
To *Try*, to *Hold*, to *Finiſh* All.
I All, when *that* aſſiſts, can do,
Without *it* nothing Good purſue.
Dear heavenly Gift! God's welcome Smile!
Without which Nature's Gifts are vile;
Art, Wealth, Strength, Beauty, Language, Senſe,
From Grace alone their Worth commence.
Good and Bad partake of *thoſe*,
Love from Grace abundant flows,
Both the Saint's bright Crown compoſe,
Both the Paths of Life diſcloſe;
Love the greateſt Grace excels,
Prophecies and Miracles,
Knowledg, Faith and Hope may fail,
But holy Love will in a future World prevail.

Bleſt Heavenly Grace! which canſt *the Poor*
In Mind, with Godlike Vertues ſtore;
Canſt humble both the Rich and Great:
O come! in Me O take thy Seat!
My Breaſt with Heavenly Comforts fill,
And in thy Soul thy Sweets diſtil!

O grant me Favour, Lord, with Thee!
Should Nature's Gifts defective be,
Thy Grace would prove enough for Me.
Poſſeſt by Grace, I ſcorn to fear
The Tempter's Arts, or Sufferings here.
In Grace my Courage, Lord, is laid,
That gives Me *Comfort*, ſends Me *Aid*,
Quells my trembling Enemies,
And out-wits the worldly Wiſe.
Truth's Miſtreſs, Queen of Diſcipline!
Solace of Mourners! Beam Divine!
Bold Conqueror of Doubts and Fears,
Devotion's Nurſe! Parent of Tears!
Meer rotten Wood or Stubble, I
Without it worthleſs, uſeleſs lie.
Lord, by thy preventing Grace
Guide my Sublunary Race;
For Jeſus ſake my Soul embrace,
Till I in holy Works my whole Enjoyment place!

LVI.

This is the Way, walk in it.

Chriſt.

SO far, my Son, as Thou *thy ſelf* canſt leave,
So far may I thy pious Vows receive.

Leave

Leave *all without*, and *inward Peace* ſecure;
Leave *Self within*, and of *thy God* be ſure.
With perfect *Self-denial* yield to Me,
From baſe Reluctance, and from Murmurs free.
Lo! I *the Life*, *the Truth*, *the certain Way*,
Come follow Me, and my Commands obey.
Without *the Way* thou canſt not go,
Without *the Truth* canſt nothing know,
Nor live without *the Life* below.
I am *that Way* which thou ſhouldſt ſtill purſue,
I am *that Truth* to which Submiſſion's due,
I am *that Life* which muſt thy Life renew.
I am *that ſafeſt Way* which leads thee right,
Truth undeceiving, *Truth* ſupreamly bright,
Pure, bleſt, unmade, Eternal *Life and Light*.
Walk but *in Me*, and thou *the Truth* ſhalt know,
And, from Encumbrance free, to *Life immortal* go.

Keep my Commands, if thou wouldſt *Life* obtain;
Believe Me, if thou real *Truth* wouldſt gain.
Put *All things* off, if Thou wouldſt perfect be;
Deny thy Self, if thou wouldſt *follow Me*:
For *endleſs Bliſs* thy *preſent Life* deſpiſe,
Be *lowly here*, if thou'dſt to *Glory* riſe;
Take up the Croſs, if Thou *with Me* wouldſt reign:
Thoſe who embrace *the Croſs*, ſhall *Life's pure Light* obtain.

Believer.

Dear Jeſus! ſince to walk with Thee,
I by the World deſpis'd and cruſh'd muſt be,
Teach Me to *ſcorn* the World, teach Me to *cleave* to Thee!
Servants beneath their Maſters are,
And muſt to ſuffer with their Lords prepare,
Life from *thy precious Life* O let thy Servant ſhare!
What e're abroad I read or hear,
Refreſhments all in *that*, and nobleſt Joys appear.

Chriſt.

My Son, ſince Thou ſo much haſt heard and known,
That Knowledg O with holy Practice crown!
He loves Me beſt who *knows* and *keeps my Will*,
His Soul I'll with endearing Glories fill,
And He ſhall reign with Me on *Sion*'s ſacred Hill.

Believ. Holy Jeſus! Deareſt Lord!
O perform thy ſacred Word!
See! The Croſs I gladly bear,
Since thy Hand has laid it here;
Thence my better Life ſhall riſe:
It's my Guide to Paradiſe;

Lord,

Lord, I'll bear it, I'll endure it,
Never, never, Lord, abjure it.

Believ. Forward, Brethren! let us move!
Jeſus now our Guide will prove;
For his ſake the Croſs we bear,
For his ſake we'll perſevere.
He's our Captain, he will aid us,
And thro' greateſt Dangers lead us.
Come, let's boldly march behind him,
We in greateſt Straits ſhall find him,
While our Duties we deny not,
While from Wars with Hell we fly not.

LVII.

Count it all Joy when Ye fall into divers Temptations.

Chriſt.

I Son, in humble Patience more delight,
(Thoſe Vertues, which a World of Woes excite)
Than all that briſk Devotion which appears,
In *warm Profeſſors* in their *calmer Years.*

Thy

Thy Soul why ſhould a *petty Scandal* tear,
Which ſhould, unmov'd, the *greateſt Scandal* bear?
Fie! let it paſs! It's not the firſt or laſt;
Life muſt a thouſand ſharper Potions taſte.
Thou'rt brave, and canſt couragious Thoughts diffuſe,
While like a Hand the diſtant Danger ſhews;
But when a ſudden Storm o're-ſpreads the Skies,
Thy Wit and Courage ſinks, and faints, and dies.
Think then how frail thou art, how ſoon ſubdu'd;
To make thee *wiſer* yet, ſuch *Teſts* are oft renew'd.

Thou know'ſt the Truth; then wretched Fears diſdain,
And uninvolv'd thou may'ſt thy Lot ſuſtain,
The Teſt with Joy, at leaſt with Patience bear;
Repreſs thy Paſſions; let not others hear
One Word unfitting from thy Lips proceed,
Leſt ſuch in weaker Souls ſhould ſcandal breed.
Grace will both Woes and inward Luſt reſiſt:
And, *as I live*, I'll ſoon thy Soul aſſiſt;
With new and greater Comforts viſit Thee,
If Thou with faithful Prayers devoutly call on Me.

Gird Thee to Sufferings with an eaſy Mind,
Temptations oft in their Effects are kind.

No

No God, no Angel Thou; but Fleſh and Blood:
And ſince nor *Man*, nor purer *Angels* ſtood;
Not theſe *in Heaven*, nor thoſe *in Paradiſe*,
Some crafty Sin thy Vertues may ſurprize.
But I the Mourning Soul can raiſe, and thoſe
Who their own Fralities know, with Godlike Joys compoſe.

Bel. Thy Words are ſweeter, Lord, to Me
Than dropping Hony-combs can be.
What ſhould I do in Straits and Woes,
Did not thy Word my Thoughts compoſe?
O may I ſuffer all things here!
May I a thouſand Tempeſts bear!
If I at laſt my Port may gain,
If I may endleſs Life obtain.
O let Me in thy Favours die!
Let Me to *Abraham*'s Boſom fly!
Thy Servant, Deareſt God, reſpect,
And to thy Kingdom's Joys thro' peaceful Ways direct!

LVIII.

LVIII.

How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!

Christ.

MY Son, dispute not of that Gloom profound,
Those Deeps which my obscurer Ways surround.
Ask not why God *that Man* to Glory chose,
Why *This* to Hell's dark Flames rejected goes?
Why *That* should under long Afflictions groan,
And *This* exalted mount the sacred Throne?
These things all humane Sense surpass, nor can
Man's short-lin'd Sense unfathomable Judgments span.
If Hell then, or if impious Men disclose
A curious Humour, thus their Dreams oppose:
God must be just, and all his Judgments right;
Clear are his Judgments, and his Justice bright.
My Ways are to be fear'd, not vainly scann'd,
Nor can created Sense beneath the dreadful Burden stand.

Ask

Ask not what Grace was on the Saints beſtow'd?
Who reigns *the Greateſt* near their ſmiling God?
Diſpute not what their Intereſts are above,
Nor ſeek *by them* to gain their Maker's Love.
Some fondly dote on thoſe extinguiſh'd Lights,
Such Love not *Heaven*, but *Helliſh Art* excites.
Turn all thy Thoughts, thy zealous Loves on Me,
I rais'd the Saints to their ſupream degree,
To them my ſtrong effectual Grace was free.
I, not Deſert, their Heads with Honours crown'd,
Their Weakneſs my preventing Graces found.
I knew *them* e're *this World from nothing* roſe,
And *them* before its firſt Foundations choſe;
They choſe not Me; but I, by pity mov'd,
Them thro' corrupted Nature's horrors lov'd,
And by Afflictions ſureſt Teſt improv'd;
With Comforts bleſt, and Perſeverance too,
And crown'd their Faith at laſt with *promis'd Glories* due.

The *Firſt*, the *Laſt* alike I kindly know,
And Love alike on all their Souls beſtow.
I only in my Saints am juſtly prais'd,
In Them my Name above the Stars is rais'd;

While

While Poor, Unactive, Undeserving They
Meer Objects of unbounded Mercy lay.
Love made 'um ONE, & made 'um Lights to Thee,
And to be follow'd where they closely follow'd Me.

Saints but instruct Thee in thy Duty still,
I, not themselves, their vast Affections fill.
Rapt high, above themselves, they ever prove
Unbounded Blisses, and unbounded Love.
They live unchang'd, while Truth their Souls invests,
And holy Flames enlarge their heavenly Breasts:
They serve *Me only*, and in that should be
Loves and Devotions Patterns to the World & Thee.

It's not thy Work with curious Art to pry
Into the Mystick Secrets of the Sky;
What Saints departed do, concerns not Thee;
Thy Vows, thy Honours all belong to Me.
Think how thy Sins in Bulk and Number rise,
How little Goodness in thy Bosom lies,
How far Thou mayst of their Attainments fail,
Who now on Joy's unstormy Ocean sail:
But don't to *them* for Grace or Aids repair,
I only aid the Poor, I only answer Prayer.

Could

Could *They*, alas! thy vain Devotions hear,
They'd ne'r thoſe miſappli'd Devotions bear;
They know *they merit nothing*, nor can do
What *fooliſh Men* with *fooliſh Vows* purſue.
They love their God, their Joys unbounded flow,
Nor happier by miſguided Worſhip grow.
Before my Feet their ſtarry Crowns they lay,
To him who ever lives ſubmiſly pray,
And to the ſpotleſs Lamb their Adorations pay.

Don't in thoſe lightſom Realms at Greatneſs aim,
Thy Merits can't the ſmalleſt Favours claim;
Thy Sins, thy weighty Sins, would ſink thee down.
And wouldſt thou, thoughtleſs Wretch! *deſerve* a Crown?
Firſt be a Child in harmleſs Innocence,
From that low State thy happy Days commence;
Be humble firſt, and leave the reſt to Me;
Vaſt as thy largeſt Hopes, thy vaſt Reward ſhall be.

Wo to thoſe haughty Souls who ſcorn to be
Harmleſs as Babes, and yet pretend to Me!
Heaven's Gates are ſtrait and low, and can't admit
The Proud, nor thoſe who can with Scorners ſit.

Wo to the Rich who fix their Hearts below,
Whoſe watry Eyes, when all the Poor ſhall go
To endleſs Joys, with uſeleſs Tears ſhall flow.
Rejoice, poor humble Souls, my Truths embrace,
And God ſhall you at laſt in boundleſs Glories place.

LIX.

And now, Lord, what is my Hope? Truly my Hope is even in Thee.

Bel. WHence, my deareſt Lord! from whence
Should I raiſe my Confidence?
Whence, while here beneath the Skies,
Should my Hopes, my Comforts riſe?
Only, Deareſt Lord, from Thee,
So immenſly kind to Me.
When was't well with me without Thee?
When was't ill, and Thou about Me?
Keep me ever, ever poor,
If I'm ſo of Thee ſecure!
Heaven *without Thee*'s all uneaſy,
Earth *with Thee* would rather pleaſe Me.
Heaven would be no Seat of Bliſſes,
Hell would crown my warmeſt Wiſhes,

If

If that Hell beneath could ſhow Thee,
If that Heaven could ne'r beſtow Thee.
Thou'rt my Love, my chief Deſire;
All my Sighs and Groans aſpire
Only *for Thee*, only *to Thee*,
While my livelieſt Hopes purſue Thee.
When the greateſt Wants ſurround Me,
When the greateſt Fears confound Me,
From my God alone commence
All my Hopes and Confidence.

Others hunt inferiour Pleaſures;
All the ſweet, the charming Meaſures
Of my Safety ſpring from Thee,
All things thence *are good to Me.*
Oft I'm puniſh'd, oft I'm tempted,
But by Mercy ſtill prevented,
While his Rod ſeverely proves Me,
Still my deareſt Maſter loves Me;
Still thy Strokes are dear to Me,
As the ſofteſt Joys can be.

God my Lord's my Hope, my Shelter,
When in Sorrow's Gore I welter;
He's my Strength, my only Stay,
All without him flies away.

Helps deceive Me, Friends forsake Me;
Books but doubtful Answers make Me.
Counsellors with Quirks confound Me,
Reeds, alas! deceitful wound Me.
Thou my Help, my Comfort art,
Thou instruct'st and keep'st my Heart.

All those things to Peace pretending,
All Felicities depending,
Must but vain and empty be,
When abstracted, Lord, from Thee.
All that's Good, and Wise, and Great,
All to Thee their Spring retreat;
And thy Servants Comfort see
Only when they trust in Thee.
Lord, to Thee I lift my Eyes,
Whence my daily Mercies rise:
Kindest Father, Dearest Lord,
Still thy Joys, thy Smiles afford!
Bless and sanctify my Mind,
That Thou there a place may'st find!
That thy Glories there may rest
In a Heart with Pureness dress't,
Freed from Sins offensive Pest.

Lord,

Lord, as thy Goodneſs large appears,
Thy Mercies large, O let thy Ears
To thy poor Servant's Prayers be kind,
While here to Deathful Shades confin'd.
Protect, preſerve, defend my Soul,
While Clouds and Storms about Me roll;
Let Grace attending, thro a peaceful way,
My Soul to endleſs Life, and endleſs Light convey!
Amen.

The Chriſtian Pattern

PARAPHRAS'D.

The Fourth Book.

Of the Euchariſt.

The Invitation.

O *Come, ye labouring Souls, with Sins vaſt weight oppreſt!*
O come, and on your Maſter's ſacred Boſom reſt!
My Fleſh is Bread, which I'll on fainting Souls beſtow,
My Blood the Source of Life to all the World below.
Take, eat my Body here each faithful Soul ſhall find.
Eat, eat it oft, to keep your dying Lord in mind.
He whom my Fleſh and Blood divinely entertains,
Lo! I his Lord in Him, and He in Me remains!
My Words with nobler Senſe than Carnal Language ſhine,
They'r Life and Spirit All, All Myſtick, All Divine. 10

I.

I.

And Reverence his Sanctuary.

Believer.

THESE Words, Dear Chriſt! Eternal Truth! (are Thine,
And, like thy Self, they'r all Divine;
At various Times, in various Places us'd;
Each ſacred Syllable
Which from my Saviour fell,
New Life, new Light quite thro my Soul diffus'd.
They'r *Thine*, as utter'd, Lord, by *Thee*;
But *Mine*, as for Salvation meant to *Me*.
I *them* with flowing Joys receive,
May they on Me a deep Impreſſion leave!
They'r holy, and they'r gracious All,
And like ſweet Dews, or Lovers Kiſſes fall:
But me my weighty Guilt affrights,
A wounded Soul no *Viſitors* invites;
Thy dear, ſoft Words attract my hungry Soul,
But Thoughts of inward Guilt my forward Haſte controul.

Thou bidſt, that my Approach with Faith ſhould be,
If I'd have any Share in Thee;

That I'd of that immortal Nouriſhment,
Accept an offer'd Part,
And with a grateful Heart
My Prayers, for Life's eternal Bliſs, preſent.
O ye, Thou ſay'ſt, *with Sins oppreſt*,
O come, and on my heavenly Boſom reſt!
Sweet Words! Dear, happy, charming Sound,
About deſponding Sinners ecchoing round!
By *Theſe* poor Souls invited are
In bleſt Communion with thy ſelf to ſhare.
But who, Dear Lord, or what am I
Who dare approach the ſpotleſs Deity?
Heaven's lofty Throne's impure, compar'd with Thee,
And ſhall a ſinful Soul thy glorious Palace be?

Who can ſo kind a Condeſcenſion ſhow?
Whence ſuch a tender Friendſhip flow?
Dare I before thy ſacred Altars kneel,
Conſcious of in-born Sin;
Who cruel Pangs within,
And all a wounded Soul's Convulſions feel.
Oft have I treſpaſs'd in thy ſight,
And dare I now *conſuming Flames* invite?
Thy Terrors pureſt Saints avow,
To them the bright Angelick Armies bow.

Thou

Thou ſaid'ſt, *O Come!* elſe, Lord, had we
Reſign'd to Fears and Incredulity.
Great *Noah*'s ſaving Ark appears
The Labour of a hundred lingring Years:
And can a few ſhort Minutes fit the Soul
To meet that God, whoſe Arms the vaſſail'd World (controul?

A Cedar Cheſt contain'd thy Laws of old,
Cedar o're-laid with *Ophir*'s Gold;
Seven toilſom Years that *King of Wiſdom* ſpent
A Temple's Walls to raiſe
To thy immortal Praiſe:
Eight Holy Days in ſolemn Feaſtings went.
A thouſand peaceful Offerings blaz'd;
A thouſand Shouts that Ark of Mercy rais'd
To its Majeſtick glorious Seat.
What tho I only find a *Myſtick* Treat?
What tho plain Bread and Wine muſt be
The Symbols of *his Fleſh and Blood* to Me?
The *Legiſlator*'s greater far
Than Laws, tho cut by heavenly Fingers, are.
I'm vile, yet can't one Moment freely ſpend
To purge my filthy Soul, or lodg my gracious Friend

What Art, what Care the Godlike *Moſes* tri'd,
That *wondrous Caſket* to provide?
What Time, what curious Skill, what vaſt Expence
Bleſt Wiſdom's mighty Heir
Took, that He might prepare
A Dome for thy Myſterious Reſidence?
But, Lord, what little Care can I
To entertain ſo great a Gueſt apply?
O how my Thoughts diſtracted range?
How ſoon my Manly Reſolutions change?
How fixt my wandring Thoughts ſhould be,
From all inferiour Obligations free,
When not Angelick Bands,
But him, who all the Angel-Hoſt commands,
I to receive with humble Faith prepare,
And at *a Feaſt of Love* with my Redeemer ſhare?

That ſacred *Ark*, thy *Mercy's* wondrous *Seat*,
By thy peculiar Preſence great;
That *Ark*, the Symbol of the Deity,
In that Illuſtrious Dome
Took up *the nobleſt Room*,
The Holieſt Place, as repreſenting *Thee*.
Yet all the Sacrifices there
Were but the Types of that revolving Year,

In

In which *Incarnate God* ſhould fall,
The *great Atonement*, and ſhould *perfect All.*
That great Atonement, Bread and Wine
To us exhibit in a Mode Divine;
What Flames ſhould then enlarge my Heart,
When in my Saviour I expect a Part?
How ſhould I dreſs to meet my bleeding Lord,
While every Type great Kings and Saints of old (ador'd?
David before that precious Ark of old
Could not his warm Affections hold,
But danc'd with all his Might, and loudly play'd;
His tuneful Harp he ſtrung,
And to his Harp he ſung,
When that thro' *Sion*'s Gates its Entrance made.
Sweet were his Airs, and ſoft his Stroke,
When he'd His Jews to holy Joys provoke;
God's Spirit on his Heart abode,
And Prayers and Bleſſings with his Muſick flow'd.
Such Zeal that Antient Type purſu'd:
And ſhan't my Heart, with nobler Heat indu'd,
Shan't it with greater Spirit embrace
The *Subſtance* than the *Shade of future Grace?*
Shan't I with ſpringy Joys my Saviour meet,
And at his Altars bow, and kiſs his ſacred Feet?

Fools

Fools oft to ſee pretended Reliques fly,
And caſt a curious wondring Eye
On *Fanes* to *Saints Imaginary* rais'd,
Where richeſt Silks and Gold
The dowdy Corps enfold,
And Thieves and Rebels are for Martyrs prais'd;
A thouſand Pilgrimages paſt
They prove but Hell's obdurate Slaves at laſt.
O could they reſt a while at home,
And not to follow ſenſleſs Fancies rome;
Wonders on Wonders here they'd view,
Far more than e're *Loretto*'s Shrine could ſhew;
Jeſus, with Love and Mercies crown'd,
Would ſhed his ſacred Influences round,
And to the Loving, Hoping, Faithful Heart
Would all his glorious Self, his heavenly Joys impart.

O Thou great Architect of Earth and Skies,
Inviſible to mortal Eyes!
To us how wondrous all thy Actions prove!
And here how ſweet, how kind
Thy Favourites may find
Th' immenſe Expreſſions of Prodigious Love!
Unfathomable Deeps! how far
Too ſhort our wretched Intellectuals are,

When

When we would ſound the vaſt Abyſs
Of unintelligible Myſteries!
What Art that Mirroir could compoſe,
By which the Souls of faithful Saints diſcloſe
Their Saviour in a Sacrament,
And, on his bleeding gaping Wounds intent,
Eat his *dear Fleſh*, and drink his *ſacred Blood*,
That *Bread of Life*, and this *immortalizing Flood?*

Who can thoſe *Capillary Rills* deſcry,
By which *unbodied Graces* fly
Thro' *bodied Symbols* to the *faithful Mind?*
How pure Devotion's Fires,
How Vertue's warm Deſires
Room in the Sinner with Repentance find?
What hidden Sweets can Faith deſcry!
How ſharp, how piercing is the faithful Eye?
He meets a thouſand Graces here,
Loſt Vertues in his Soul reviv'd appear;
And, tho deform'd by Sins before,
This can its Beauties and its Charms reſtore.
Nay, the bleſt balmy Symbols may
New Life and Health to fainting Saints convey;
While Faithleſs Souls *meer Bread and Wine* partake,
And but a *damning Feaſt* of *empty Symbols* make.

But ah! how cold, how deadly cold we prove
To meet our dear Redeemer's Love!
How we refuſe his kind extended Arms!
Arms which alone can be
Our Souls ſecurity
From Death's Tyrannic Force, and Hell's Alarms!
He purifies our Natures, He
From endleſs Torments *dearly* ſets us free;
Beneath his Shade we ſafely move,
And feel the Beams ſhot from his Orb of Love.
Why ſhould we then ſo cold appear
To all his Loves Myſterious Tendries *here?*
Ah Blind! ah Rocky-hearted Crew,
Who can ſo ſlow ſuch wondrous Grace purſue!
More careleſs as their Maſter kinder grows,
And can with ſtubborn Hearts his offer'd Loves oppoſe.

Were but one ſingle Sacrament deſign'd,
The World to one ſole Prieſt confin'd,
What Sholes would to the diſtant Temple flow?
How would they ſtretch their Eyes
To ſee theſe Myſteries!
How eager for that Heavenly Banquet grow!
But when a thouſand Paſtors wait,
And all may with their Lord participate;

When

When ſo immenſe his Loves appear,
Alas, we nauſeate the Celeſtial Chear.
Yet Jeſus, Holy Shepherd! we
Poor Exiles now preſent our Thanks to Thee;
Thy Fleſh, thy Blood our Souls relieves,
Thy tender Call our dying Faith retrieves;
Come all to Me, with Sins vaſt Weights oppreſt!
I'll give you ſudden Eaſe, I'll give you certain Reſt.

II.

Behold how he loved Us.

Believer.

MOV'D by thy Goodneſs, and thy Mercies, I
Dear Lord, to thy Aſſiſtance fly;
Touch'd with a thouſand Plagues I come to Thee,
O be the great Phyſician, Lord, to Me!
Hungry and Thirſty, Lord, I bring
A fainting Soul to Life's Immortal Spring.
A Beggar I, Heaven's gracious King adore;
A Servant I, my Maſter's Smiles implore;
Form'd by thy Hand,
Lord, here I ſtand,
And for my great Creator's Bounties wait,
And for his Comforts in a ruin'd helpleſs State.

Whence

Whence is it, that my God ſhould come to Me!
O what am I, thus grac'd by Thee!
How can a guilty Soul endure thy Sight!
How in a Miſcreant can my God delight!
Thou know'ſt no Good reſides in Me,
And I my own, my inward Vileneſs ſee.
Thy Grace, thy Goodneſs, and thy boundleſs Love
I own, I honour, and with Thanks improve,
And for thy ſake
I'd *here* partake,
That I my tender ſmiling God might know;
O mayn't my horrid Crimes obſtruct the wondrous Flow!
Sweet, gracious God! with what reſpectful Praiſe
Should I thy ſpreading Glories blaze!
Who for our ſakes a mortal Nature took?
But who can thro' the Myſtick Bounty look?
What can I *think*, when worthleſs I
May hold Communion with the Deity?
What can I *do*; but with a prideleſs Mind
Some Means t' extol thy boundleſs Goodneſs find?
Thy endleſs Praiſe,
My God, I'll raiſe;
But ever, ever, Lord, my *Self* deſpiſe,
And from the *lowlieſt State* to *heavenly Favours* riſe.

Lo!

Lo! Thou'rt incomprenſible Sanctity;
A filthy loathſom Sinner I,
Unfit to raiſe my ſinful Eyes to Thee;
But Thou, Great God, couldſt condeſcend to Me.
Lo! Thou canſt in a Wretch delight,
A Beggar to a plenteous Feaſt invite:
Thou'dſt have me banquet on Celeſtial Food,
On Bread of Angels, and Divinely Good:
Thou, Lord, wouldſt be
That Bread to Me,
That Bread of Life which from above deſcends,
And Life and Vigour thro a fainting World extends.

See! ſee my Soul, whence ſuch bright Loves can ſhine,
And Condeſcenſions all divine!
What Thanks, what Praiſe are to thy Saviour due!
How ſhould thy Service, as his Name, be true!
How ſalutary, Lord, how kind
In this we all thy mighty Counſels find!
The Food all coſtly, and the Banquet ſweet,
Where we by Faith our great Redeemer meet;
Thy powerful Cares
Thy Truth declares,
Thy Words from *Nothing* ſprung the World *of old*,
In *leſs than Nothing now* eternal Truths unfold.

My

My Lord, my God, *Great God and Man!* that Thou
Shouldſt tow'rd a wretched Creature bow,
That thou *thy ſelf* in Bread and Wine ſhouldſt give,
In true Believers humble Hearts to live.
What Senſe ſuch Wonders can purſue,
So True, ſo Strange, yet not ſo Strange as True?
Thou, *Lord of All*, who hadſt no need of Me,
Yet by a Sacrament my Gueſt wouldſt be;
Lord, keep my Heart!
O ne'r depart,
Till I by thy effectual Influence find
A Body ſpotleſs pure to lodg a peaceful Mind!

It's thy *Appointment*, Lord, deſign'd by Thee
To celebrate thy Memory;
O may I oft thy Merits *here* record!
O may I oft *here* meet my bleeding Lord!
And thou, my Soul, with grateful Praiſe,
Thy Dear Redeemer's wondrous Bounty blaze,
Who in *a Vale of Tears*, a *Wild of Woes*,
Would ſuch vaſt *Springs of holy Joys* diſcloſe!
As oft as there
My Thoughts appear,
So oft I read my own Redemption o're,
So oft partake my Saviour's Merits boundleſs Store.

His

His treasur'd Mercies inexhausted prove,
And inexhaustible his Love.
O then renew thy Watch, thy Thoughts compose!
With this great Feast thy holy Tremblings close!
So something new, and kind, and sweet
Thou'lt always in that sacred Duty meet;
Thy Lord will to thy Heart as lively come
As if just born from *Mary*'s Virgin-Womb;
As if *the Tree*
Of Infamy
Just now our *sacrific'd Atonement* bore,
And all the Soil around blush'd with his purple Gore.

III.

Shew forth the Lord's Death often *till his coming.*

Believer.

LO! Here I come, Dear Lord, to Thee,
That I partaker of thy Gifts may be!
That I, with swelling Joys, may taste
That *Holy Feast*, that *Sweet Repast*,
By Thee for humble Souls prepar'd.
In Thee, Dear Lord, I all my Longings see,
My Health, Redemption, Strength & Hope's in thee,
My Crown, my great Reward.

Jeſus! I lift my Soul to Thee:
O let thy flowing Joys deſcend on Me!
I would, with *good Zaccheus*, fain
My *Gracious Maſter* entertain,
With Reverence and humbleſt Vows;
I'd fain *the Son* of *Faithful Abraham* be,
My Soul would fain unite it ſelf to Thee,
And *Thee* its Lord *eſpouſe*.

I'm ſatisfi'd if *Thou* be *Mine*,
No Comforts, Lord, are valu'd here but *Thine*;
Without Thee Life no Joys can give,
Nor can my Soul *without Thee* live.
I'll oft to wait on Thee prevail,
Leſt, while unfed by Thee, I upward move,
And mighty Foes and mighty Dangers prove,
My wretched Heart ſhould fail.

When Mercy, Lord, thy Tongue employ'd,
And ſickly Worlds thy healing Balms enjoy'd,
Thou'dſt never ſend 'um *faſting* Home,
Leſt *Faſting* ſhould to *Fainting* come;
Dear *Jeſus*, be as kind to Me!
Thy Fleſh, thy Blood refreſh the fainting Soul;
And who, prepar'd, receives the wholeſome Dole,
Life's glorious Heir ſhall be.

I feel, Dear Lord, I feel how Sin,
How Sloth, how want of Zeal prevail within;
O could I *oft* with Fervour pray!
O could I *oft* my Life ſurvey!
I'd to thy Holy Table fly,
Then I'd be throughly purg'd, enflam'd, renew'd,
My holy Vows ſhould be with Joy purſu'd,
Which elſe would faint and die.

I, Lord, with deep Confuſion own,
To Sin my very Infant-Nature's prone;
But when I here my Vows renew
I'd Sin deteſt, and Good purſue.
Dear God, that Phyſick grateful make!
Tho I receive, I'm ſlothful oft and cold,
But ſhould for holy Works be quite *unſould*,
Should I that Feaſt forſake.

How oft I'm indiſpos'd to be,
My God, a fit Communicant for Thee!
But ſtill, at proper Times, I'll ſtrive
To keep my holy Flames alive,

And ſhare thy gracious Myſteries.
This, Lord, ſupports the Faithful Soul, that He,
To Earth confin'd, may ſtill remember Thee,
Thy Loves devoutly prize.

Wonders of Condeſcending Love!
That Thou, great God of Spirits, ſhouldſt from (above
To thoſe in Spirit poor diſpenſe
Thy univerſal Influence,
And all their hungry Gripes relieve.
Happy, thrice happy Souls, who ſwell'd with Joy,
All their Devotions, all their Flames employ,
When they their Lord receive!

How great's the Lord! how dear the Gueſts!
How true the Friend who then invades their
Breaſts!
The Mate how ſweet! the Spouſe how fair!
Lovely as fancy'd Angels are!
Be ſilent Earth! be ſilent Skies!
Their Grace, *their* Beauties all deſcend from Thee,
Yet can't their Beauties to the leaſt degree
Of thy Illuſtrious Name, thy wondrous Glories riſe.

IV.

They ſhall be fill'd with the Fatneſs of thy Houſe.

LORD, I
Apply
My Heart to Thee!
O quicken Me!
And let thy Grace
In Me take place!
Till with an humble Heart
Before thy Altars I
Appear, and take a Part
In *Love's great Myſtery.*
Rouze Me, Lord, O rouze my Soul!
Off its lazy Temper roll!
Viſit Me with thy Salvation!
Glut my eager Expectation
With all thoſe Heavenly Sweets which riſe
From that prodigious Sacrifice!
Clear, Lord, my Eyes, that I may thro
The Bread and Wine my Saviour view!
May I my Saviour's *powerful Words* believe,
And Grace from thence, and heavenly Strength receive!

Wiſe Angels ſcarce thoſe wondrous Depths can find,
The Condeſcenſions of a boundleſs Mind; (find,
And what can Sinners do, to wretched Earth confin'd?

To be
With Thee,
On Wings of Love
I ſwiftly move.
With Heart ſincere,
And awful Fear,
And with a Faith ſecure,
Thy juſt Commands obey;
Of my Redeemer ſure
In his appointed way.
O may I but meet Thee *there*,
And, *as One with Thee*, appear!
Mercy, Deareſt Saviour, ſend Me!
And let powerful Grace attend Me,
Till I melt down with ſacred Love,
And ne'r for other Comforts move!
This is the Chriſtian's nobleſt Flight,
His Body's Health, his Soul's Delight,
The heavenly Phyſick for deſpondent Souls,
Which kills my Follies, and my Luſts controuls,

Abates

Abates Temptations, greater Grace beſtows:
Here Courage bolder, Hope ſecurer grows;
Faith greater Strength, and Loves a brighter Flame
diſcloſe.

How free
From Thee,
Dear Lord, to thoſe
Thy Goodneſs flows,
Whoſe Love and Fear
Attend Thee *there!*
Thence mighty Comforts flow
To lay their various Woes;
And, when they ſink below,
On Thee *their Hopes* repoſe;
Grace and Safety ſtrong and new
Here *their growing Hopes* purſue.
Wiſhes faint, and cold Affections,
Mighty Doubts, and weak Reflections,
Refreſh'd with this Celeſtial Food,
Are chang'd, and ever chang'd for good.
Here *Thine* thy faithful Love ſurvey,
And with *thy Strength their Weakneſs* weigh;
Cold, undevout, and in themſelves obdur'd,
Till Life, Devotion, Heat are here procur'd.

Streams will be ſweet, where ſweet the Fountains riſe,
A conſtant Heat from conſtant Burning flies;
This Fire more lively Flames, this Spring more Sweets ſupplies.

What tho
I know
My boldeſt Strain
Can ne'r contain
That endleſs Love
Which ſhines above?
Tho no Seraphick Flame
My narrow Soul inſpire,
Yet I'll ſubmiſly claim
One Spark of Heavenly Fire.
I'll my longing Heart prepare,
Free from Pride, and free from Care;
And, devoutly there attending,
Watch the ſacred Gleams deſcending.
What tho I can't approach the Spring?
Nor Veſſels to receive it bring?
I'll to the *Rills* my Lips apply,
And catch ſome *Drops* as ſliding by,
Some *ſliding Drops* to cool my thirſty Soul.
Dear Jeſus! Holy Saviour! O controul
My

My Wants! Here poor and hungry, Lord, I lie;
Yet it's thy Word, *Come weary Souls, and I*
Will all your fainting Souls with needful Reſt ſupply.

I moil
And toil,
Oppreſt with Sin,
And Pains within;
By Woes o're-born,
And rack'd and torn:
Beneath that dreadful weight
I murmur, Lord, and groan,
And from this mournful State
Of Life would fain be gone.
Oft Temptations break my Reſt,
Sorrows oft diſtract my Breaſt,
Hell's uneaſy Weights oppreſs Me,
Griefs unweildy Chains poſſeſs Me.
Whence then ſhould my Aſſiſtance riſe?
To Thee, Dear Lord, I lift my Eyes;
O keep Me ſafe! O guide me right
From hence, to reach Eternal Light!
Thou, who couldſt give *thy Fleſh, thy ſacred Blood,*
By Faith to be my *Soul's Immortal Food,*

O let thy Arms embrace Me, Lord, while I
Here proſtrate at thy ſacred Footſtool lie,
Till my Devouter Soul approach the peaceful Sky!

V.

Who is able to deſcribe his Glory?

Chriſt.

WOuldſt Thou be worthy to participate?
To eat my Body, and to drink my Blood?
Wouldſt thou attain a ſinleſs State?
Be *wholly* pure, be *wholly* good?
Great was the Baptiſt's Honour, who before
My ſelf the Goſpel-Standard bore;
Pure are thoſe Angels, who on conſtant Wing
Before my Throne Immortal Anthems ſing:
Yet *John*, yet *Angels* will ſubmiſſly own
Their *Lord is kind*, but their *Deſervings none*.

What then can Sinners plead? or whence can they
Pretend to *Merits*, or to *Favours due?*
Would they, alas! their Souls ſurvey,
Or to *Themſelves* themſelves be true,
They'd to the Duſt before my Footſtool bow,
No *Merit* then but *Grace* allow;

They'd

They'd all my condeſcenſive Acts adore,
Their own unfit, defective State deplore,
And with Amazement view that wondrous Love,
Which at *my Table* could *ſuch Gueſts* approve.

Thou at my Altars, as a *Prieſt*, canſt wait,
Approach my Preſence, and my Gifts diſpenſe,
And *Bread and Wine* canſt *conſecrate*
With *mighty Words* of *Myſtick Senſe.*
What Miracles *my* Language once could do,
Thoſe Miracles *thy* Words renew.
Mean Matter, thence, proves *a ſubſtantial Sign*
Of *Grace Celeſtial*, and of *Food Divine*;
And by thoſe Ways which heavenly Wiſdom trod,
Senſe ſees *the Matter*, *Faith* diſcerns *the God.*

Thou ſpeak'ſt; the *Matter* ſtill *the ſame* remains,
Yet *Strength inviſible* to all conveys,
The Mind ſublimely entertains,
And *Light* thro humble Souls diſplays.
Thou ſeeſt *the Sign*, couldſt thou my Word believe,
Thou'dſt then *the inward Part* receive.
Think then what *Grace* thoſe ſacred Hands confer,
When they imprint the *Prieſtly Character.*
Think what a glorious weight thy Shoulders bear,
When thou canſt *in thy Saviour's Room* appear.

A Priest should always bring *the Sacrifice*
Of Holy Converse and an Humble Mind.
In *Him* their *Pattern* vulgar Eyes
Of *Piety* and *Love* should find:
With Angels, or Angelick Saints below
He should his holy Hours bestow.
When e're *He robes himself*, his Thoughts should be
How He may *reconcile the World* to Me;
How in *his Saviour's Name* he'll *intercede*,
And how for *Sinners* with their *Maker* plead.

Think then, think how thy Lord was crucifi'd,
O let his Sufferings melt thy yielding Heart!
Think how by *cruel Hands* he di'd,
That He to *all* might *Love* impart.
Think o're his Love, his Life, his Innocence,
From his Example Love commence!
Mourn o're thy murdering Sins with Sighs & Tears,
Expunge the Follies of thy careless Years;
Give oft, and oft *receive* that Food design'd
To *rouze* the Sinner, and *refresh* the Mind.

Mourn too for others Sins! and O adviſe
They'd oft remember their expiring Lord,
And with a grateful Sacrifice,
For *Them* his *bleeding Wounds* record!
When Thou ſhalt at my *Board* devoutly ſtand,
And raiſe thy Conſecrating Hand,
God ſhall be honour'd, Angels ſhall rejoice,
My Church adore Me with a chearful Voice;
New Grace ſhall every *weary Soul* revive,
And *we'll for ever in a bleſt Communion live.*

VI.

Wherewith ſhall I come before the Lord?

Bel. MY deareſt Lord! my ſureſt Guide!
My God, whoſe Help was ne'r deny'd!
What ſhall I do? O teach Me Lord!
I'm Terror all, Confuſion all,
When I *my Vileneſs*, Lord, recal,
And *thy Majeſtick Height* record:
I die if I abſtain; and I,
If I approach unworthy, die.

Shew Me, Dear Lord, the perfect way!
Some Exerciſe before Me lay

To

To fit Me for that sacred Feast!
It's good, it's wondrous good to know
What Reverence *my Soul* should show
To Thee, to be *a welcome Guest*,
To taste thy Banquet *worthily*,
And *sacrifice a Heart to Thee.*

VII.

Let a Man examine Himself.

Christ.

THE *Priest*, the *Private Christian*, when they dare
Approach my Table, should, with utmost care,
Their *sinful Hearts* survey.
They should with *Reverence* and *Humility*,
Firm Faith, and *just Resolves to honour Me*,
Their Thoughts in order lay;
Discourse, *Receive* and *Consecrate*,
And in *my House* with all their *best Devotions* wait.

Search thro' *thy Conscience!* where some Taint appears,
With *meek Confession*, and with *mournful Tears*,
O make thy *Conscience pure!*

Then;

Then, when Thou *com'ſt* from all Convulſions free
Of *private griping Guilt*, thou may'ſt on Me
Rely with Faith ſecure.
Hate *all thy Sins*; but hate *them* more
Which by their *ſwift Returns* advance thy *daily Score*.

Count o're the *Bead-roll* of thy *ſinful Deeds*, (ceeds
Mourn o're that *Luſt* from whence thy *Guilt* pro-
As from a *Poiſonous Root*.
O ſigh to ſee thy Thoughts *to Earth* confin'd,
Enſlav'd *to Paſſions*, and *to Luſts* reſign'd;
And all their *baleful Fruit!*
Think how thou'rt *loſt* in *outward Senſe*,
And how thy *Phantoſms vain* from *vain Delights* com-
(mence!

Think how thou ſlightſt thy *Soul's Internal State*,
How *worldly Joys* thy *holy Flames* rebate,
How hard to *Sighs and Tears*,
How ſwift thou to a *looſe Debauch* canſt fly,
How ſlow to *Rigours* and *Severity*,
How fond of *itching Ears*,
To *hear* what's *new*, to *ſee* what's fair;
And mean and humble things paſs with a ſcornful Air.

Mourn

Mourn o're thy *griping Hand*, thy *ſtingy Heart*,
How *wild* thy *Talk*, how *vain* thy *ſilent Part*,
How *looſe* thy *Manners* are.
Ill-tim'd thy *Actions*, *vaſt* thy *Appetite*,
Deaf to *thy God*, but *fond* of *lazy Night*,
And ſtill *averſe* to *Care*.
Fond of a *Fable*; *Drowſy* all,
When thy poor Soul's Decays for *conſtant Vigils* call.

How *Reſtleſs* till my *Holy Days* are paſt,
How *loth* to taſte of my *Immortal Feaſt*;
How all *diſtracted there*
Thy *Thoughts unbing'd*, thy *Paſſions quickly rais'd*,
Pointed thy *Words*, thy *Cenſures* loudly *blaz'd*,
And all thy *Dooms ſevere*.
In Bleſſings mad, in Suffering low,
Swift in thy boaſting Tongue, in thy Performance ſlow.

Theſe and thy other Sins with Grief confeſt,
In *this Reſolve* let all thy Sorrows reſt,
Thy faulty Life to mend.
Then to my Honour *all thy Self* reſign,
And let thy *Body*, let thy *Soul* be *Mine*,
To *Me* thy *Thoughts* aſcend:

So

So ſhall *thy Sacrifice* be *ſweet*,
And in *his Supper* Thou thy *Deareſt Saviour* meet.

Give but *thy Self* in *this*; no *Sacrifice*
Can pleaſe me more, no *purer Incenſe* riſe
From *Altars* here *below*.
If *thus* a Man with all his Might repent,
My *Grace* ſhall then his *Future Woes* prevent;
And *Life* on him beſtow.
I'll ſtraight expunge his *fatal Score*, (more:
Bleſs Him with *endleſs Smiles*, and *mark his* Sins no

VIII.

He endur'd the Croſs.

Chriſt.

THUS *on the Croſs* I ſtretch'd my *bleeding Arms*,
And thus my *naked Limbs* expos'd;
Thus I diſſolv'd dark Hell's malignant Charms,
And thus thy Wars with Heav'n compos'd.
I gave *my Self* a Sacrifice,
And bore what elſe thy Soul had born:
O on my Wounds then turn thy Eyes!
See how my Brows the ſanguine Drops adorn!
Offer, O offer then *thy Self* to Me,
A Sacrifice ſublim'd and pure!

O be thy Strength, thy beſt Affections free!
O may I but *thy Self* procure!
Give Me *thy Self*; the Gift I'll prize,
But *All* without *thy Self* deſpiſe.

Thy Longings nothing could on Earth ſuffice;
Should'ſt thou but miſs thy Maker there,
Thro Me alone in Price thy Bleſſings riſe,
I all the nobleſt Gifts endear.
And canſt thou dream large Hecatombs
Should ſatisfy what God requires?
Think'ſt Thou I feed on what conſumes,
With noiſom Stench, and in material Fires?
No; I *thy Self*, Dear Soul! *thy All* command,
Give then, O give thy Self to Me!
I leave *my Body* in thy *faithful Hand*,
I offer'd *all my Self* for Thee;
Dearly, I'm ſure, I purchas'd Thee;
Give then, O give thy Self to Me!

But give it freely; or the Gift will be
A poor unworthy Sacrifice:
If I muſt only have *a Part* in Thee,
No happy Union thence can riſe.
A *Free-Will-Offering* finds a place
With God, and to *thy Self* aſſures

Vaſt

Vaſt Liberty, and wondrous Grace,
Which none, while *of himſelf too fond*, procures.
I've ſaid; *Unleſs a Man his All forſake,*
He's no Diſciple fit for Me:
And wouldſt thou one of my Attendants make,
From all inferiour Service free?
Wouldſt Thou my bleſt Diſciple be?
Give then, O give thy Self to Me!

IX.

Offer unto God Thanksgiving, and pay thy Vows unto the Moſt High.

Believer.

WHAT e're this *Lower World* contains,
Dear Lord, is *Thine*;
And ſince a *Free-Will-Offering* Favour gains,
I here to Thee *my Self* reſign.
Lord, with a Heart ſincere,
I freely offer up *my Self* to Thee,
My faithful Service, and obſequious Fear,
A *Sacrifice of Praiſe* to be.
When I *thy Self*, Dear Lord, receive,
And round thy Table ſmiling Angels wait,
O don't my glorious Hopes deceive!

But let it be
New Life to Me!
Let Me thy heavenly Grace, thy Loves participate!

My Sins, Dear Lord, *for Love of Thee*
I ſacrifice;
Thoſe Sins with which, from early Infancy,
I durſt offend thy ſacred Eyes;
Lo! at thy Altars *here*
I caſt them all! O let thy burning Love
Conſume them! Lord, my ſinful Conſcience clear,
And all the Stains of Sin remove!
That *Grace* which Sin had loſt before,
That Grace of which my Self *my Self* bereav'd,
O to my Soul, Dear God, reſtore!
Smile, Lord, on Me,
And let Me be
To thy immortal Kiſs, thy boundleſs Peace receiv'd.

I've ſinn'd; I'm loſt; Lord, what ſhall I
For Pardon do?
I'll at thy Feet with *deep Confeſſion* lie,
And all my Tears for Guilt renew;
Atone, my God, for Me!
To Thee I'll offer up unceaſing Cries,
I'll offer up unceaſing Prayers to Thee;
Look down, O look with gracious Eyes! I

I hate my Sins, I hate them All,
Lord, *I repent indeed!* I mourn and grieve,
O ſave Me from a *future Fall!*
My Sins paſs o're!
Waſh out my Score!
My Soul with *Blood* redeem'd, with *precious Blood* relieve!

I here for Mercy, Lord, reſign
My Self to Thee,
O don't repay thoſe black Deſerts of Mine,
But in thy Goodneſs deal with Me!
My faireſt Actions here,
Poor, weak, alas! I offer up to Thee,
O let 'um grateful in thy Sight appear,
Adorn'd with Life and Sanctity.
My Soul for nobler Actions wing,
And Me a ſenſeleſs Brute, a worthleſs Slave,
By thy all-prudent Conduct bring
To that bleſt Place,
Where well-us'd Grace
Shall all the bright Rewards of full Perfection have!

Lord, at thy Feet I humbly lay
My juſt Deſire,
For Friends, Relations, Benefactors pray,
And all who my Relief require,

For them thy Aids diſpoſe!
From Pains, from Dangers, from Afflictions free,
Let them thy dear reviving Smiles diſcloſe,
And ſing their grateful Hymns to Thee!
Where *others*, Lord, have injur'd *Me*,
Where *I* have injur'd *others*, O forgive,
O let our numerous Failures be
All gently paſt,
And we at laſt
In mutual Charity, and God's Embraces live.

Lord, let our doubtful Hearts be free
From Jealouſy! (we
From Wrath, from Malice, all thoſe Crimes which
Oft in each others Tempers ſee;
And let thy Grace remove
What e're *Diſtruſt* in Chriſtian Souls can raiſe,
Or *Charity* confound, or murder *Love*,
Or Nature's craſy State betrays.
Mercy, we Mercy, Lord, implore,
On needy Souls thy Mercy, Lord, beſtow!
And Grace from thy unbounded Store!
Till happy we
May live with Thee,
Where endleſs Mercy reigns, and boundleſs Pleaſures (flow.

X.

Not forſaking the Aſſembling of your ſelves together, as the Manner of ſome is.

Chriſt.

WOuldſt Thou thy Paſſions utmoſt Rage command?
Wouldſt Thou againſt infernal Malice ſtand?
More watchful yet, and ſtronger grow?
Here the Springs of Mercy flow;
Here I every Grace beſtow;
Here my Servants kindly know.
Oft at my Altars, oft prepar'd appear,
And oft thou'lt meet thy mighty Saviour there.
Hell knows what Strength *my Fleſh and Blood can give*,
And tries a thouſand Means and Ways,
And all his ſubtle Art diſplays
To make the doubtful Soul in pinching Hunger live.

When for my Supper pious Souls are dreſt,
They'r oft by Hell's deluſive Wiles diſtreſt.

He'll ſtill among my Sons appear,
Scatter Care and ſenſleſs Fear;
And, tho I my ſelf am near,
Try to make Diſturbance there.
Scorn then his Terrors, tho deform'd and foul,
And let Himſelf beneath the Burden howl!
Let neither *Sloth* nor *Coldneſs* raviſh Thee,
Hell's *Malice*, nor *impoſing Art*
Enſlave or turn thy yielding Heart,
When it on joyful Wings ſhould fly to feaſt with Me.

He'll tell Thee, Holy Cheat! He'll tell Thee, *there*
Thy Preparations ſhould be more ſevere;
But Thou haſt ne'r confeſt thy Sin,
Never let Repentance in,
Never cleans'd thy ſelf within,
And wouldſt now in vain begin?
If *this* be true, fly deareſt Soul, O fly,
And at my Feet with *deep Contrition* lie!
Before *my Prieſt* thy Follies humbly lay;
He bears my ſacred Character,
And his *abſolving Hands* confer
True Life on contrite Souls, and *Comforts* cloudleſs *Day.*

Throw off Hell's Poiſon from thy fainting Soul!
Sins Burden from thy *drooping Conſcience* roll!

Fly

Fly then, dear Soul! O fly to Me!
I'll thy happy Shelter be,
Set Thee ſoon from Bondage free:
Fly, dear Soul, O fly to Me!
Name not *to Morrow*, that's a *tedious Day*,
Now, *now* thy own *Internal State* ſurvey;
Don't with ſome ſtupid Brutes my Feaſt forbear,
Leſt They more firmly ty'd ſhould be
To ſave themſelves, and honour Me,
But let *thoſe Vows renew'd my ſacred Feaſt* endear.

How low's their Love's and their Devotion's Tide,
Who can ſo ſoon from their Engagements ſlide?
How dear, how truly welcom's He
Who preſerves his Conſcience free,
Lives in Faith and Purity,
And is always fit for Me?
Sometimes thy Soul's touch'd with an *awful Fear*,
Or may for ſome *important Cauſe* forbear:
But if encroaching *Sloth* thy Heart detain,
O ſhake it quickly off, and I
Will to thy fervent Boſom fly,
And thou ſhalt Loves renew'd, and glowing Fervours (gain.

If juſtly abſent, let thy *chearful Will*,
Thy *eager Thoughts* approach my Altars ſtill.

Live

Live ſo adorn'd with Innocence,
Lively Faith, and heavenly Senſe,
As may leave Thee no pretence,
With Attendance to diſpenſe.
But *when the Son of God aſſum'd the Man,*
When his dear bloody Death thy Life began,
When He ſhook off Death's Chains, and climb'd the Skies,
When He the glorious Spirit ſent,
New Loves for *Loves renew'd* preſent; (riſe!
And let Devotion's Flames with greater Brightneſs

But He who waits for none but *Feſtivals,*
Between them oft to Sin remiſſly falls.
Then happy's He, and truly wiſe,
Who, by conſtant Exerciſe,
Can to ſuch a temper riſe;
Duty can't his Heart ſurprize.
Come then; but *Antient Prudent Rules* obey,
Abhor the *buſy Fools fantaſtick Way,*
Break not the *Churches Peace,* but wiſely wave
Thy *whymſied Schemes* for *Publick Good:*
Who cuts the *Banks,* lets in a boundleſs *Flood,*
Nor can the *frighted Boor* his *drowning Paſtures* ſave.

XI.

XI.

Search the Scriptures! Lord, evermore give us this Bread.

Believer.

Dearest Jesus, kindest Lord!
What Sweets that happy Soul may taste,
Who feeds with Thee at thy immortal Board,
That Board where *Sinners only* fast!
Where Thou thy Self art All,
Meat, Drink, Inviter, Waiter, Principal;
More lov'd by faithful Souls, and more desir'd
Than all those glittering Toys by carnal Fools admir'd.

Ah! how pleasant, Lord, and sweet
Should Tears of Holy Sorrow be!
How should I love to wash thy sacred Feet,
And prove a *Magdalen* to Thee!
But where's that flagrant Mind?
Where can I Sorrow's Holy Fountains find?
My Heart should *fall in Tears*, in *Flames should rise*,
Since *Thou* art *here indeed*, and seen by *faithful* Eyes.

Lord, my sinful *dazling Sight*
Can't thy *full Beams of Glory* bear;

Nor

Nor could the *World* ſubſiſt, ſhould *all* the *Light*
Of *thy Majeſtic Brows* appear.
It's wondrous Goodneſs all,
That God beneath my Cognizance ſhould fall;
That I ſhould *him* in *holy Signs* adore,
Before whoſe *Servile Form* bright Angels bow'd before.

O may I contented prove
To live and walk in *Faith's* pure *Light*,
Till that *Eternal Day* ſhall dawn above,
And *Shades* and *Figures* take their flight!
When that *great Day* ſhall ſhine,
Then glorious Saints ſhall bask in Beams Divine,
View all *the Godhead's dark Abyſs*, and ſee
That *Word made Fleſh* of old, engulph Eternity.

When I read thoſe Wonders o're,
Scarce inward Joys can pleaſe my Mind;
I ſcorn what e're I ſaw or heard before,
Till I *thy* glorious *Face* can find.
O witneſs, Lord, for Me!
No *Comfort* I, no *Reſt* can find but *Thee*:
And ſince *thy Face* no *Mortal Eyes* can view,
Let me that *future Bliſs* with *Patient Love* purſue!

Thus

Thus the Saints, enthron'd with Thee,
Th' Effects of Faith and Patience found:
My Faith, My Hope's the ſame; O may I be
By Faith with equal Glories crown'd!
By their Examples, I
Soar with an active Faith to reach the Sky:
My Rules, my Comforts, Lord, *thy Scriptures* are,
And my declining Hopes *thy Fleſh and Blood* repair.

Life a wretched Load would be,
If we no *Light*, no *Food* could meet:
But, Lord, thou mak'ſt *thy Fleſh a Feaſt* for me,
Thy Word a Lamp to guide my feet;
On theſe I ſweetly live.
Light to my Soul thy ſacred Writings give;
And when I at thy Altars, Lord, appear,
I find *the Bread of Life*, *the great Elixir* there.

Theſe th' *Exchequer-Tables* are,
Where all the *Churches Treaſure* lies:
To *This* pure Souls for Holy Food repair,
To *That* to clear their Cloudy Eyes:
That thro *Faith's* perfect *Ways*,
And thro *the Vail* to th' *holieſt Place* conveys.

Bleſt be *my Jeſus*, *Light of* endleſs *Light!* (invite.
Whoſe *Servants* wandring Souls to *Wiſdom's Springs*

Bleſt, O bleſt be thy great Name,
Dear Maker! dear Redeemer! who
Couldſt Love immenſe to ſinking Worlds proclaim;
Yet not *a Paſchal Figure* ſhow,
But wouldſt *thy Self* appear!
Expoſe thy Fleſh the faithful Heart to chear,
Pour Healthful Sweets into the *ſaving Bowl*,
While joyful Angels wait around the *thirſty Soul.*

O how glorious is the Seat
By Thee to happy *Prieſts* aſſign'd!
Who ſtill when they thy *awful Words* repeat,
Thy *Efficacious Preſence* find,
And daily feaſt on *Thee!*
How clean their Hands, how pure their Hearts ſhould be!
Good Works ſhould their untainted Hands employ,
Their *Lips* be Love's ſweet Springs, their *Hearts* the Thrones of Joy.

Thus to Prieſts their Lord declares,
I'm all Eſſential Holineſs;
O Ye, who wait on my Divine Affairs,
The ſame accepted Grace expreſs!

O

O, with a ſingle Eye,
With Modeſt Looks approach the Myſtery!
Your Hands unſpotted to thoſe Altars raiſe,
Where God, at Your Requeſt, his wondrous Love diſplays.

O may *We*, *to Prieſthood* rais'd,
Thy Gracious Influences find;
For *Holy Lives* and *pure Devotions* prais'd,
And to *internal Peace* refin'd.
And, tho our Lives may fail,
O let our *Tears* above our *Crimes* prevail;
While We with *humbler Souls*, and *warmer Love*,
In all thy ſacred Ways with ſwift Obedience move!

XII.

He who Eats and Drinks unworthily, Eats and Drinks his own Damnation.

Chriſt.

I Love *the Pure*, and *Holineſs* beſtow,
I love within a *well-purg'd Heart* to reſt:
Up then! my kind Approaches know!
Know who deſigns to be thy glorious Gueſt:
Ariſe! thy *nobleſt Room* prepare,
Let it be furniſh'd well, and large, and fair.

I,

I, with a glorious Train, design
To eat *the Paschal Lamb* with Thee;
And can thy Heart embrace a Guest Divine,
Who would a constant Inmate be?
Purge then that *Old fermenting Poison* well,
And let no *Darling Sin* within thy Bosom dwell!

Cast off the Follies of a sinful Age,
And all the *vicious modish Rout* exclude;
Thy Sins with bitter Tears engage,
And fly, O fly the Godless Multitude!
The Lover, when his Mistress comes,
With costly Arras hangs his fairest Rooms,
And hopes his nice expensive Care
May to *her Eyes his Flames* declare.
But know, shouldst thou a thousand Years enjoy,
And all thy busy Thoughts employ;
The *Preparation* of a thousand Years,
To what my *Justice* claims, a small Proportion bears.

Thou'lt *feed before Me*; but the Privilege,
Not thy Deserts, but Grace and Mercy gave;
Nor would a starving Slave alledg
Desert, should He a rich Man's Bounty crave;
And, at his Table feasted, He
Could but submissive *there*, and thankful be.

Come

Come then, Dear Soul, but not of Courſe;
Approach, but not compell'd by Force!
O come with *holy Love*, and *awful Fear*,
And at my *Marriage-Feaſt* appear!
I call Thee, I invite Thee freely, I
At thy ſubmiſs approach will all thy Wants ſupply.

Praiſe God when I Devotion's Grace beſtow;
Praiſe not thy Merits, but my Mercy praiſe.
If thy Devotions colder grow,
Thy *Prayers*, thy *Sighs* importunately raiſe;
Ceaſe not thy *Prayers* and *Tears*, till I
With *rilling Grace* thy *thirſty Soul* ſupply.
Thou need'ſt *Me*, I've no want of *Thee*,
Nor can thy *Knees* advantage *Me*;
I come to better thy Defective Mind,
Thou com'ſt a Smiling God to find:
Thou'dſt fain be *One with Me*, thy Grace renew,
And with reviving Flames a holier Life purſue.

Don't then my offer'd Grace, my Favours ſlight,
But thy poor Heart with utmoſt Pains prepare;
Him, *whom thy Soul adores*, invite,
And graſp and hold Him with a faithful Care;
But ne're in *Preparations* reſt,
Nor when the Feaſt is paſt unguard thy Breaſt;

Be careful when the Banquet's o're,
As when a Gueſt deſign'd before.
He toils as much who would his Poſt maintain,
As He who Wealth at firſt would gain.
The Heart *ſtill kept* will but *prepare it more*,
And add new Floods of Grace to thoſe imbib'd before.

What can *unfit Thee* more to feaſt with Me,
Than to be far in Worldly Fancies loſt?
What can a greater miſchief be,
Than a *Vain Heart* by *carnal Joys* engroſs'd?
O fly the World's alluring Cheat,
And, to enjoy thy God, from Crowds retreat;
Of Me, thy deareſt Lord, poſſeſt,
No crafty Thief can rob thy Breaſt.
Lo! *I am He* who all thy Boſom claim,
I can't endure a Rival's Name;
Put off thy ſelf then, *hide thy Life in me*,
And live from every Care, and every Torment free!

XIII.

XIII.

With my Whole Heart *have I ſought Thee, O let Me not wander!*

Believer.

WHO, Lord, will give that *Grace* to Me,
That I may *cloſe* with *None but Thee?*
And, to enjoy *my Soul's Dear Object*, may
My Boſom, and my faithful Arms diſplay?
Then ſhall I all inferiour Things deſpiſe;
No Creature ſhall diſtract my Eyes;
My Words with *Thee* my Life, and *Thine* with *Me*,
Shall ſoft as whiſpering Lovers be,
Or Friends when they with Friends agree.

This, Lord, my utmoſt Wiſh ſhall be,
To live, and to be One with Thee;
That I, withdrawn from all the World below,
May fonder of Eternal Glories grow;
Swiftly to thy ador'd Communion fly,
And oft to Thee my Heart apply.
Ah when ſhall I, Dear God! engulph'd in Thee,
Forget *my ſelf*, and only be
Ever in Thee, and Thou in Me!

Thou art my best Belov'd, my Dear,
In whom my Soul's Delights appear;
Search thro the World, view all the Wise, the Fair,
None, None can with my God, my Life compare.
Thou lay'st those *rugged Storms* which rend my Heart;
Thy Smiles *unfading Peace* impart;
Thy Counsels, Dearest Lord, are dark, but wise;
Thy Way obscur'd to Impious Eyes,
Yet plain to th' Meek and Humble lies.

Lord, how thy Spirit gently blows!
How sweet thy charming Kindness flows!
That to *thy Own* thou mightst thy Love declare,
Thou'dst with Celestial Food their Strength repair.
None, Lord, like *Us* can boast of God so near,
None to their Maker seem so Dear;
To make our Souls on Wings of Comfort rise,
Thy *Flesh*, thy *Blood* our Want supplies,
And lifts us high above the Skies.

No Tribes e're gain'd so bright a Fame,
As those who bear their Saviour's Name.
What Creature e're was to his Lord so near,
As He whom pure Devotion's Flames endear?

Man,

Man, whom his Maker *enters*, whom He *feeds*,
Whoſe *Life* from *Myſtic Fleſh* proceeds.
O condeſcending Grace! O Love Immenſe!
Beyond our Words, beyond our Senſe,
Beyond all Dreams of Recompence!

What ſhall I render, Lord, to *Thee*
For all thy wondrous Loves to *Me?*
A *Heart*, a *humble Heart* is all my Store,
I'll give Thee *That*; nor can I give Thee more:
Unite my Heart with Thee, and all within
Shall Hymns of Holy Praiſe begin.
Call then; My Heart ſhall Eccho, Lord, to *Thee*,
I'm Thine; *O live*, *My God*, *in Me!*
That Prayer of all my Hopes the Central Point (ſhall be.

XIV.

Whoſe Faith follow, conſidering the End of their Converſation.

Believer.

O How deep the Treaſures are,
Dear Lord, of thy Immortal Sweets!
How inexhauſtible the Share,
Which *There* thy happy Servant meets!

When I on that Prodigious Flame reflect,
Which fill'd thy happy Saints of old;
When I their Grace, their Love, their Zeal reſpect,
Their Acts in Starry Books enroll'd;
I die with *One Eternal Bluſh* confus'd,
By my Own luke-warm Heart accus'd,
Which had thy Loves ſo oft, thy ſacred Feaſts abus'd.

Lord, I bluſh to think how dry,
How unaffected there I came;
My Soul untouch'd by Sympathy,
Unmov'd by any purer Flame.
Others, by vaſt *Deſires* and *Loves* poſſeſt,
To *Tears* unſluc'd their *Joyful Eyes*;
The *Floods*, the *Flames*, with equal violence preſt,
Would both with equal Fulneſs riſe;
They'd pant for Drops from Life's pure Springs diſtill'd,
Nor would their ſacred Longings yield,
Till with Immortal Food, and endleſs Pleaſures fill'd.

O how ſoon their *Faith* could pierce
The *Shell* of that *Myſterious Feaſt!*
How *broken Bread*, to Longings fierce,
Their *wounded dying Lord* expreſt!

But,

But, Lord, how oft my cold Affections fail?
What Damps my Infant-Heats o'reflow?
Jeſus, for Pity let my Sighs prevail,
Some *Cordial* on a Wretch beſtow!
O let my Faith, my Hope, my Love renew'd,
With more extenſive Strength endu'd,
Only for *Manna* long, and loath *inferiour Food!*

But thy Mercies, Lord, are great,
And can the Graces beg'd beſtow,
And fill me with Superiour Heat,
And make my Paſſions fiercely glow.
Tho ſhort of Heroes, yet thy Grace may find
Some Seeds in my unmanag'd Heart:
Tho ſhort of Heroes, my aſpiring Mind
Graſps at the better, nobler Part.
O let my Failures be by Mercy paſt,
Till with thy *happy Heirs* at laſt
I may *Eternal Sweets*, *Eternal Glories* taſte!

XV.

I dwell alſo with Him who is of a Contrite and Humble Spirit.

Chriſt. WOuldſt Thou Devotion's Grace obtain?
Or inward holy Ardour gain?

O ſeek it *Early*, ſeek it *Late*;
Let thy *Petitions* prove *Importunate!*
With Patience, and with Faith expect *the Dole*;
Embrace it cloſely in a *lowly Soul*;
Improve it when it's gain'd; but leave (ceive.
God to appoint the Time when thou ſhalt Grace re-

If Thou no *Heat within* canſt find,
No lively Flames enlarge thy Mind,
O let *that Thought* abate thy Pride!
Yet not between thy Soul and Hopes divide!
One *happy Moment* oft that Gift beſtows,
Which many *tedious Years* could ne're diſcloſe:
God anſwers oft the Prayer at laſt,
Which ſeem'd refus'd before, ere half the Suit was paſt.

Should *Flames* ruſh in *at once*, the Soul
Could ne're their *rapid Force* controul.
O then with Hopeful Patience wait!
If Sins obſtruct, or Sins thy Zeal rebate;
Small Sins may oft obſcure or hinder *Grace*,
(If thoſe be ſmall which mighty Gifts deface)
But *Small* or *Great*, when once ſubdu'd,
Grace may be new infus'd, or Grace, decay'd, renew'd.

To God ſubmit *thy Self*, *thy All*,
And ne're thy *lingring Luſts* recal!
Then *Calms* will ſoon o'reſpread thy Mind,
In *Union with* thy mighty *Lord* combin'd.
God's *Will* ſhall then thy utmoſt *Longings* move:
'Twill *Sapid* all, and all *Delightful* prove.
He's only fit for *Heavenly Fires*,
Who, to his God reſign'd, ſubdues his *Vain Deſires*.

A Heart from Earthly Paſſions free,
Empty of Creature-Vanity;
A Heart all Clean, a Soul all Bright,
Will all the Bleſſings of its Lord invite.
The Man who theſe inferiour Things defies,
The more He, *to Himſelf corrupted*, dies,
Grace Fuller, Swifter, Stronger gains,
And his unfetter'd Soul to endleſs Glory ſtrains.

He'll ſee, and Heaven's vaſt Stores admire,
And, glowing with Etherial Fire,
He'll to his Father's Hand reſign,
And *His* to *God's Eternal Will* confine.
That happy Man, who with a *ſingle Heart*
Seeks God, and won't from Heavenly Reaſon ſtart;

That

That Happy Man muſt ſure be bleſt,
Of *God*, ſo warmly ſought, and *Godlike Grace* poſſeſt.

When *He* before my Table kneels,
He Extaſy and Rapture feels;
And, from above, ſwift *Flames Divine*
With his bright Soul's *internal Glories* twine.
And ſince *his Maſter's Praiſe* He values more,
Than his *own Comforts*, or his *private Store*,
To be for ever One with Me,
Of His *Self-Conqueſts* all the *great Reward* ſhall be.

XVI.

He filleth the Hungry Soul with Gladneſs.

Believer.

Sweeteſt Jeſus! Deareſt Lord!
For whom my eager Paſſions long;
O now my pointed Griefs record,
How *weak* my Heart, my Wants how *ſtrong!*
How loſt in Vices, how immerſt in Woes,
Tempted, diſturb'd, oppreſt by angry Foes,
Tainted *without*, poiſon'd *within*
With the baleful Weeds of Sin!

Lord,

Lord, *to Thee* for Help I fly!
For Comfort and Support *to Thee*
I, O All-knowing God, apply!
Who all my private thoughts canſt ſee.
From *Thee* true Comfort, true Aſſiſtance flows;
Thy Wiſdom my defective Nature knows;
More indigent than all beſide,
Till with Vertue's Sweets ſupply'd.

Naked here and Poor I ſtand,
And pitying Grace with Tears deſire:
O feed Me with a bounteous Hand;
Enflame my Heart with Love's ſoft Fire!
With thy bright *Preſence* ſcale my gloomy Eyes;
Embitter what my Soul on Earth can prize;
To Patience all my Woes convert,
And from *Creatures* purge my Heart!

Lift my Heart *above* the Skies,
Nor let it wander here *below*;
Let me all *Earthly Joys* deſpiſe,
And *Sweets* which from the *Creature* flow!
Be thou my richeſt Bread, my nobleſt Wine,
My Love Eſſential, and my Joy Divine;

Ever,

Ever, *O Deareſt Jeſus*, be
All that's ſweet and good to Me!

Let *thy Preſence*, Lord, enflame Me!
O warm, O burn, O change me quite!
And to thy Own bleſt Nature frame Me,
Endu'd with Vigour, Beam'd with Light!
Let *Me* with *Thee* in *Secret Unions* move,
And melt Me throughly with the Flames of Love!
Nor, from thy Table let my Heart
Thirſty e're or Hungry part!

Let thy Mercies work on Me
Wondrous as in thy Saints of old!
O may, without a Prodigy,
Celeſtial Heats my All enfold!
I ſink; but Thou, *the bright Eternal Fire*
In Me, make me above the Clouds aſpire!
My Intellectuals fix above,
And refine my Soul with Love!

XVII.

XVII.

But the Fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, &c.

Believer.

With true Devotions, and with fervent Love,
And with a Heart reſign'd,
And with an Ardent Mind,
Tow'rd thy Altars, Lord, I move.
Thy Holy Saints, thy Servants, Lord, of old,
Were very rarely in Devotion cold,
But with Humility
They'd bow before thy Face;
O may *I* ſo approach to *Thee*,
Dear Lord, great Source of Heavenly Grace!
And with a faithful Soul thy offer'd Loves embrace!

I know I merit *Nothing*, but I bring
A willing Heart to Thee;
As if *my Love* could be
Rais'd from ſome *Eternal Spring*.
Whatever Vows the pureſt Minds conceive,
I with ſubmiſſive Veneration leave
Before my God, my King,
Nor would I *Part* detain,
My All I for an Offering bring;

Let

Let others *Sacrilege* maintain,
I'd with *a Heart entire* my Saviour entertain.

O Thou my Lord, my God, whoſe wondrous Art
Firſt rais'd my curious Mould,
And, when to Follies ſold,
Did the Kind Redeemer's part.
Let Me my Lord with ſuch *firm Loves* embrace,
Such *Awe*, ſuch thankful *Praiſe*, ſuch humble *Grace*,
Such *Faith*, *Hope*, *Purity*,
As that bleſt Maid of old,
When what *her Womb's bleſt Fruit* ſhould be,
With Smiles the cheerful Angel told,
Lo! I thy Servant Lord! Thy kind Engagements hold!

So thy great Harbinger, the *Baptiſt*, too,
Tho in his Mother's Womb,
Before thee found a Room,
His exulting Joys to ſhew.
And, when He ſaw *thee* paſſing, humbly cry'd,
Lo there the Bridegroom of the Glorious Bride!
And I, *his Friend*, with Joy
His ſacred Language hear;
O may I ſo my Thoughts employ!
When I before thy Face appear,
May my exulting Heart the Robes of Gladneſs wear!

I've

I've heard of Holy Saints with Joys enflam'd,
Till the contending Soul
Could not the Force controul,
Which their *inward Joys* proclaim'd.
I've heard of *Extaſies*, and wondrous *Lights*,
And *Glorious Viſions*, and *Myſterious Flights*.
I've heard the Creature loud
Thy mighty Acts reſound;
May I, with *inward Heat* endow'd,
Spread thy Illuſtrious Glories round,
My Heart with boundleſs Joys, and heavenly Raptures crown'd.

Accept my Vows, Dear Lord, accept my Praiſe,
Thoſe holy Hymns, which I
Would to Infinity,
Vaſt as thy Immenſeneſs, raiſe. (*Praiſe*
Praiſe, Lord, I owe Thee, and would give Thee
Thro' ſhorteſt Moments, and thro' longeſt Days;
Nor would I, Lord, alone,
Thy Praiſes celebrate,
I'd draw the *bleſſed Angels* down,
I'd move the *World's united State*,
Till they in *Deathleſs Songs* thy *Gracious Acts* relate.

May

May the wide World, the many-Languag'd Tribe,
With Fervour, Lord, proclaim
Thy Ever-glorious Name,
And to thy Renown ſubſcribe!
May *We*, who *here* with awful Reverence feed,
From *Faith* to *Faith*, from *Love* to *Love* proceed,
Till we with mutual Prayers
Each others Health implore,
And, freed from all inferiour Cares,
And, fed from thy Immortal Store,
We live and ever love, but jar and faint no more.

XVIII.

The ſecret things belong unto the Lord our God.

Chriſt.

SEE how the *dreadful Peſt* o're-flows,
How ſwift the *dark malignant Angel* flies,
Enters the Heart, and thence infects the Eyes!
See how the Fiend triumphant grows,
And ſpreads the *curious fatal Temper* round,
And makes the *ſhallow Fool* attempt the *Deeps profound.*

Poor

Poor Man, abus'd by *Reaſon's Glare*,
Will needs into *his Maker's Secrets* pry,
And *comprehend* Myſterious Majeſty,
And all his boundleſs Powers declare.
Reaſon *a Star* till Sin obſcur'd the World,
And from its *lofty Sphere* the *radiant Subſtance* hurl'd.

It ſhines ſtill, but with *faded* Light,
Dim, and uncertain, and *with Scurf o'relaid*;
Yet *now* would thoſe ſuperiour Orbs *invade*,
It *ſhunn'd*, with native Luſtre bright.
Then Man his mighty Soveraign's Nature knew,
But from the *dark Reſearch* with awful Wiſdom flew.

They'd now with falſe *Philoſophy*,
Falſe *Reaſon*, falſe *Diſcourſe*, and falſe *Deſign*,
Beyond the *harmleſs Protoplaſt* refine;
And, with a ſawcy daring Eye,
Anatomize and quite decipher Me,
And like themſelves would bound and mould the Deity.

Can't they diſcern how *Three are One!*
Can't they conceive how *One ſubſiſts in Three?*
Can't they my *Graces* ſmalleſt *Movements* ſee
Thro' *Holy Inſtitutions* drawn?

Tho Scripture both in plaineſt Words deſcry,
They'l *unfelt Truths* abjure, and *give their God the Lie.*

With rotting Limbs and tainted Souls,
They ſcorn the modeſt Chriſtians humble Flight;
Banter's *their* Senſe, and Blaſphemy *their* Light:
Yet while to Hell they ſink in Sholes,
Men muſt their *worldly Wiſdom's* Reach admire,
Who for a *Carnal Crew* a *Carnal God* deſire.

Blind with the Beams of ſacred Light,
As Batts they flutter in a Cloudleſs Air,
Nor can my *Majeſty's Refulgence* bear,
But gaſp and ſicken at the Sight.
They'd my *vaſt Sphere* to their *ſhort Span* confine;
Or like the *ſwelling Toad* with *Oxlike Greatneſs* ſhine.

For ſhame let Brutes at laſt believe,
God may be more than Man can Underſtand,
Nor can they reach to his All-powerful Hand.
The *humble Soul* may *Truth* retrieve;
And He who bows his Head to *Antient Lore,*
May grow *more wiſe* at laſt, tho but *a Fool* before.

Bleſt, ever bleſt be ſober Minds,
Who won't for needleſs Queſtions wildly range,

Nor

Nor Revelation for their Reaſon change!
What *Heaps* eternal Darkneſs finds,
Who, with their humbler Senſe diſſatisfi'd,
Too near the *ſcorching Sun* on *waxen Wings* would (ride.

I in a *favour'd Saint* demand,
Not ſuch a wondrous *Reach*, or *Senſe* profound,
But *active Faith* with *Holy Practice* crown'd.
And can that *Ideot* underſtand
The *Myſtick Movements* of *Unbounded Will*,
Who in a *paltry Fly* confounds his *utmoſt Skill?*

To me, dear Soul, thy Senſe ſubmit!
To *mighty Faith* let *ſhatter'd Reaſon* yield,
Not, like a Rebel, proudly keep the Field!
I'll give Thee *apprehenſive Wit*,
Lead Thee with heavenly *Wiſdom's* conſtant *Light*
Thro all the dangerous *Gloom* of *Intellectual Night*.

Their Faith, *my* Preſence, ſome diſpute,
In *Bread and Wine*, with Vapours both amus'd
By Hell's black King, in *Reaſon's Garb*, diffus'd.
Be thou to all his Queſtions mute,
Thy *Faith* to my unfailing *Word* reſign;
Hell's King will quickly fly before *the Sword Divine*.

Yet when the Devil baits Thee ſo,
It proves Thee, not by Heaven deſerted quite;
Hell ſcorns againſt his *certain Slaves* to fight.
But where the *Plants of Vertue* grow,
He'll try a thouſand Arts *the Roots* to kill,
And on the *blooming Hopes* his *blaſting Dews* diſtil.

O to *my Altars* then prefer
A *Faith* unmov'd, and ſuppliant *Reverence!*
And tho thou feel'ſt thy own imperfect Senſe,
To me the *myſtick Part* refer!
Who in *Himſelf* confides, *Himſelf* deceives;
But God the faithful Soul in no Amuſement leaves.

My *Walk* with *honeſt Hearts* is free,
My *Counſels* I to *humble Souls* reveal,
And *needful Truths* to *prideleſs Babes* unſeal.
Large Minds are more enlarg'd by Me;
But juſtly I refuſe my *ſlighted Grace*
To *proud* aſſuming *Fools*, who curious Dreams embrace.

When firſt in Man I fixt a *Light*,
A *Spotleſs Sun* his *little World* ſurvey'd,
By no diſtemper'd Organs *Fumes* decay'd;
But *Sin* induc'd the gloomy *Night*.

Now

Now *Reaſon* oft an *erring Guide* appears,
While o're *Life's* ſtormy Seas *Faith* only ſafely ſteers.

Let *Reaſon* then preſume no more
To fix *Faith's Rule*, or guide the wandring Mind,
My Word I for *that* conſtant *Rule* deſign'd.
But *Faith's* conducting *Hand* implore;
Where *that* thro Hell's dark Ambuſcadoes leads,
Safe in his *Maſter's* ſteps the cautious *Servant* treads.

Here *in the Sacramental Feaſt*
Faith walks, attended by her darling *Love*;
Both here in *Beauty* and in *Strength* improve,
By Myſtick *Ways and Means* encreas'd.
God, great, immenſe, can mighty Wonders do,
Nor can the ſharpeſt Eyes his cloudy Flights purſue.

Had Man by Wit anatomiz'd
My Actions, or without a Veil had ſhown
The dreadful Honours of my Glorious Throne,
H'had ſoon my Glorious Throne deſpis'd.
He's not unutterably Great nor Wiſe,
Whoſe Strength and Wiſdom plain and naked lies
To ſhallow wordy Tongues, and unbelieving Eyes.

FINIS.

The Churches Hymn after the Euchariſt.

Glory be to God on high!
God who reigns above the Sky!
Great, Myſterious Majeſty!
May that *Eternal Peace*, which ſhone
With *radiant Beams* about thy *awful Throne*,
May *ſhe* on *Golden Wings* deſcend,
And *Her* bleſt *Influence* extend
Thro the *rough Corners* of the *noiſy World*,
Late into *impious Jars*, and *dark Confuſions* hurl'd.
Welcome! welcome ſacred *Love!*
Welcome from thoſe Realms above!
Goodneſs, Kindneſs, Mercy, Light,
O diſpel our gloomy Night!
Till, inclin'd to Vertue, we
Only *Love* and *Live to Thee.*
We Bleſs Thee, We Praiſe Thee,
In *Anthems* we raiſe Thee,
In our *daily Devotions*;
And, *kneeling* before Thee,
We humbly *adore thee*,
And, with *Heavenly Motions*,

Thy

Thy *Glories* we view,
And *thy Service* purſue,
Till, on Extaſy's Wings,
We advance from the *Springs*,
Till we flutter and dip on the fathomleſs *Oceans*.
Glorious God, Celeſtial King!
To Thee, *O our Father Almighty!* we ſing.
Jeſus Lord, Eternal Son,
Begot before the Birth of Time!
God above the Gods ſublime!
With thy Glorious Father One!
Jeſus, Saviour! condeſcending
For a *ſinful World* below!
Spotleſs Lamb! thy Blood expending
To ſubdue our deadly *Foe!*
Precious Sacrifice! appointed
Heavenly Anger to allay!
Prophet, King and Prieſt anointed!
Thou who tak'ſt our Sins away!
O *the Ways of Truth* diſplay,
Lord! and with a gentle Sway,
Make our *willing Hearts* obey!
Mercy, Lord, we Mercy crave,
O our Souls in Mercy ſave!
Thou who tak'ſt our Sins away,
Bow, and hear thy Servants pray,
Mercy, Lord, &c.

Thou

Thou who tak'ſt our Sins away,
Lord, thy gracious Arms diſplay!
Hear, O hear thy Servants pray!
O *Thou* who ſitt'ſt above the Sky,
On God's right Hand exalted high,
Cloth'd with glorious Majeſty,
Mercy, Lord, &c.
Holineſs belongs to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy, We,
O Eternal Trinity,
Sing out with *Angel Quires,* and *ever ſing* to *Thee!*
Thou, *Holy Jeſus,* art *our Lord* alone,
And with the Spirit, and with the Father One,
Of *One Immortal Throne* poſſeſt,
And with *united Praiſe, united Glories* bleſt.
Amen.

Hæc cecini Interpres, Chriſto Duce, & Auſpice Chriſto,
Saucius ab Domini Pectus amore mei.
Ut Laudes, Pater, ore tuas graviore canamus,
In reſides Animos, Spiritus Alme, veni!
Amen.

FINIS.